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- ART. I.—1. *A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End; and a Trip to the Scilly Isles.* By WALTER WHITE. London: Chapman and Hall.
2. *Rambles beyond Railways; or, Notes in Cornwall taken A-foot.* By W. WILKIE COLLINS. Second Edition. London: R. Bentley.
3. *The Route-Book of Cornwall: A Guide for the Stranger, Tourist, &c.* With Maps and Embellishments. Exeter: H. Besley.
4. *Cornwall: Its Mines and Miners. With Sketches of Scenery.* By the Author of 'Our Coal and our Coal-Pits,' &c. (MR. LEIFCHILD.) London: Longmans.
5. *The Insalubrity of the Deep Cornish Mines, and, as a Consequence, the Physical Degeneracy and Early Deaths of the Mining Population.* By MR. JOHN ROBERTON. Reprinted from the Transactions of the Manchester Statistical Society for 1859.
6. *The Minutes of the Wesleyan Conference for 1862.* London: Mason.

THE fearful shipwreck near the Brisons Rocks, off Cape Cornwall, which took place January 16th, 1851, will still be in the recollection of many of our readers. At the time, its melancholy details thrilled the hearts of all England. The brig 'New Commercial' struck early on the Saturday morning in the midst of a terrific storm. Of the crew, all but one, a black, after vain

struggling with the surge, were engulfed by the waves. The master and his wife remained during Saturday night and many hours of Sunday, clinging to the island-rock, (one of the Brissons,) in suspense for their lives. In the course of the Saturday, when the storm was over, and the surge was beginning to abate, the black swam for his life, and saved it; a wonderful feat in such a sea and on such a coast. But it was not until the next day, that the sea had so far abated, as to permit the coast-guard boat, with its intrepid crew, to put out into the surge. The commander threw a rope by means of a rocket on to the rock. The master adjusted it around the person of his wife, and encouraged her to plunge into that still terrible sea. Bravely she leaped, and the coast-guard men drew her strongly yet gently to the boat, and lifted her in. But the slip-knot had not been properly secured; the noose had tightened round the person of the unfortunate lady as she was drawn in through the waves; and a few minutes after being laid down in the boat, she breathed her last. When the husband was brought safe on board, his wife was dead!

Seldom has there been witnessed such universal excitement and such profound sympathy pervading a population, as during that Saturday and Sunday at Penzance. As soon as it was known that a vessel had struck near Cape Cornwall, an agony of interest and suspense filled all hearts. On that Saturday night anxiety kept many in the town awake; by day-break on the Sunday great numbers were on their way to the scene of the shipwreck; the congregations at the churches and chapels were that morning much thinner than usual, and were restless and excited, thinking of the shipwreck rather than the sermons. Soon after the hour of service was over, hundreds more, in vehicles and on foot, were on their way to Cape Cornwall; the cliffs surrounding the bay being crowded throughout the day, until all was over, by thousands of spectators gathered from all the country round about.

It might be supposed that, on a coast where shipwrecks are sadly frequent, familiarity with such calamities would have lessened general concern and interest. This, however, is not the case. A fellow-feeling lives in the heart of the community; there are few who have not some relative at sea; many have lost at least one dear kinsman or friend by shipwreck; hence the news of a vessel in danger carries a thrill of

intense sympathy into the breasts of all. Alas for that poor captain, when he found his wife was dead! So nearly saved, only to be laid lifeless at his feet! Nothing else but this tragedy was talked of in Penzance for days after.

And yet this is the self-same coast which, in the last century, was infamous for wrecking. Callous and cruel, the dwellers on or near the shore—miners, perhaps, even more than fishermen—made their gain by the havoc which shipwreck wrought on this ‘stern and rockbound’ seaboard. They found their harvest among the corpses which strewed the sands, and the shivered timbers which were cast up by the rushing tide, after the work of destruction had been completed. Too often they left those dead whom they found still alive. Jewels torn or hacked from stark and stone-cold fingers; wearing apparel stripped from the persons of the dead; the spoil of strong boxes cast up entire, and the contents of which were but partially damaged; coins and ingots; these and such as these were the treasures of the wrecker. Having two, perhaps we should say three, cliff-bound and most perilous coasts, and being a long and narrow peninsula, so that the greater part of West Cornwall is within easy reach of the sea, the practice of wrecking was shared by a large proportion of the population. How fearfully it must have demoralised them, may easily be conceived. It is said that a person of some standing in Cornish society during the last century ‘tied up the leg of an ass at night, and hung a lantern round its neck,’ and so drove it ‘along the summit of the high cliff on that part of the northern coast where he lived, in order that the halting motion of the animal might imitate the plunging of a vessel under sail,’ and thus tempt ships in-shore to their destruction.* And Polwhele vouches for the truth of the well-known story, that a wreck happening on a Sunday morning near the parish of St. Anthony, ‘the clerk announced to the parishioners just assembled, that “Measter would gee them a holladay.”’ Polwhele retails also, but he declines to vouch for its truth, the other part of the story, viz., that his brother-parson, when his flock forthwith rushed out of the church, cried out, ‘Stop, stop, let us start fair.’ What a contrast between the scene at St. Anthony’s church on that Sunday morning in the last century,

* Redding’s ‘Illustrated Itinerary of Cornwall.’

and what was witnessed at Penzance and around the cliffs between Whitesand Bay and Cape Cornwall on that other Sunday in the month of January, 1851! This is but an index, however, of the moral change which has, in all respects, passed upon the people of Cornwall within the last hundred years.

To those who are familiar either with the early annals of Methodism, or with the condition and history of Cornwall during a century past, the advent of the Wesleyan Conference to Cornwall in the present summer cannot but suggest the reflection, that the labours of Wesley and the Methodists have been, not indeed the only, but unquestionably the chief, agency in producing that revolution in the moral and social condition of Cornwall, especially the western half of the county, which has transformed a population of smugglers and wreckers, addicted beyond almost any other in England to the excessive use of ardent spirits, into the most religious, orderly, and temperate population in Great Britain.

'It pleased God,' says Mr. Wesley, in his "Short History of the People called Methodists," (written in 1781,) 'the seed which was then sown (in 1743) has since produced an abundant harvest. Indeed, I hardly know any part of the three kingdoms, where there has been a more general change. Hurling, their favourite diversion, at which limbs were usually broke, and very frequently lives lost, is now hardly heard of: it seems in a few years it will be utterly forgotten. And that scandal of humanity, so constantly practised on all the coasts of Cornwall, the plundering vessels that struck upon the rocks, and often murdering those that escaped out of the wreck, is now well-nigh at an end; and if it is not quite, the gentlemen, not the poor tinnerns, are to be blamed. But it is not harmlessness or outward decency alone which has within a few years so increased; but the religion of the heart, faith working by love, producing all inward as well as outward holiness.'—*Works*, vol. xiii., p. 297.

Cornwall, as the gazetteers tell us, is about eighty miles long by forty broad at its north-eastern base, which is its widest part. Its average breadth, however, is much less; probably not exceeding from fifteen to twenty miles. If we measure its length from Launceston, "near the centre of its base, to the Land's End, it may be fairly described as trending in a south-westerly direction. It may be said to have three coasts,—the coast from Moorwinstow to the Land's End, which is generally known as the north coast, although in fact its aspect is more west than north; that from Plymouth Sound to the Lizard,

which is called the south coast, but which, between the Lizard and St. Austle, is more an east than a south coast; and the shore of Mount's Bay, between the Lizard and the Land's End, which is really the south coast of the county. The characteristic rocks are granite and clay-slate; there is little secondary rock in the country. These constitute the rugged body of the peninsula, and contain the metallic deposits for which it has been celebrated from the earliest antiquity. Cornwall may be regarded, indeed, as an immense promontory, one vast mass of rock, strutting out into the Atlantic main. There is no inland valley of any magnitude. Along the north coast the only stream of the least importance which enters the sea is the winding Camel or Alan, the course of which lies altogether in the north-east of the county. The only streams worth mentioning which enter the South Channel, west of the Tamar, are the Fowey and the Fal. And these are, through nearly the whole of their course, scarcely more than brooks, and are only navigable as far as the tide reaches. They hurry down through picturesque glens, rather than valleys,—mere lateral clefts in the mass of central rock, which forms the district.

The ravines through which these and the yet smaller streams of the county run are fertile, well-wooded, and full of beauty. The coast of the south channel, also, is fissured by many beautiful estuaries, which run far inland, and the banks of which are rich with verdure and with woods. And the grand and desolate northern coast, ever beaten by the tempestuous shock of the Atlantic surges, is brightened by many exquisite small coves, which form the sea-ward outlet of lovely little 'combes,' each with its clear, swift brook, freshening the rich green sward, and affording tempting sport to the angler. But, with such exceptions as these, the county is what we have described it. Climb the steep bank of the estuary; scale the cliff which shuts in the small cove, with its tiny beach of glistening sand, or the rugged wall of rock which overhangs the bright stream and grassy bottom of thecombe; mount to the crown of the hill on either side which looks down upon the merry little river and its narrow valley; everywhere the same prospect of bare, hard moorland meets the eye. The view may, indeed, be enlivened, in some districts, by the lines of engine-houses, with their tall beams and their mine-gear, which extend on all sides, and inter-

sect each other in all directions; or by the villages of cold-looking, granite-built miners' cottages which nestle in the hollows, and around which some cultivated ground has been won from the waste; but, at the same time, the districts of country where these signs of life are found are rendered in other respects yet more desolate by the heaps of mining *débris* which everywhere encumber and disfigure the ground.

'All round the horizon,' says Mr. White, in his *Londoner's Walk*, speaking of the prospect from Carn Brea, near Redruth, 'except where the Bristol Channel comes in—mines. A hungry landscape, everywhere deformed by small mountains of many-coloured refuse; traversed in all directions by narrow paths and winding roads, by streams of foul water, by screaming locomotives, with hurrying trains; while wheels and whinns, and miles of pumping rods, whirling and vibrating, and the forest of tall beams, make up an astonishing maze of machinery and motion. Giant arms of steam-engines swing up and down; and the stamping mills appear to try which can thunder loudest, proclaiming afar the progress made in disembowelling the earth.'—*Walk to the Land's End*, p. 293.

Where there are no mines there is no life, and the dreary downs extend for miles together without a sign of human presence. We suppose there was no such desolate a ride of eighty miles in the whole kingdom, as that which, in the old coaching times, awaited the traveller from the north, between Launceston and the Land's End. Passing into such a region out of Devonshire, the contrast made the effect more dreary. Nevertheless, the generally hard-featured face of nature is not without some compensating attractions, even in the uplands of Cornwall. Nowhere are ferns and wild flowers so profusely abundant, or so beautiful. In the summer season they cover the enormous granite fences with a mantle of exquisite and various beauty. Two of the most delicate and graceful species of heath are peculiar to this county; and between Helston and the Lizard, the tourist may gather for his posy of wild-flowers four different kinds of heath, any of which, but especially the two to which we have referred, would be elsewhere counted among the choice favourites of the greenhouse. The summer glory of the stone-fences and of the wild moorland is, indeed, unequalled: for pureness and freshness of colouring, for contrast and harmony of hues, and for gracefulness of form, we have seen nothing equal to it on mantled crag or in mountain heather. And in the bare season

of bleak and early spring—the winter of Cornwall—the double-flowering furze, at no time of the year quite destitute of bloom, puts forth in profusion and long-sustained succession its gorgeous golden blossoms.

A visitor entering the county by the 'Cornish railway would probably receive a different impression of the character of Cornish scenery from that which we have now given. The railway line presents a sectional view of the country, contrasting greatly with the series of dreary expanses which the successive undulations of the road brought before the disheartened traveller from the north, twenty years ago, as he advanced from Launceston to Bodmin, and from Bodmin to Penzance. Passing over the estuary of the Tamar at Saltash, by the world-famous bridge, Brunel's last and perhaps most daring achievement, and sweeping round by way of Liskeard to Lostwithiel, Par, and St. Austle, and so on to Truro, the line, through the greatest part of its extent, does but now and then graze the great central moorlands. It lies chiefly in the region of the rich and picturesque southward ravines and estuaries. There is abundance of woodland and water; rich meadows and fruitful corn-fields vary the scene; bright reaches of the southern channel are caught in occasional glimpses. If, however, the traveller should proceed beyond Truro by the West Cornwall Railway, he will find himself in the midst of moorland and mining desolation, until he reaches Penzance. He will then be able to imagine the character of the country lying towards the north-east, between Truro and Launceston—for the most part moorland without mining, and therefore without life—vast, solitary, seemingly endless, wastes.

Perhaps a general view of the geological structure of Cornwall has never been more neatly given, or put into less compass, than by Mr. White, in the following passage:—

'Cornwall is divided by a great central ridge into two principal slopes, one facing the English, the other the Bristol, Channel. This ridge comprehends 200,000 acres of wastes, so dreary of aspect as to dishearten the traveller who enters the county by any of the roads within their limits. Gilpin, journeying westwards from Launceston, in search of the picturesque, saw nothing but "a coarse, naked country, in all respects as uninteresting as can well be conceived," and went no further than Bodmin. There he turned back. Had the good pastor first made acquaintance with the southern side of the county, he would not have pronounced it all barren. The ridge,

moreover, has grand and impressive features, produced by a series of remarkable elevations, which, commencing in Devonshire, occur at intervals down to the Land's End. Dartmoor, with its numerous tors, the highest rising to an altitude of 2,052 feet, is a vast upheaved mass or "boss" of granite, the first of the series. Crossing the Tamar, we find a second—that traversed by Gilpin—its chief hills Brown Willy* and Rowter; and the Cheesewring on its eastern margin. It is in view from all the highest parts of the road between Antony and Looe. A few miles farther, and there is a third boss, north of St. Austle, rich in china-stone and clay; the Roche Rocks, a romantic group, and Hensbarrow rising from its centre. Two small patches appear, one east, the other west, of Helston; and again, beyond Penzance, the whole extremity of the island is granite: a solid bulwark against the ocean. The extent and elevation of the upheavals successively diminish until, at the Land's End, the cliffs are less than a hundred feet high. The same reddish, coarse-grained granite is seen in all. But farther still: the Scilly Isles are granite, much of it perfectly identical with that of Dartmoor.† Thus we see proof of some tremendous force having been at work along a line of more than a hundred miles, to elevate a system, so to speak, of huge vertebræ, to strengthen the narrowing land, and enable it to bear the pressure of the sea on either side. They form a minor mountain-range of striking contrasts: rocky summits, bleak slopes, craggy steeps, and wild ravines, which, as they decline towards the shore, become fertile and bosky valleys.—*Walk to the Land's End*, pp. 172-174.

We have spoken of granite and clay-slate as composing the rocky central mass of Cornwall. The clay-slate, in Cornwall, rests immediately upon the granite. It must be added, however, that veins or dykes of porphyritic, or granitic rock, (called by the Cornish *elvan*,) intersect the clay-slate in different directions. The metallic veins of Cornwall are found in the granite, which the miners call *growan*, in the clay-slate, locally called *killas*, and in the *elvan*; tin and copper in all of them; lead, silver, and cobalt only in the clay-slate. In the neighbourhood of St. Austle, and in several other localities, the granite has, from unknown causes, become in parts, often in large masses, more or less decomposed. There is no line of separation between the hard and the decomposing rock, which, it is evident, formerly constituted one homogeneous mass. This decomposed granite is called by the Cornish *soft growan*, and from it is manufactured the valuable *China clay*, for some account of which, and of its

* 1,368 feet high.

† We believe that recent investigations tend to establish the later age of the Dartmoor granite.

uses, we may refer our readers to an article on 'The Cornish Mines and Miners,' which appeared in the twelfth Number of this journal.

It would be unpardonable, even in the slightest sketch of Cornwall, to omit mention of the Serpentine formation which prevails in the neighbourhood of the Lizard. The geological relations of this rock to the granite, and its exact place among the primary formations, seem not to have been as yet determined. It is, doubtless, an igneous rock, and is found in company with other rocks of a like origin, such as diallage and greenstone. Mica slate is also associated with it. At Kynance Cove, and elsewhere near the Lizard, it encloses veins of soapstone (*steatite*) and of asbestos. It is a rare rock. In Cornwall it is scarcely found, except in the region of the Lizard; in a few places elsewhere on the coast, it just crops out and then disappears. In Aberdeenshire, it is sometimes found as a nodular formation in the granite. There is also Serpentine rock in the Shetland Islands and the Alps. It is remarkable that the beautiful white heath (*Erica vagans*) grows only upon the Cornish serpentine. Out of the county it is not found; and if you wish to trace the presence of the serpentine in Cornwall, you cannot have a better index than this exquisite heath. 'It never misleads,' says Mr. White; 'and if you wish to know where this rock meets its neighbour strata, you have only to follow the ins and outs of the white heath.' The serpentine rock is yet more beautiful than rare. Those who have visited Kynance Cove will think it the most beautiful of rocks. Its veins present exquisite varieties of rich colouring. 'Silver grey and bright yellow, dark red, deep brown, and malachite green appear, here combined in thin intertwined streaks, there outspread in separate irregular patches.' The water and the weather have performed the lapidary's work, and polished the grand, yet graceful, cliffs into splendid beauty; and all the accompaniments of the scene combine to heighten the effect. The white sand of Kynance Cove; the blue waters of the vast Atlantic staying themselves upon that glittering beach, now with a fretful plash and restrained surge, which tell of the might of ocean, even when at rest, presently with a rush and roar which mark the waking of that might, and forebode fiercer shocks to come; the palaces and halls of glistening, many-

coloured cliffs to which the bright beach serves as threshold; the grand pyramids of isolated rock, which stand forth to view in front of the cove, and midway along the beach, draped and tasseled by an exuberant growth of sea-pinks and samphire, ferns and wild asparagus, and many a plant besides, the names of which the students of sea-side botany must be left to tell; that archway through the body of the foremost sentinel rock, light and lofty as the nave of a cathedral, through which the tide, always uneasy and restless, even when so clear and pure in its sea-green beauty, and often fearful in its headlong onset and assault, now coils in ceaseless wash and splash, now thunders in foam and fury; that cavern in the rocky mass nearer in-shore, in which the advancing tide, pouring in from two sides at once, so compresses the air at one extremity, that it rushes from an opening on the landward face of the rock, after each onset of the tide, in a roaring jet of wind and spray; and those gothic caves, hollowed out of the rocks around the cove by the continual action of the waves, in which, seated on the floor of smooth white sand, 'you may observe the wondrous effect of the light darting in, flung from side to side, past the protruding ribs of rock—here making a circle of the red and green veins sparkle again—there twinkling like a star on a speck of crystal—there glistening on the roof as emerald varnish:' these things taken together, and more than these in fit harmony with them, combine to make a scene to which none but such word-painters as Kingsley or Ruskin could do aught like justice. The scenery around the Land's End—Botallack Head, Cape Cornwall, the Logan Rock, Tol-Pedn-Penwith, and the Land's End itself—is sterner, grander, more sublime; the granite rocks, in almost columnar majesty, tower up sheer from the boiling water, as if, in everlasting strength, to utter their defiance against all the tides and tempests of the ocean, and across all the leagues of the Atlantic, to the very 'ends of the earth.' But, for the exquisite combination of beauty and grandeur, for the rich variety and perfect harmony of its manifold charms, we have met with no scenery equal to that of Kynance Cove, with its serpentine rocks.

The serpentine rocks have led us into this digression on the scenery of some portions of the Cornish coast. We will add a few words, and quit the subject. If the aspect of the Cornish inland is harsh and ill-favoured, there is no county which can

compare with it for coast-scenery. The north-western coast, saving such little 'combes' as we have described, is bare, bleak, and desolate, exposed to the full sweep of the Atlantic storms, which sometimes carry the spray ten miles inland, and which have buried in their driving sands farms, villages, castles, and churches, and to the direct fury of the rolling tide-waves of the mightiest of oceans. But only the more grand and picturesque for all this fury of storm and wave are the cliffs, which, from the north of Bude Bay to Cape Cornwall and the Land's End, buttress this vexed and battered coast. About the Land's End the rocks assume a sort of basaltic appearance, as if tending to separate, by vertical lines, into columnar masses. But generally on the north-west coast a reverse tendency is observed, and the cliffs bear almost the appearance (it is no more than an appearance) of horizontal stratification. This gives to them, as wasted and worn by the weather and the waves, a peculiar picturesqueness of form. 'This formation,' as a critic in the *Quarterly Review* remarked some years ago, 'exposes them to the action of the billows at their base, and wears them (like cliffs of secondary sandstone elsewhere) into a thousand fantastic shapes—flat-topped islands and peninsulas standing out like enchanted castles against the horizon; gigantic staircases, stacks, columns, turrets, caverns, and "bellows-holes" of every conceivable shape and character.' Whoever carefully examines these cliffs, and studies the action upon them of waves, and wind, and weather, will entertain no doubt as to the nature of the agencies which have fashioned the so-called rock-basins, supposed by Dr. Borlase and the antiquaries to have been used in the sacrificial rites of the Druids; and which have lodged, and poised, and piled, and rounded, in forms the most amazing, the huge granite boulders of that stupendous collection at Carn Brea,—consisting, as Dr. Borlase describes it, of 'rock-basins, circles, stones erect, remains of cromlechs, cairns, a cave, a religious enclosure, and a gorseddau,'—in which that antiquarian saw the chief of Druidical high-places, whence the priests pronounced their awful decrees. It is not wonderful that popular tradition has assigned the work of piling these enormous boulders to the giants. The thought that such a race alone could have raised such monuments is most natural to any unscientific person who, in presence of them, is made to feel his own feebleness and

pettiness. But, in truth, it is the might of the elements which has worked these marvels. Rain, and wind, and weather—it may be also waves—have hollowed out those basins and channels in the rock; and have laid bare and rounded, if they have not actually heaved and piled, those huge blocks.

The scenery of the south coast (as it is called) differs in character from that of the north. From the region of the Land's End all along the coast of the South Channel, the quasi-stratification of the rocks changes from the horizontal to the vertical, or nearly vertical. This imparts altogether a different appearance to the cliffs. 'Instead of plateaux and castellated promontories, and mural cliffs undermined at the base, we find long jagged ranges of razor-backed precipices projecting into the sea, "aiguilles," and pinnacles of splintered rock, and branching estuaries between.' These southern estuaries, with their steep and richly-wooded banks, and their bright tidal waters, which run far inland, and often constitute fine harbours, all alive with shipping and craft of various kinds, furnish the characteristic attraction of the southern coast.

The inhabitants of Cornwall may be divided into three classes according to their occupation,—those employed in agriculture, in fishing, and in mining. There is little or no mining in that north-eastern district of the county which is defined by the rivers Camel and Fowey, flowing respectively into the North and South Channels. Nor is there much to the north-east of St. Agnes Head on the north-west coast of the county, or eastward of the mining district of St. Austle, on the southern side. If a line be drawn from Marazion by Hayle to St. Agnes Head, then from St. Agnes Head to Truro, from Truro to Helston, and from Helston round again to Marazion, the enclosed area will nearly coincide with the limits of the great mining district of West Cornwall. Besides this wealthy region, however, there are some important mines near Liskeard, there is the mining district of St. Austle, and there is the important district around St. Just, and between Hayle Creek and the Land's End, which includes the famous mines of Botallack and Balleswidden. The mining districts now described include, or closely neighbour upon and sustain, the towns and villages of Liskeard, St. Austle, Truro, Gwen-
nap, Chacewater, Redruth, St. Agnes, Tuckingmill, Camborne,

Helston, Marazion, Hayle, and St. Just, to which ought fairly to be added St. Ives, as being scarcely less a mining than a fishing town.

Fishing is carried on from every harbour and cove round all the shores of the county, where there is an anchorage and shelter for a fishing-boat. Its chief seats are Penzance, Newlyn, and Mousehole in Mount's Bay, Falmouth, Penryn, St. Mawes, Mevagissey, Fowey, St. Ives, St. Agnes, and Padstow.

The agricultural peasantry of Cornwall do not differ greatly from the agricultural population of other parts of the West of England. Those of them, indeed, who live in the midst of a mining and fishing population, and at the same time are either themselves small farmers, or are in the receipt of enhanced wages, and in the enjoyment of a comparatively independent position, because of the demand for labour produced by the mines, will be likely to be correspondently superior in intelligence and self-respect to the labourer who has no such advantages. But otherwise there will be but little difference between a Devonshire and a Cornish ploughman. The latter may not generally be so ignorant of all that belongs to spiritual religion, and true Christian instruction, as the former too often is. Yet the Devonian can hardly be more superstitious than many Cornish labourers.

Sixteen years ago we met with agricultural peasants, in the parish of St. Paul's, near Mousehole, who had a serious and operative faith in witchcraft, and the vocation of white witches. These men were God-fearing chapel-goers. It is certain that it would have been no better protection against such superstitions, if they had attended church instead of chapel. Indeed, it is the testimony of all the best-informed authorities, as to the condition of the country people, that the like superstitions are still commonly met with.

It may not be amiss to compare the superstitions of the Devonshire rustic, in the most secluded part of the county, with those of the Cornish labourer.

'Till within a few years past,' says Mr. White, speaking of the natives of Dartmoor, 'the bonfires, which had their origin in the worship of Bel, might be seen blazing in the month of May. And the moor-folk could tell many a tale of what was done by the Pixies; of the way in which supernatural beings perpetrated their mischief during the terrific storms to which the region is subject. They were firm believers in the efficacy of horseshoes; of the Lord's Prayer recited

backwards; of a knife and fork placed cross-wise on the Bible. And superstition lingers yet in Devon, perhaps more than in any other county. To sit at a church-door, and receive thirty pennies from the departing congregation; to exchange these for half-a-crown, and walk three times round the communion table with the coin in the hand; to have it afterwards made into a ring, and wear it, is believed to be a certain cure for any kind of disease. And not only in rural parishes; for the experiment was tried in the autumn of last year (in 1854) at Exeter Cathedral, by a paralytic old woman.'—*Londoner's Walk, &c.*, pp. 349, 350.

Such are the superstitions of the Dartmoor originals. We should hardly expect the Cornish, amongst whom Methodism and Methodist Sunday Schools have taken so remarkable a hold, to retain superstitions equal to these. Yet there seems to be really but little difference in this respect, between the less enlightened among the Cornish, and the half-paganish dwellers on Dartmoor. In Penzance, and the extreme west of Cornwall, the May bonfires find a substitute in the bonfires, and the lighted torches and tar-barrels, of the eves of St. John and St. Peter. The superstitions still retained in many parts as to the virtues of magical wells, are to the full as extraordinary—many would be disposed to say as incredible—as the Devonian's faith in the healing power of the sacred silver ring.* For the rest, let us quote from the useful little book, entitled, 'Cornwall: Its Mines and Miners.'

'Where people are so isolated as the Cornish men are, primitive modes of thought and superstitions will long survive. Thus the old horseshoe charm' (against witchcraft and foul fiends) 'is believed in by the miners and others. It is supposed that the evil spirit can only travel in circles, and consequently that, whenever he reaches the two heels of the horseshoe, he is, as it were, brought to a stand, and can only retrace his steps.....Again, the miners are said to be afraid of whistling under ground, believing it to be unlucky. To work on Midsummer Day or Eve, or New Year's Day or Eve, is also unlucky.When slight explosions take place in the dark corners of deep mines, by the bursting of hollow crystalline masses containing confined gasses, miners believe that the noise is occasioned by the mining pursuits of the pixies or fairies.'—*Cornwall: Its Mines and Miners*, p. 287.†

To which should be added the following from Mr. White's

* See 'Rambles beyond Railways,' pp. 86-89.

† The best and best-written summary of Cornish superstitions will be found in the article on Cornwall, contained in the 'Quarterly Review,' for September, 1857.

graphic and trustworthy volume, in reference to the country people about Looe, on the coast to the south of Liskeard :—

‘Talk to the rustics about here, and get them to show you the contents of their pockets. You will find, in some instances, a little stick of the mountain-ash, which they carry with them to ward off witchcraft. One need not go to Africa for fetishism.’—*Londoner's Walk*, &c., pp. 177, 178.

We suspect, however, that gross superstitions are fast dying out among the mining population generally, and retain by far the strongest hold upon the agricultural class, and perhaps next to them upon the fishermen. Mr. Wilkie Collins is not a very grave or eminent authority respecting questions of social science and statistics. As to this point, however, his remarks seem to be worthy of quotation.

‘Such few observations as I was able to make, inclined me to think that, in education, the mass of the population was certainly below the average in England, with one exception, that of the classes employed in the mines. All of these men, with whom I held any communication, would have been considered not badly informed persons in a higher condition of life. They possessed much more than a common mechanical knowledge of their own calling, and even showed a very fair share of information on the subject of the antiquities and history of their native county. As usual, the agricultural inhabitants appeared to rank lowest in the scale of education and general intelligence. Among this class, and among the fishermen, the strong superstitious feelings of the ancient days of Cornwall still survive, and promise long to remain, handed down from father to son, as heir-looms of tradition. The notion, for instance, that no wound will fester, as long as the instrument by which it was inflicted is kept bright and clean, still prevails extensively among them. But a short time since, a boy in Cornwall was placed under the care of a medical man, (who related the anecdote to me,) for a wound in the back from a pitchfork: his relations—cottagers of respectability—firmly believe that his cure was accelerated by the pains they took to keep the prongs of the pitchfork in a state of the highest polish, night and day, throughout the whole period of his illness, and down to the last hour of his complete restoration to health.’—*Rambles beyond Railways*, pp. 85; 86.

How far Mr. Collins is justified in classing the fishermen with the husbandmen in this passage, we cannot judge from extensive observation of our own. Probably his statement is generally correct. It so happens, however, that incomparably the best-informed community, as a whole, that we have known in Cornwall consisted of the inhabitants of a fishing-village, not a great way

distant from Penzance. Among the people of that village, mostly Methodists, and who have for many years past sustained a very flourishing day-school, under Government inspection, a book society was, and we believe is still, in active operation, which furnished them with reading of a very superior class, not excluding solid works on mental philosophy. This, however, was probably a singular instance. Still there can be no doubt that many of the Cornish fishermen are thoughtful and reading men, who turn to useful account their abundant leisure, whether on shore or afloat. At present, however, our concern is not with the fishermen, but with the agricultural population of the county.

Probus, a village lying between St. Austle and Truro, which boasts of a beautiful church-tower, built of elaborately sculptured granite, and which takes its name from one of a *married pair of saints*,—St. Probus and St. Grace, to whom the church is dedicated,—is said to be the best-farmed parish in the district. There can be no doubt of its general wealth and prosperity, and of the antiquity of its superior culture and its external and ecclesiastical civilization. Yet in this prosperous agricultural parish, Mr. White saw, on one of two successive ‘wrostin’-days,’ a crowd assembled to watch pairs of wrestlers, all of them stark naked, ‘with the exception of brief drawers round the loins,’ contend in succession with each other. ‘A party of well-dressed women,’ says Mr. White, ‘standing near me on the bank, under a cloud of gay parasols, looked on with perfect composure.’ This would seem to be true agricultural Toryism, a keeping up of the ‘good old customs.’ ‘Church and State,’ we should think, are strongly and zealously represented at Probus. We doubt, however, whether such a scene as this could be paralleled in the mining districts, or among the fishermen of Cornwall. Perhaps such exhibitions may be regarded as peculiarly appropriate within the domain of the married saints, Probus and Grace.

Much is made by some writers of the essential distinction of race, as implying of necessity a difference of character between the Saxon peasant, and the Cornu-Briton husbandman. We confess ourselves to be very sceptical on this point. That a remote and secluded peninsular people should have their peculiarities is of course to be expected. It could not be otherwise.

In many things they must be behind the rest of the country; they will be characteristically obstinate, and slow to change; they will have a deep-seated conviction of their own superiority to the 'foreigners,' as West Cornishmen still call strangers from other parts of the country. They will retain some primitive practices which have elsewhere faded away, and, comparatively unsophisticated and aloof from the influence of fashion, or modern opinion, their phrases, customs, and manners will be racy, characteristic, indigenous. All this might be predicated of any population under similar circumstances, and all this may be predicated of the Cornu-Briton. But, beyond this, we doubt whether there is anything especially distinctive of Cornishmen which may not be fairly set down to the influence of climate, or to the nature of their occupations. We shall be told that at least there is one quality which is distinctive of the Cornishman as compared with the Anglo-Saxon, and which characterizes him in common with all Celtic races—his susceptibility to religious emotion. This is undoubtedly the strongest point in favour of the view which we are questioning; but to us, we must confess, it is far from conclusive. Susceptibility to religious emotion has been no less striking a characteristic of the inhabitants of many parts of Yorkshire than of those of Cornwall, Wales, or Ireland. The fact is, that the peculiar kind of susceptibility which distinguishes all these in common is found among all men, at a certain stage of civilization, when once their conscience has been strongly awakened, and when they are perfectly free to indulge and express their religious feelings. There may, indeed, be a peculiar stagnancy of the whole man,—induced by a condition of semi-serfdom loading down the faculties and overglooming the intellect and soul,—which does not easily respond to religious appeals. Such is *not* the condition of the Irish peasantry, unhappy as their state is in many respects; neither is such the condition of the population of Wales; nor is such the condition of the Cornishman, unless in some parts of the north-east of the county; nor is such the condition of the small working clothiers of the West Riding, or the shouting colliers of Lancashire. And these classes are all keenly susceptible, and in much the same degree and kind, of religious excitement. Similar results can hardly be expected to manifest themselves upon a great scale among the servile

and immemorially depressed semi-pauper population of the south Saxon counties, who inherit a prescriptive religion of mere outward observance, whose conscience is in keeping, to whom the parson and the squire are all in all. Besides which,—and this is an important element in the case,—there is in Cornwall, as in Wales, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Ireland, the aggregation of numbers intensifying the excitability of the population.

We pass, then, from the agricultural population of Cornwall, and direct our attention to the miners and fishermen, upon whom, as classes, the characteristic qualities of the Cornish people depend, and who constitute the bulk of the labouring population; who are, moreover, to a considerable extent, united and intermingled by business connexions and family alliances.

It is impossible to think of Cornish mines and miners, without remembering the vast antiquity of mining operations in that region of our island. There can be little doubt that the peninsular shores of Mount's Bay, naturally mistaken by foreign visitors in the earliest infancy of navigation for a group of islands, are to be identified with the Cassiterides of the ancients, and St. Michael's Mount with the Ictis of Strabo. As little can it be doubted that the tin-trade of the earliest times was in the hands of Phenicia and her colonies, especially the Massilians. But the cherished tradition that the Phenicians traded direct to Cornwall in ships, which made the voyage round the coasts of Spain, is one which, in our judgment, will not endure searching criticism. Many years ago, in his excellent compendium on *Maritime and Inland Discovery*, Mr. W. D. Cooley exhibited elaborate and, to us, convincing arguments to show the extreme improbability, not to say incredibility, of this tradition, and at the same time how naturally and easily, in a wonder-loving age, and in relation to a mysterious and self-aggrandising race, like the Phenicians, such a tradition would arise and become current. And now, in his recent work on the *Astronomy of the Ancients*, Sir G. C. Lewis has sanctioned, with the weight of his own decided judgment and support, the same line of argument which was adopted by Mr. Cooley. It seems to be almost certain that the Cornish tin was in the first place carried over to Gaul, and that thence it was transported overland to Marseilles, in like manner as amber was transported overland from the Baltic to the same port and to Liguria. The Phenicians, having the monopoly

of the sea-traffic from Marseilles, and being invested with an exaggerated fame as mariners, were supposed to bring the tin by their vessels from some tin islands, (Cassiterides,) which lay far beyond the pillars of Hercules.*

Another fallacy respecting the mining trade with the Phenicians must be dispelled. We have heard intelligent travellers, looking at massive and antique-seeming mine-buildings, remark that, from their appearance, they might almost have been built in the time of the Phenicians, and under the direction of those ancients themselves. It seems, however, to be highly probable, if not absolutely certain, that the operations of the ancient Britons in the way of mining were nearly confined to what is called *streaming*. 'Stream-tin is deposited by the action of running water, and is generally found at the bottom of valleys, and along the courses of streams, in grains, pebbles, and nuggets; small as sand, and up to ten pounds in weight.' Much heavier masses were formerly found. 'In some places the deposit is covered by beds of sea-sand and river-mud.' Everywhere, of course, it lies very near the surface. Strabo distinctly informs us that 'P. Crassus, having passed over to the islands, observed that the mines were worked at a very small depth.' It seems certain, however, that the Britons understood the secret of smelting the ore. But we conclude that mining proper was to them unknown.

And whatever may have been known, either as to mining or smelting, before and during the occupation of the Romans, there can be no doubt that such knowledge was almost lost in Cornwall between the time of the Romans and that of the Norman Conquest. It is probable that, in the laborious and unhealthy processes connected with the mining operations, the Britons had employed their slaves. After the Conquest the mines were chiefly worked by Jews, to whom they were assigned as securities by the Norman kings, and who (doubtless) employed their bond-slaves in

* Strabo says, (iii. 175.) 'In former times the Phenicians alone used to make this voyage from Gadeira, (Cadiz,) and kept it a secret from all the world.' This looks exactly like an hypothesis invented by the geographer, to account for a fact, the true cause of which was to him unknown. That tin did come by the overland route is certain. That it came round by the sea as well rests on the authority of this passage in Strabo. All natural probabilities are against such a voyage. The depôt for Spanish tin was at Gadeira; for British tin at Marseilles. All the tin, however, was believed to come from the same islands, the Cassiterides, which have been by some supposed to mean the maritime districts of north-western Spain.

the work. A fearful time these bond-slaves must have had ! As freedom advanced in the country, it became more and more difficult to procure serf-labour, or any labour, for such deadly work as mining and smelting ; and there was no available science to supply the lack of labour, or to ameliorate the processes. Mining, accordingly, fell off. In the reign of Elizabeth German miners, possessed of superior science and skill, introduced great improvements in the processes ; and mining began to revive. In the early part of the seventeenth century, the application of gunpowder greatly reduced the mere bodily labour of extraction, and immensely increased the productiveness of the mines ; at the same time, however, it introduced a new element of contamination into the atmosphere of the 'galleries.' At present thousands of tons of gunpowder are annually consumed in the Cornish mines.

Up to the beginning of the last century, the accumulation of water in the mines prevented them from being worked below a certain depth. But the introduction of the steam-engine in the former half of the century, and the successive improvements effected in it by Watt and others in the latter half, furnished the means of almost unlimited drainage, and so made many abandoned mines more productive than ever, and rendered it practicable to prosecute the workings to indefinite depths. Prior to the eighteenth century, the only means of draining the mines had been channels, or water-ways, conducted with a slight descent from the horizontal line to the side of a hill, or to the sea-shore, just above high-water mark. These water-ways are called *adits*, and serve for ventilation as well as to carry off the water. The ventilation of mines, however, when dependent on the adits alone, is very inadequate, as has been shown at length in a former Number of this journal. Other auxiliary agents have been brought into use during a century past. But the most effectual—the only truly effectual—power to accomplish this primary object, is the blast of a furnace at the bottom of the upcast shaft of the mine. If this be made good use of, the deeper the mine the better the ventilation. Since the application of the steam-engine has so greatly deepened the mines, much more has, no doubt, been done in the way of ventilation than before. But the furnace is not yet brought into use ; so that from the ever augmenting accumulation of gunpowder, and

from the vastly increased depth of the mines, it is to be feared that the improvement in ventilation has altogether failed to keep pace with the continually increasing closeness and foulness of the atmosphere. At the same time the fatigue of descending and (especially) of ascending by the ladders has become painfully extreme. So that there is reason to fear that the work of the miner is at this day more unwholesome and more exhausting than it was a century since. Improvements, however, are coming into operation which will, we trust, remedy this lamentable state of things. To this subject we shall have to return.

It is remarkable that while Cornwall has been immemorially famous for its tin, it was not known until the eighteenth century to possess still more abundant treasures of copper. It seems strange that the merchants who came to Cornwall in the earliest times, to traffic for tin, actually brought copper vessels with them to give in exchange. The miners threw the bright sulphuret away as worthless, under the name of *mundic*; the farmers and peasants built it up into their fences. For many years past, however, the production of copper has much exceeded that of tin. About 10,000 tons of Cornish tin are extracted annually, the value of which may be set down at about £550,000: of copper, about 12,000 tons are annually produced, the value of which may be estimated at nearly a million of money. The copper mines are said to employ, directly or indirectly, not less than 60,000 persons, which will of course represent a considerably larger population. The tin mines may employ from 40,000 to 50,000. As to this latter point we have, however, no exact data. Altogether, of the 360,000 persons (or thereabouts) who constitute the population of Cornwall, in all likelihood more than one-half are dependent upon mining. Besides tin and copper, not less than 9,000 tons of lead ore, and between 6,000 and 7,000 tons of lead, are raised in Cornwall. Many thousand tons of iron ore are also extracted annually. Silver is found in connexion with both tin and lead, and is separated from the lead in the proportion of thirty-five ounces to a ton of lead.

The occupation of the Cornish miner is, from causes which have been already indicated, exceedingly unfavourable to health. At this moment Lord Kinnaird is employed in Cornwall as a commissioner under Government to inquire into the condition of the

mines, especially their sanitary condition. It was certainly time for a Royal Commission to be appointed on this subject. Mr. R. Q. Couch, of Penzance, in a series of papers published in the Reports of the Cornish Royal Polytechnic Society, has collected and analysed a mass of details relating to this question, derived from an extensive induction of evidence, which leave no room to doubt the conclusions at which he has arrived. These conclusions are set forth by Mr. Robertson, an eminent surgeon of Manchester, in an interesting paper read before the Manchester Statistical Society, of which we have given the title at the head of this article, and from which the following is a preliminary extract :—

‘Before advertng to the painful, startling facts with which I became acquainted, I will mention what I learned with regard to the social state of the miners. I had been told that Wesleyan Methodism prevailed around the mines, and this, on inquiry, was confirmed. The miners, almost without exception, belong to the Wesleyan body; and numbers of the men, working under ground during the week, are lay-preachers on the Sunday. There is little drunkenness; intoxicating drinks are never carried down into the mines. Sometimes on the monthly pay-day, we were told, a few of the younger miners will have a spree, but this to no great extent. The proportion of offenders against the laws is comparatively small in Cornwall; less, it is said, than half of that in England and Wales. In and around Camborne many of the miners own the cottages they inhabit; and it is obvious, from what one sees, that a spirit of thrift and good management prevails. The love of dress, nevertheless, among the women is remarkable. “You ought,” said a Cornish gentleman to me, “to be here on a Sunday; for the miners’ wives and daughters are, on that day, so finely dressed, many of them in silk, that you would hardly distinguish them from ladies.” The cleanliness and neatness of a crowd of young women I saw at work at the Dolcoath mines, under the sheds where the tin-ore is dressed, is hardly to be credited unless witnessed; especially in an occupation which, without early habits of the most scrupulous attention to the preservation of their clothes, would inevitably soil or even cover them with mud; yet, in the whole number, a couple of hundreds or more, there was not one who had not on the neat sun-bonnet; whose boots were not blacked and brightly polished; and whose dress was not clean, and free from tear or patch. I was so struck with the tidiness of these girls, that I wandered among them long enough to cast my eyes on each one of them; and a more interesting sight I am sure could not be found in the whole island. Nor is this scrupulosity about the care of their persons confined to the young women of any particular locality; it was the same, I was informed, at all the dressing-floors of the tin mines.’—*The Insalubrity, &c.*, pp. 2, 3.

It is the same, we may add, wherever females are employed, whether in tin or copper mines. The accuracy of Mr. Robertson's description of what he witnessed at the Dolcoath mine, in particular, will be attested by all who have visited it. But the bright picture on which we have now looked becomes seriously overshadowed, when we learn the answer to the inquiry with which Mr. Robertson commences the next paragraph of his paper. 'Now,' he continues, 'what is the physical condition, the health of the mining population?' The fact is, that the majority of miners' children are born in a very feeble and sickly condition, and that, as a consequence of this, the rate of infant mortality in the families of miners, even although located in the midst of the purest air, exceeds that of our most insalubrious large towns; while the average duration of life among the miners themselves is as low as that of the shortlived and intemperate grinders of Sheffield, or as those scarcely less reckless and intemperate classes of workmen, who are employed in the most unwholesome processes of our Staffordshire manufactures. The infant mortality, under five years of age in London, is 40 per cent.; Liverpool, 48; Manchester, 47; Leeds, 46. On an average of sixteen years, in the mining parish of St. Just, near the Land's End, which lies open on all sides to the pure sea-breezes of the Atlantic, the yearly rate of infant mortality is 55 per cent. 'A large proportion,' says Mr. Couch, 'die from mere debility within the first year of their existence; and no one who has not seen these miserable specimens of humanity can have the slightest idea of their diseased appearance, small, thin, and shrivelled, with scarcely strength to cry; it seems sometimes almost a crime to attempt to prolong their existence. In the Register, the number dying, having "debility" assigned as the cause of death, is astonishing.'

Mr. Couch, by his minute and painstaking analysis, has shown that precisely parallel results, as respects infant mortality, are found among the whole of the mining population from Land's End to Marazion; not only in the parish of St. Just, but in the parish of Lelant, the district of St. Ives, and the district of Marazion. And, as respects the adult population, it appears, from a similar induction and collation of evidence, that, on an average of nineteen years, 51 per cent. of the miners die of chest disease; and that, if the deaths from accidents occurring

in the mines be thrown out, the proportion rises to 62 per cent. In fact, 62 per cent. of all the deaths which result from disease are caused by disease of the chest;* a proportion considerably more than double that of males not miners.

Still further to illustrate the actual state of the case, Mr. Couch, in the Transactions of the 'Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society' for 1859, has instituted a comparison between the mortality of the agricultural population of St. Buryan, a parish contiguous to St. Just, and that of miners, from which it appears that whilst the number of children who die below five years old is much less in St. Buryan than in St. Just, or among any of the mining population, the deaths from chest diseases in the mining districts are from two to three times as many as in the agricultural districts; never being less, upon a term of five or ten years, than twice, and, in some instances, being fully thrice, as many.

Miners seldom remain in their occupation to the end of their life. 'Nearly all are compelled, as they advance in years, to seek more healthy work at the surface.' Others, having been disabled by chest disease or by accidents, retire, for the remainder of life, sometimes extending to many years, to subsist by the sick club or the union. Those, however, who have spent their best years at mining, though they may not have been working as miners for years before their death, are returned as such by the Registrar. The average terminal age of life in the register is only forty-seven years. The average age of 715 miners actually at work in the three mines of Balleswidden, Lelant, and Ding-dong, was twenty-eight years and one month; when the timber-men and such as only go below occasionally were left out, the average for the remainder fell to twenty-six. Whereas the average age of Cornish agricultural labourers at work is given by Mr. Lanyon as forty-seven.†

Such results as these are the more remarkable in Cornwall, because from time immemorial the county had been famous for its salubrity and the longevity of its inhabitants. Both Camden, in his *Britannia*, and Carew, in his *Historical Survey*,

* Report of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society for 1858, p. 18.

† 'It is stated,' says Sir J. Forbes, 'by one of my medical correspondents, resident in a mining district, that an agricultural labourer at forty-five is almost as good as a miner at twenty-five, and the relative appearance of the two justifies this opinion.'

lay great stress on this fact. There can, indeed, be no doubt as to the natural salubrity of the county. The fishermen are commonly of great stature and strength, and many of them, men and women, attain to a great age. The miners, too, although lean and sallow, are generally fairly grown, and are often tall men. They are wanting in sinew and bulk; but the general 'form' (so to speak) of a fine race of men is apparent in many of them.

It cannot be doubted that, so far as they are feeble and diseased, it is because they are degenerate. The proportion of miners to the fishing and general population has greatly increased during the past century; and we fear, that the injurious character of their employment has been aggravated rather than diminished, in consequence, as we have already shown, of the greatly increased depth of the mines. Hence, a powerful source of disease and deterioration has been diffusing itself more and more widely and deeply throughout the whole of West Cornwall, that is, among the finest part of the Cornish population, whether considered physically or mentally. The miners and their families intermarry with the fishing and agricultural population, and the whole people suffer accordingly in physical condition. The boasted strength and stature of Cornishmen cannot be kept up while this process continues.

There are many Cornish mines 200 fathoms deep and upwards. Dolcoath mine is not much less than 250 fathoms; Tresavean copper mine has attained to the depth of upwards of 350 fathoms. In the very deepest mines the 'man-engine' has of late been introduced to facilitate the ascent and descent of the miners. But as yet, it is in use in very few mines. A stout gentleman, some years ago, was imprudent enough to descend a mine. It was not one of the deepest, being only 1,400 feet in depth. But the unfortunate adventurer was five hours in effecting his ascent. The monument of London piled eight times upon itself would not nearly equal the 1,800 feet ladder-way of some of the Cornish mines. Imagine, then, a poor miner ascending eight or nine monuments in succession by slippery ladders, after a hard day's work underground!

But this is not all; nor even the worst. The heat in the deep mines is excessive. From the volume on *Cornish Mines and Miners*, we learn that 'some of the water gushing into the

deep level of the United Mines has been at a temperature of 104° to 106°; and that the temperature in the deepest level of Tresavean mine is '90° and upwards.' (P. 193.) The account which Mr. White gives of the temperature in the United Mines agrees with what has just been quoted, but adds some circumstances which are worthy of quotation.

'The temperature at the bottom of the United Mines was recently 104°; and in this the miners had to work. A stream of water at 90° ran through the same level; and an attempt was made to mitigate the heat by sending in at a few yards' distance a fall of cold water, which lowered the temperature near it 14°. The men, who worked naked, would rush from the end of the level, stand for a minute or two under the cold torrent, and then back to their labour again.'—*Londoner's Walk*, p. 294.

Neither is this all. It is bad enough to have to work summer and winter in an atmosphere of from 75° to 100°; but how much worse is it when that atmosphere is full of foul exhalations, and deprived of a large proportion of its oxygen! Mr. Mackworth, a very high authority, asserts 'that the condition of the miner would be realized, if a room containing a number of persons were hermetically sealed, until the temperature was raised by many degrees, and the lights burned dimly.' Pure atmospheric air is composed of 79 per cent. of oxygen to 21 of nitrogen. 'The analysis of eighteen samples of air,' says Mr. Mackworth, 'taken in four mines, at an average depth of 214 fathoms, and at an average distance of 28 fathoms from any shaft or winze, gave a mean per-centage of 17·667 oxygen, 82·848 nitrogen, and 0·085 carbonic acid gas.' 'The air is sometimes so dead,' says Mr. Moyle, of Penzance, in a communication to Sir John Forbes, 'that the only way in which a miner can obtain light enough to work, is by putting two candles together, and placing them horizontally.' A single candle held upright will not burn. Mr. Couch bears distinct testimony to the same state of things, as witnessed by himself. The breathing of the men, the combustion of lights, the decomposition of mineral substances, of timber, and of animal substances, and the continual expenditure of gunpowder, amounting, in the Dolcoath mines alone, to nine or ten tons per year, absorb the oxygen of the air in the mines, foul it with carbonaceous matter and carbonic acid gas, and almost fill it with nitrogen.

With these facts before us, the statement of Mr. Couch is made intelligible and easy of belief. He tells us that he has weighed 1,100 men, and finds that 'they lose three and three quarter pounds, on the average, during the time they are underground; some as much as ten pounds.' No wonder that the Cornish miners die of consumption, and that their infants pine away in 'marasmus!' No wonder that, continually inhaling carbon in the form of smoke from powder and candles, and receiving so wretchedly inadequate a supply of oxygen, they should waste to death with a jet-black expectoration! That the occupation of the tin-miner can ever be rendered healthy is perhaps too much to expect. But all scientific authorities are agreed that it is perfectly practicable to ventilate the Cornish mines thoroughly, and that their great depth and numerous shafts furnish the very conditions most favourable to effectual ventilation, if the proper methods are taken. If this were done, and if, by means of the man-engine, or the patent safety cage, such as is used in other mines, the excessive fatigue of descending and ascending were done away, the occupation of the miner, in connexion with good air, good food, and temperate habits above ground, might at least be made consistent with a fair average amount of health.

We have heard censures passed on the miners as high-livers. To us the marvel is that, as a class, they are now, and have long been, strictly temperate. They ought to live on the very best. Nothing but a highly nutritious and stimulating diet could possibly support them under the wasting and excessive fatigue of their daily life. Without this, the six hours underground, and the ladders, would bring life to a close much earlier than at present. They can hardly live much too well, on their twelve or fourteen shillings a week, even allowing for the additional income brought in by the boys and girls of the family. Their houses are decently furnished, their wives and children well clad, and they themselves, short as their term of labour is, often amass considerable savings, and become (what we could wish all labouring men were at liberty to become) the owners of their own cottages. All this is truly wonderful, is unexampled, except also among the lead-miners and dalesmen of the far north of England. In all these cases alike the man of true science will acknowledge that the influence of Methodism,

thoroughly leavening the population, has been the means of producing temperance, thrift, and self-respect, and of exhibiting to view a phenomenon without a parallel among the working men of England.

As a rule, the deadly nature of his employment is one element in directly and proportionately augmenting the wages of a working man; and still further, the recklessness and profligacy of the working man is generally in the compound proportion of the consuming or dangerous character of his work and of the rate of his wages. But in Cornwall a most exhausting and deadly employment, and one, moreover, which demands superior intelligence on the part of the labourer, is paid at a very low rate. The chief reason of this is, probably, the remote and peninsular character of the county. If the tin and copper mines were in East Lancashire, or in Staffordshire, we imagine the miners would receive much higher wages. Cheapness of fish and of rent, also, has something to do with this. And the pride the miners feel in their work; the sense of their superiority as a class; the fact that they have acquired the art of living on their low wages more decently and happily by far, on the whole, than the highly paid workmen of Staffordshire and Lancashire; these circumstances have also contributed, in their measure, to the same result.

But here also we have an instance of a race of working men who daily leave their work fearfully exhausted, and whose working life is of the shortest, not resorting to stimulants to renovate their azotized frames, and to refresh their exhausted spirits,—not taking as their motto, ‘A short life and a merry one.’ To us this seems to be a very remarkable fact. It is an almost invariable rule, that the more deadly is the occupation of any class of working men, and the shorter their average term of life, the more reckless and profligate they are. Indeed, so directly, in the case of ordinary workmen, does this result follow from certain obvious causes, partly physical and partly moral, that it may be taken as a natural law. But in the case of the Cornish miner this law has been counteracted by the force of spiritual influence. The supernatural has overcome the natural. The sense of immortality, ‘the powers of the world to come,’ the operation of Christian principle; these things have made the Cornish miner what he is. He is not reckless, because he has

been taught to fix his hopes and to seek his home in the eternal world. All that remains to show that the natural law is not powerless, but only overpowered, is a certain special excitability of temperament, which finds its most effectual relief in the prayer-meeting or under a stirring sermon, an undeniable love of holidaying and of finery, and that comparative profusion of living of which we have already spoken. In former days drink was, as might have been expected, a great besetment of the Cornish miner. But Methodism first broke down the exorbitant drinking habits of the county, and especially of the miners; and, some twenty years ago, teetotalism came in, combined unhappily with much evil and extravagance, to complete the work of reform. The Cornish miner is usually a teetotaller. Intoxicating drinks are never carried into the mine.

Besides the characteristics of the miners which have already been noted, we may remark that, unlike their Celtic cousins in Ireland, they are distinguished, as a class, by a peculiarly grave and earnest, though by no means an unhappy, cast of countenance; and that there is a peculiarity of expression about the dusky and somewhat sombre eye, which some would attribute to their Celtic and oriental origin, but which we are disposed to consider as caused by the nature of their hereditary occupation. We have observed something of the same look about all classes of miners in the kingdom. It is only reasonable to suppose, that the habit of working in the dark will impart to the eye a special quality and a peculiar appearance and expression. Altogether, no one can mingle much with Cornish miners, without perceiving that they are a thoughtful, emotional, and altogether superior, race of men;—not hard students, they have not the physical strength for that, but observers and moralists. Their occupation demands the continual exercise of thought and calculation; and the peculiar nature of their metal-mining throws them much upon their own resources in working the mines, and in meeting difficulties which arise. As practical calculators and engineers, within certain limits, they show remarkable intelligence and ingenuity.

Before Methodism had taken hold of the county, the Cornish miner was just what might have been expected from the nature of his occupation and the general state of the county; as Mr. Wesley's frequent references to 'drunken tinnors' in his *Journal*

would lead us to expect. The moral and social condition of the county was then lamentable in the extreme. Wrecking prevailed, as we have already seen, among all classes throughout West Cornwall. But wrecking could, in the nature of things, only be practised occasionally. Smuggling may be said to have been the great business of the county. The storm-beaten inlets and secret, dangerous coves (safe only to adepts) were the favourite landing places for 'run goods.' Then the adits of the mines, opening from the shore just above high-water mark, and giving access to the galleries and workings throughout many miles of extent, afforded every facility for concealment, whether of men or of goods, and were altogether impenetrable to pursuers. In fine, Cornwall must have been the smuggler's paradise. And all classes bore their part in the business; high and low, fisherman and miner, farmer and tradesman, all were, directly or indirectly, accessory to smuggling; all bought, if they did not sell, uncustomed goods; and all were prepared, to the extent of their ability, to aid and shelter the purveyors of the wares they desired to purchase. Many of the magistrates did worse than connive at the customary breach of law. The revenue officers themselves were commonly in understanding with the smugglers. The county seemed to thrive by the practice. Silk, tea, wine, spirits, and all such articles of luxury, were commonly sold at very cheap rates. The price of pure French brandy, in particular, was one shilling the gallon. And, as a consequence, brandy-drinking prevailed to such an extent that a contemporary writer of authority notes the fact that Cornish girls, though generally good-looking when young, lose their good looks soon after fourteen, through excessive brandy-drinking.

Among such a population as this, wrestling, the brutal sport of 'hurling,' dog-fighting, and cock-fighting, besides wrecking and smuggling, were universally prevalent. It is said, indeed, that the Cornish manners were never so ferocious as those of the miners, iron-workers, and pitmen of the midland counties and the north. This may in a sense be true. The civilization of Cornwall is the most ancient in the kingdom; the climate, too, is mild, genial, perhaps we might add, somewhat enervating, except to those whose business it is to seek their living on the sea—the fishermen. The peasant population would seem to have been by no means bolder-spirited or more independent in

Mr. Wesley's days than their fellows in Dorset or Devon. Under date July 4th, 1745, writing apparently in some parish situated not far from Penzance or from Marazion,—the precise locality is for some reason concealed,—Mr. Wesley has the following entry:—‘I was informed there were many here also who had an earnest desire to hear “this preaching;” but they did not dare, Sir — V——n’—evidently one of the Vivians—‘having solemnly declared, nay, and that in the face of the whole congregation, as they were coming out of church, “If any man of this parish dares hear these fellows, he shall not—come to my Christmas-feast.”’ The mining population, though possibly more robust a hundred years ago than at present, must have been inferior in strength, and probably also in spirit, to the furnace-men and pitmen of the north, or the semi-savage population of the Yorkshire and Lancashire highlands. Nevertheless, if, from the combined effect of such causes as these, there may have been less of rude brutality in the sports and manners of Cornishmen than of the northern working man; if bear-baiting and bull-baiting were not so much in vogue as in Staffordshire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, or Durham, and savage fights were not so common, the reason of this can hardly have been any real superiority of culture or of character. A community among whom wrecking so extensively prevailed must have been savage at heart. An intelligent and well-informed Cornish correspondent, who gives it as his opinion that, prior to the introduction of Methodism into Cornwall, the people, ‘though sunk low in vice, were not sunk so low as in some other parts of England,’ informs us that ‘cock-fighting prevailed till about 1800 to a most fearful extent;’ and describes the practice of hurling, which began to decline about the middle of the century, and before its close was almost extinct. ‘Men of one parish, or part of a parish, met those of another parish, or of the other part, at one of the “barrows;” a ball was “hurled” into the air, which each party endeavoured to carry beyond a certain goal, while the others used every means to prevent it, short of brutal murder. Many retired from these hurlings with broken heads and broken limbs.’ From these ‘hurlings,’ as our correspondent further informs us, deadly feuds often arose; so that the men of one side of a parish, even on funeral occasions, durst only follow their dead a certain distance, but, when they

got within a mile of the 'church-town,' retired, leaving their women to carry and escort the coffin the remainder of the distance. 'The Cornish miner,' as our correspondent remarks, 'was not sunk so low as to fight women.' From the accounts left us by the Wesleys of their earliest visits to Cornwall, it is evident that the 'tanners,' at least, were, before 1750, a drunken and ferocious set of men.

The fishermen of Cornwall are a remarkably fine race of men; often of great stature and noble proportions, hardy, brave, and coolly adventurous. They are intelligent, kindly, and for the most part religious, sometimes perhaps superstitious. They are strict observers of the Sabbath, whether at home, or when absent on fishing excursions; and, with few exceptions, are Methodists. They are admirable seamen; eminently weather-wise, and almost unequalled in the skill with which they manage their craft in stormy weather. In appearance these stalwart and weather-beaten sons of Neptune present a striking contrast to the lean, sallow, and slender mine-labourers.

Methodism appears to have been first of all introduced into Cornwall by Captain Turner, of Bristol. Mr. Wesley informs us that Captain Turner found at St. Ives one of those religious societies of which, in the year 1699, Dr. Woodward published an account, and many of which were absorbed in Methodism.* In 1739, the year after Mr. Wesley's return from Georgia, and the year recognised as that of the origin of Methodism, a person residing near Penzance received a 'ticket' from one of Mr. Wesley's lay helpers, on which were written the initials, 'T. R.,' being those of the preacher who gave the ticket; but who 'T. R.' was does not seem to be known, at least, is not stated by Dr. Smith, himself a Cornishman, in his valuable 'History of Methodism.' In 1743, two preachers, of whom the name of but one (Mr. Shepherd) is given, had for some time been labouring in Cornwall; and in the summer of the same year Charles Wesley visited the county, having long been anxious to do so. At this time St. Ives was the head-quarters of Methodism in Cornwall. Here the Society worshipped in 'a meeting-house.' But the coming of Charles Wesley was the signal for a series of disgraceful riots, stirred up and sometimes headed by the clergy, in which the lives of the Methodists were repeatedly in imminent

* Works, vol. xiii., p. 297.

danger; the preaching-house at St. Ives was gutted, and the benches and furniture destroyed. Similar violence was done in other places; indeed, the preachers and all who belonged to the 'Society' were mobbed and abused everywhere, often with inhuman brutality. In Charles Wesley's very interesting Journal, which deserves to be better known than it is, he tells us that on one occasion, at Wednock, he saw 'ten cowardly ruffians upon one unarmed man, beating him with their clubs till they felled him to the ground.' 'They assaulted' him 'with sticks and stones, and endeavoured to pull him down.' A month after Charles Wesley left Cornwall, undaunted by what his brother had encountered, and determined to follow up the successes which he had made good amidst so much opposition, John Wesley took his journey into the county. Mr. Shepherd, Mr. John Downs, and the celebrated John Nelson, were his companions. A glimpse is afforded into the rude and primitive social condition of the county, and the rank and style of those among whom such refined and accomplished men as the Wesleys laboured, by the racy anecdotes which Southey has quoted from Nelson's journal of this expedition. Wesley and Nelson, during the illness of one of their companions, lying for three weeks on the bare floor, the former with Nelson's great coat for his pillow, Nelson himself with the folio volume of 'Burkitt's Notes' for his; the same pair of brave pioneers constrained for very hunger to be thankful for a meal of blackberries off the downs, while Wesley, with a cheerful joke, characterizes the country as 'the best he ever saw for getting a stomach, but the worst he ever saw for getting food;' and Nelson congratulating himself on having, near St. Just, 'ate heartily of barley-bread and honey;'—facts like these are very suggestive, and seem to carry us back much more than a century into the past. Such indications, however, tell rather of poverty and rustic rudeness, than of barbarism in the darker sense of the word. Of this John Wesley would appear at this time to have witnessed and experienced less than Charles, and far less than he himself, as well as his preachers, met with afterwards. Nevertheless, at St. Ives, he was much disturbed by a violent mob, and received a blow on the head.

During the two years which followed the first visit of the two Wesleys, although a great change was wrought on many of the

most depraved of the population, the Methodists, especially the preachers, had to endure savage persecutions. 'All this summer,' says John Wesley, writing about Michaelmas, 1744, our brethren in the west had as hot service as those in the north of England; the war against the Methodists, so called, being everywhere carried on with far more vigour than that against the Spaniards.' In proof of this, he inserts in his Journal a letter from Henry Millard, one of his preachers. Mr. Millard, being on his way to Crowan to preach, was warned by two men, formerly persecutors, to go back, or 'there would surely be murder, if there was not already; for many were knocked down before they came away.' Having turned back accordingly, he had been but a short time in the house of a friend, before 'many of the people came, being very bloody, and having been beaten very bad.' The following Sunday, the mob at Camborne bore away Mr. Westall, Mr. Millard's colleague, to the 'church-town,' where they detained him prisoner till the Tuesday morning, when they carried him to Penzance, before Dr. Borlase and two other magistrates. By them he was consigned to the House of Correction at Bodmin, as 'a vagrant:' where he lay till the next Quarter Sessions, when the Bench declared his commitment to be contrary to all law, and set him at liberty at once. 'I pray,' asks Mr. Wesley, 'for what pay could we procure men to do this service,—to be always ready to go to prison, or to death?' The following summer, again, Thomas Maxfield, being at the time stationed in Cornwall, was apprehended as a vagrant, and sentenced to serve in the army as a common soldier. Warrants were at the same time out against a number of other persons, being Methodists, on the shameless pretence that they 'had no lawful calling.' After preaching (by Mr. Wesley) at St. Just, the constable, on Dr. Borlase's warrant, apprehended 'Edward Greenfield, a turner, in the forty-sixth year of his age, having a wife and seven children.' 'Three years ago,' says Mr. Wesley, 'he was eminent for cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and all manner of wickedness; but those old things had been for some time passed away, and he was then quite remarkable for a quite contrary behaviour.' All around St. Just and St. Ives, Mr. Wesley's labours and successes were very remarkable; around Gwennap and Redruth, also, he preached to multitudes. The curious and

amusing details of the attempt made by Dr. Borlase and Mr. Eustick to play the justices of the peace over Mr. Wesley, and of the manner in which his dignity and politeness nonplussed them, have recently been given in this journal, in an article on 'the Cornish Antiquary.' At Falmouth, the coming of the eminent Methodist evangelist was the signal for the rising of a furious mob, who stormed and broke into the house where he was; but, at sight of him, their rage was abashed, and he was permitted to pass safely through the midst of his enemies. Passing from Falmouth westwards, he found Helston and all the region round in a flame against him, and the magistrates, churchwardens, and constables, determined to net him and hold him fast. But when they saw what manner of man he was, they hardly could credit that this was Wesley indeed; and afterwards their fury evaporated. At this visit Mr. Wesley spent about six weeks in the county. The next summer he visited it again, but found the opposition greatly abated. The year following (1747) the storm had quite passed, and all was smiling peace. Throughout West Cornwall, where the persecutions had been so fierce, the Societies had rest. At St. Ives, Mr. Wesley and his companions 'walked to church without so much as one huzza.' 'How strangely,' says the journalist, 'has one year altered the scene in Cornwall! This is now a peaceable, nay, honourable station. They give us good words almost in every place.*' A leading persecutor expressed the general sentiment, when he said, 'One may as well blow against the wind.' At Camelford, the 'baser sort gathered a mob;' but the tinnors of the West were quelled.

It is remarkable that, in his journeys to Cornwall, Mr. Wesley received many civilities from the clergy in the north of the county, and was generally heard with respect. Camelford was an exception to this rule on the occasion we have referred to. From the Bench at Bodmin, too, the Methodists obtained justice. But throughout the mining district of West Cornwall for four years persecution raged against the 'new way.' There the magistrates, the clergy, and the mob were all against the Methodists; yet there the triumphs of Methodism were won. Mr. Wesley did but touch at a few places in

* Works, vol. ii., p. 60.

the north and north-east of the county; he lingered nowhere. It was in the West, among the miners and fishermen,—more, perhaps, among the miners than the fishermen,—that his labours and those of his preachers were chiefly bestowed, and their great successes achieved.

The centre of Methodism in West Cornwall was St. Ives. Not Truro;—this was only on the confines of the mining district. Not Helston;—in this small aristocratic town Methodism found no entrance at this time. Not Penzance, then a very small place indeed, and probably much under the personal sway of Borlase and his friends. Not Falmouth, though Methodism took firm hold there:—Falmouth was an important sea-port and a fishing-station too; but it lay at a distance from the mines. St. Ives was a busy fishing-town, and at the same time a mining centre,—the port of the great mining district of West Cornwall. At St. Ives, too, there was a considerable middle-class population; and earnest religious societies had found an entrance there fifty years before the coming of the Wesleys, and still retained some hold at the time when Methodism was first heard of in the country.

Copper mining was still in its infancy in Cornwall; the miners are therefore constantly designated *tinners*. Sometimes they are characterized as 'simple-hearted tinners,' sometimes as 'the poor tinners,' sometimes as 'drunken tinners;' there is frequent reference to their swearing and profligacy. They lived in populous villages; were depraved, but impressible; easily excited to evil, but more favourable subjects for the preacher to deal with than the stolid rustic of Somersetshire, or even of the northern and eastern parts of the county. These considerations, taken together, marked out the miners as the special object of attention for the Methodists; the men whose condition seemed most to claim their compassion, and at the same time whose character held out the best promise of ultimate success. Among the fishermen, indeed, the Methodists found great acceptance; a readier and more peaceable entrance, probably, than among the miners. They crowded to hear the preachers at St. Ives; they owned the power of the truth at Falmouth; they gathered in multitudes at Newlyn: but yet the tinners were the great objects of care to the Wesleys and their helpers.

The manner in which the Gospel took hold of the mining

population is perhaps most graphically described by Charles Wesley in his journal of his first visit. On July 18th, 1743, he records, that he 'preached at three on Carnegy Downs, to near a thousand tinnners;' and that, while he 'pointed them to the Lamb of God, many wept; and particularly the captain-general of the tinnners, a man famous in his generation for acts of valour and violence, and his usual challenge to fight any six men with his club. He is known through the West by the title of "the destroyer."' Again, on the 23rd, he writes, 'I preached at Gwennap to near two thousand hungry souls, who devoured the word of reconciliation. Half my audience were tinnners from Redruth, which, I hear, is *taken*.' And on Friday, the 29th, 'I rode to Morva, and invited the whole nation of tinnners to Christ.' On Saturday, at St. Just, 'a town of tinnners,'—'the hearts of thousands seemed moved as the trees of the forest, by the wind which bloweth as it listeth.'* These are but specimens. Charles Wesley closed his labours on this occasion by preaching to many thousands in Gwennap Pit, which afterwards became the great Cornish amphitheatre for field-preachings; and where, on Whit-Mondays, there is still an immense company annually gathered, and a sermon preached, (though many complain sorely, that the gathering has long been transformed into a mere fair, so far as its general character is concerned;) and where the Rev. John Rattenbury, the Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference, preached to crowded thousands in the past August.

On the whole, it is plain that, whatever success, at St. Ives and elsewhere, may have followed the preaching of the first Methodists among other classes, especially the fishermen, the Wesleys felt that their vocation was to the 'nation of tinnners,' and among them Methodism won its widest and most remarkable triumphs.

But this was only the beginning of the work to be done. Wrecking and smuggling were county practices. The best proof of the real and Divine power of the work begun by the Wesleys is to be found in the change which it effected in the manners and habits of the whole community. The date of the 'Short History of the People called Methodists,' from which

* Charles Wesley's Journal, vol. i., pp. 322-329.

we gave a quotation at the commencement of this article, is 1781. At that time, nearly forty years after the first visit of the Wesleys, Mr. Wesley testifies that 'the seed then sown had produced an abundant harvest,' and especially refers to the discontinuance of 'hurling,' and 'that scandal of humanity,' wrecking. To put down smuggling was a harder task. It was so universally practised by all classes, not excluding the magistrates themselves; and the true nature of the practice was so far disguised by plausible, though flimsy, excuses; and the wrong done, being not against any particular individual, but the whole community, was so easily lost sight of; that all the force of Wesley's terse logic, and the full exercise of his authority, were requisite in order to put the practice down. He published a 'Word to a Smuggler,' in which he demonstrates that smuggling is nothing else but robbery, demolishing every excuse and evasion; and he insisted on the expulsion from all his Societies of any who were guilty either of smuggling or of selling or buying 'uncustomed goods.' By these means he struck an effectual blow at the root of the practice; and doubtless did much more than even the military, whose services in this respect he commends, 'to clear our coasts of these public nuisances, these vermin,' as he calls them, the smugglers, whom he does not scruple further to designate as 'thieves of the first order, highwaymen, or pickpockets of the worst sort.'*

In July, 1753, ten years after his first visit to Cornwall, Mr. Wesley makes this record in his Journal:—

'On Wednesday, 25, the Stewards met at St. Ives, from the western part of Cornwall. The next day I began examining the Society; but I was soon obliged to stop short. I found an accursed thing among them; well nigh one and all bought or sold uncustomed goods. I therefore delayed speaking to any more till I had met them all together. This I did in the evening, and told them plain, either they must put this abomination away, or they would see my face no more.

'Friday, 27. They severally promised so to do. So I trust this plague is stayed.'

After this, we find no more references in his Journal to smuggling in Cornwall; though in Sunderland, several years afterwards, he was obliged to exercise a very strict and vigilant discipline in this matter.

* Works, vol. ix., p. 214.

As it was more especially in West Cornwall that Methodism won its early triumphs, so it is in West Cornwall that it still chiefly flourishes. The whole of the great mining district, as defined in an earlier part of this article, belongs to the western half of the county, and is pervaded by Methodism. In the neighbourhood of St. Austle, and Liskeard again, near the south coast, and towards the eastern part of the county, there are some flourishing mines. Accordingly, Methodism has a strong hold in and about these towns. Indeed, by merely noting the respective numbers of the 'members of Society,' in the various Wesleyan 'Circuits' of Cornwall, it may at once be known where there is or is not a mining population. The only exception to this is in the case of fishermen. Among them Methodism has taken root not less firmly, and flourishes not less congenially, than among the miners. Falmouth, Penzance, and St. Ives are the 'Circuits' in which there is the largest proportion of fishermen. The fishermen, however, form an inconsiderable population, compared with that of the miners. They are nowhere collected together in communities numbering thousands of persons. Among the agricultural population of Cornwall, also, Methodism is fairly established; but the people are not so emotional, and the population is much more sparse.

Camborne is a small town of 8,000 inhabitants. In that town, and in the villages around, within a distance of about three miles, the Wesleyan body numbers 2,257 communicants. This is the very centre of the mining district. In Redruth, and within a short distance around, there are 1,817; in and around Gwennap, a purely mining town, the number is 1,730; in and about Helston, 1,950; Hayle, 2,005; St. Just, 1,480; Penzance, 1,220; St. Ives, 1,150; Truro, 1,314; Marazion, 1,002; Falmouth, 1,020. The whole population of Cornwall is about 360,000, less than that of Manchester or Liverpool. The number of communicants in connexion with the Wesleyan Methodists is upwards of 20,000; probably those connected with the various offshoots of Methodism may number half as many more. The churches of the Establishment are in many places almost empty; being attended by few besides the gentry and some professional men. Very few, indeed, are largely attended: the county, in fact, is saturated with Methodism.

Cornish Methodism has its characteristic excellences and

defects. A quarterly reviewer has intimated, in no unfriendly spirit, that Cornish Methodism shows a tendency to antinomianism. So, perhaps, does all evangelical religion. Mr. Wesley somewhere says, that true religion borders closely on the one side upon antinomianism, and on the other upon Pharisaism. This, we apprehend, is true. It might be expected that when the Gospel is freely preached to the whole population of ignorant and undisciplined men, a number among them should adopt more or less antinomian phrases and ideas; and probably some of them become antinomian in practice. But the best defence of Cornish Methodism against the charge of antinomianism is the reform which it has wrought on the moral and social condition of the population. The people are much more thrifty and moral than any large operative population in England. Squalid poverty and 'home-heathenism' are all but unknown in the county.

Nevertheless, if Christianity, as preached by the Methodists, has reformed and elevated the population, it can hardly be doubted that, in its form and aspect, it must have suffered somewhat from the adverse moral and social influences which surrounded it, at its first rooting and during its early growth. It would be improved, there can be no doubt, by a larger infusion of sanctified intellect and refinement. It might become more thoroughly practical, more reverent, more solid and stable, without becoming less truly fervent in spirit. So far as we can learn, its character is steadily rising in these respects. In connexion with the Cornish revivals, which we are happy to know still assert their power, there is less extravagance and instability than there was in former times. The spread of Christian education, such as is given in the inspected day-schools of the county, whether belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists, or the Church of England, cannot but have an elevating effect upon the character of the whole population. And so far as Wesleyan Methodism in particular is concerned, the ecclesiastical offshoots and secessions which have reduced, from time to time, the ratio of its numerical predominance, will probably be found to have been for its advantage. They have left it more homogeneous, and on the whole more orderly and intelligent. They form an extensive and probably, on the whole, a beneficial system of drainage. The admirers of the republican principle in Church-Government

naturally gravitate towards the 'New Connexion,' or the 'Methodist Free Church;' the most excitable and extravagant, those also who value above all things a *cheap* ministry, will find their home among the Brianites or 'Bible Christians,' (a Wesleyoid sect confined to the West of England, but nearly resembling the zealous denomination, so well known in the midland counties, who style themselves 'Primitive Methodists;') while fanatical Teetotalers will connect themselves with the body of 'Teetotal Methodists,' which had its origin in Cornwall, and has scarcely spread beyond the county.

The recent Wesleyan Conference, which met for the first time in Cornwall, held its sittings in the large and handsome principal chapel at Camborne, chiefly as being the most central place for the purpose in West Cornwall, partly also, perhaps, through the circumstance that Dr. George Smith, who was known to the general public as the learned author of *Sacred Annals* before he became yet more extensively known as the historian of Methodism, and who, in the business world, holds no mean place as the able and energetic Chairman of the Cornish Railway Company, is a resident at Camborne. But for the influence and energy of Dr. Smith, it is certain that the Wesleyan Conference would not, for a long period to come, have visited his county. The ministers were hospitably entertained in all the towns, and in many of the villages, of West Cornwall, from St. Austle to Penzance, from St. Agnes Head to Falmouth and Penryn. The railway carried them to and fro by special trains without charge. Omnibuses conveyed them morning and evening between the Conference chapel and Penryn, Falmouth, and Helston. The daily sittings were from nine A.M., till a quarter to four P.M. The evenings were given to Committees, and, by those who were free from Committee work, or the burden of official business, to preaching and other engagements. Early morning services and evening services were kept up almost daily throughout most of the chapels of West Cornwall, whether in town or country. The enthusiasm was immense; and the crowds which flocked to the preachings everywhere, but especially to hear the popular preachers, were astonishing, in some instances overwhelming. The session of the Conference commenced on Thursday the 31st of July, and closed on Thursday night the 14th of August,—an extra sitting

being held on the last day. The preliminary Committees, however, at which laymen attend in large numbers, and where the business of the Conference, except that which, being disciplinary or purely ministerial, belongs exclusively to the Conference proper, is virtually transacted, were in session during several preceding days. And the 'Stationing Committee' had, earlier still, spent the greater part of a week in preparing the first draft of ministerial appointments for the ensuing year.

It cannot fail to be remarked that the area covered by the visit of the Conference coincides as nearly as possible with that which was marked out by the early labours of the Wesleys and their helpers. It is West Cornwall, pre-eminently, which is saturated with Methodism. What position will West Cornwall occupy in English civilization a century hence? Is what is now seen the proof, or not, that Methodism, of all ecclesiastical systems, is best adapted to reach and leaven the masses of our operative population? Perhaps not, in the extreme form of itinerancy, which distinguished early Methodism. In Manchester and its immediate neighbourhood as many working men are massed together as are distributed through all Cornwall. This is a problem differing from that of Cornwall; and although itinerancy with its variety, its energy, and its organized and abundant lay co-operation, must still afford peculiar advantages in dealing with any population of working men, yet concentration of labour on the part of the ministers would seem to be needed to cope effectually with the conditions of our 'great cities.' Such at least appears to be the judgment of the Wesleyan Conference, as shown by its recent organization of Home Missionary Ministers, who concentrate their labours for a comparatively brief term (from one to three years) on limited districts among the dense populations of our large towns and manufacturing centres.

ART. II.—*On the Elizabethan Age, and some of its less-known Poets.*

THE history of each great nation, whether in ancient or modern times, has been distinguished by some period of extraordinary magnificence, to which all who claim affinity with it have been accustomed to point with triumph, feeling themselves great in the greatness of their people. What the age of Augustus was to Rome, what that of Leo X. was to modern Italy, what that of Ferdinand and Isabella was to Spain, or that of Louis XIV. to monarchical France, the Elizabethan era has been, and is still, to the majority of Englishmen,—a time, the thought of which makes their hearts glow and their pulses leap with the enthusiasm of national exultation and pride. Other nations besides ourselves have admired the glories of this reign, which was, perhaps, illuminated by a richer galaxy of statesmen, warriors, divines, poets, and philosophers, than any other era in the annals of Great Britain. Many foreigners have been prejudiced against Elizabeth. And yet Bayle writes of her, '*Son règne est le plus beau morceau et le plus bel endroit de l'histoire d'Angleterre.*' And still to speak of the British lioness with a mixture of pride and fondness, to do her a supposed homage by alluding to her under the affectionate soubriquet of 'Good Queen Bess,'—to transform her name into an adjective, by annexing it to the epoch of her reign, and styling it the 'Elizabethan Age,'—is to act in conformity with the instinct of the English mind. In spite of the many mistakes and errors of her government, the memory of this great Queen is still held in veneration, and is dear to the hearts of her people.

We can all of us quote with enthusiasm the names of Raleigh, Drake, Hooker, Coke, Shakespeare, Spenser, Bacon, and Jonson. It is the fashion to render homage to these grand old names, and to talk of the genius of the past, as if, like the Chinese, the custom of our nation had entailed upon us the reverence of our ancestors, according to the rites of a servile superstition; but, after all, when we come to look into the meaning of our words, and to analyse our high-sounding phrases,

with many of us they represent only a cold sentiment, or are nothing but meaningless formulæ.

If we wish to realise the genius and greatness of the past, our hearts must speak to us while we read the old chronicles, and we must interpret the old poetry by our own experience, and in a spirit of true sympathy and loving candour.

‘ We get no good
By being ungenerous even to a book.
It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong into a book profound,
Impassion’d for its beauty and salt of truth—
’T is then we get the right good from a book.’

There is no need to exalt old poets at the expense of new, or to invent a new hero-worship with its mysteries, oblations, and ceremonial; but, on the other hand, it is absurd to inspect an old writer as we would comment on a petrified reptile dug out of the bowels of the earth. We must remember that he was a man like ourselves, notwithstanding he was living without rail-roads, gas, and telegraphs; that he wore a brighter costume, and inhabited a more picturesque house. We must examine his writings without prejudice, estimating them as they show their author to have been true, clear-sighted, skilful, and strong, or to have lacked such qualities as these. We must disregard the cant of the so-called antiquarian, who makes an idol of every book which is faded or worm-eaten, and who imagines that of all men the most ancient must, *cæteris paribus*, be the best, and have been instructed by the ripest experience; not perceiving that the men of the sixteenth century may, in one sense, be considered but as raw striplings, when compared with the white-headed ancients of our days, who should have profited by the accumulated wisdom of their forefathers, and who are ‘ heirs of all the ages.’

Particular tendencies and various stages of feeling seem to be indissolubly incorporated in humanity. Phariseeism and Sadduceeism, the Puritanical and Papistical characters, are nothing new, nor will they ever be old. If, on the one hand, the cold formalism of Sardis seems to be bound up in human nature, so that each generation appears to need almost a second Reformation to save it from the curse of staking its religion on

mere dogmas and barren creeds, it may be said, with truth, that there is an equally strong tendency in society to that fanaticism which mistakes feeling for principle, and which is ready to rush to the most Utopian extremes,—an enthusiasm which is never doing good, but always agitating, exclaiming, and protesting. Never were these opposite tendencies more remarkable than in the Elizabethan era. Never were the epidemics of taste, the predilections for special branches of learning to the depreciation of others, with the stern precision which ever follows a period of licence and vice, more decidedly apparent. As Niebuhr truly says, 'In the rooting up of old prejudices it is hard to keep from excess; one is led into it by the contemptible aspect which everything connected with the old error wears, and moderation comes only when the victory is achieved.'

It is the abuse of symbolism which nurtures the iconoclasts. And just as in ancient Greece, when symbolism was carried to a debasing excess, Plato discerned the rottenness of the system, and was desirous to banish from his republic all that ministered to the degradation of the people, so in the fury of a revulsion, which was grand even in its blindness, the Puritans deliberately blotted out for ever some of the finest thoughts which the finger of human genius had written in stone; and their severity was but the simple and earnest expression of one form of Protestantism, the sturdy determination to spare nothing which was of evil influence, however ravishing might be its beauty.

It has also been objected that the Puritans attached a dangerous importance to the right and rule of independent belief and action, which the Divine influence was thought to impose upon each elect and individual soul. Some of their excesses were, doubtless, to be deplored, and we do unwisely to leave prejudiced historians to remove the halos from the brows of our saints, because we have forgotten to tone their portraits down to the natural flesh-tints of humanity. But, on the other hand, we cannot value too highly the importance of the freedom of choice and earnest thought which began at this period to be exercised on religious subjects. Faith in the truth of God developes, elevates, and fortifies the mind of a man who accepts it as the fruit of earnest conviction; whilst a dogmatic belief, adopted merely as an official yoke, emanating from an exterior authority, is only calculated to crush the faculties of those who

receive it. Nothing is so dangerous as falseness to our own convictions, and nothing is so likely to enfeeble the moral being as the anxiety to be true to a certain principle, rather than to ascertain whether that principle be true.

Before we can form a fair estimate of the mighty 'phalanx of kindred spirits,' who clustered around Shakespeare at this epoch, and before we can pass a clear judgment on the verses of those minor poets, many of whom had sprung from the ranks of the middle classes, we must endeavour to conceive a true picture of the faults and excellencies, the strength and weakness, the passions and prejudices, the fashions and humours, of the society of this epoch. Never were the children of Great Britain more unsophisticated and independent in their thoughts, and never more thoroughly English. But in all epochs of transition and reform we must expect to meet with much that is inconsistent. There is usually a mixture of folly and evil in great movements, however beneficial in principle and on the whole, which is too often an offence to feeble minds, who demand that human actions and characters be exactly in accordance with their preconceived ideas. If we examine this historical period through a microscope, we may discover many defects and blemishes which escaped us on a more distant and favourable view. Macaulay has painted in vivid colours the dark side of the picture, the tumultuous conflict of sects 'drunk with unwonted freedom,'—the tyrannical yoke of the Queen, and the inveterate persecutions which could not be excused under the plea of fanaticism. Haweis, in his *Sketches of the Reformation*, dwells with some spitefulness on the hypocrisy dominant in religion, on the atheism which was boldly apparent, on the injustice of governors and judges, on the superstitious belief in witchcraft and divination, on the duels and murders which stained the streets with blood, on the dicing-houses, which were hells of vice and profanity, and on the districts of licentiousness, on whose houses might have been inscribed the words of Dante,—

'Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch'entrate!'

But in all such periods, human nature will manifest itself in its brightest and darkest contrasts; and the same sudden withdrawal of control which develops the virtues of the hero, may also stimulate the vices of the libertine. No disease can be

cured without suffering, and no renovation can be effected without pain. The effects of the Reformation, in various countries, have been compared by some writers to those of the French Revolution, exciting the passions of the ignorant people, filling their minds with wild confusions of thought, and overwhelming all the past with the floods of a tumultuous and universal frenzy. There is much untruth and much exaggeration in such a comparison. Yet it cannot be doubted that the poor and uninformed were, in some cases, so stunned by the catastrophe, that they gazed with bewilderment on the altered appearance of society; and when Latimer complained of the irreligion and profanity which abounded in his days, the cause was probably the ignorance of large masses of the people, who were not as yet imbued with the spirit of Protestantism.

In such a chaos, which was destined to be the cradle of modern society, and in such a period of civil and moral warfare, when many a man's hand was forced to be against his brother's, the benefits of Elizabeth's government, with all its affectations and defects, were doubtless inestimable. Even calm and peace-loving men, not apt to be affected by controversial strifes, or by party passions, now felt themselves stirred in the inmost depths of their souls by the new and startling questions which were discussed around them. The past was as wonderful as the present, and each earnest thinker remembered from what perils and terrors he had recently emerged. The grandfathers of the present generation had been witnesses of the Civil War. The despotisms of Henry VIII. and the martyrdoms of Queen Mary were within the recollection of many then living, reconciling them to the rigour and inflexibleness with which the royal prerogative was still occasionally enforced. Nor is it difficult to determine other causes of the intellectual and moral pre-eminence, the vivid force, and prolific genius of this epoch.

Let it be remembered that at the beginning of the sixteenth century Europe had been devastated by war and decimated by the plague. The discovery of the New World, the dreams of Hesperian islands, and the voyages of Columbus, had intoxicated the minds of many with the love of novelty and adventure. The dissolution of the monasteries had spread before the eager minds of men those treasures of science and philosophy which

had been too long confined to dungeons and to cloisters. The Renaissance, with the discovery of printing, (which had made honest Gutenberg tremble, as he reflected on the vast power which he was placing in the hands of the wicked,) had unlocked the treasures of antiquity; whilst in the classical controversy which followed, the false Aristotle was dethroned in favour of the true,—the Neo-Platonist made way for Plato,—ignorance and pedantry were dispelled by the sunshine of truth, and religion was disentangled from the meshes of philosophy. Add to these the important facts that the translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue had done much to develop the imagination and humanize the thoughts of the majority of mankind, that the intellect and wit of all classes of people were sharpened by political controversy, and that the French invasion of Italy had opened a way for the study of Tasso, Boccaccio, Petrarch, and Dante; whilst the heroic and martial spirit of the day (with the tragical accidents which were continually taking place) supplied the element of catastrophe or horror: and we have a clue to much of the poetical activity of the age, which found its average representation in those minor writers who must often be regarded as clever wits, or as metaphysical dreamers or theorists, rather than numbered amongst the seers of visions, the priests of nature and of human love, who constitute the higher race of poets.

Some poems, as it has been remarked, are nothing more than ethical thoughts tersely expressed in rhyme; others belong to the rank in which reflection and memory predominate over the imagination and heart; others, again, are the indirect expression of feelings which could not find vent in words; but perhaps the commonest phase of poetry is that state in which Aristotle described a man as being frenzied, or under the power of emotion, so that his poetry was naturally the 'language of excited feeling.'

In the works of Shakespeare and of Bacon we may discern the double activity of intellect and imagination,—another characteristic of this transition period. From the commencement of the world these two principles had been too often disjoined, or considered as antagonistic: one the characteristic of the spirit of Rome, and the other that of Greece. But the most superficial reader may notice in the Elizabethan literature the

richness which was produced by the undefinable combination or fusion of these two vitalities, which, without losing their proper character and perfection, were heightened in power and beauty by mutual association, producing a new and original phase of thought.

Selecting a few of the minor poets out of the distinguished group which adorned the Elizabethan era, let us glance at them as they pass along, a happy, imaginative, thoughtful, but somewhat motley, group. To quote Mr. Hazlitt's words, 'there was no time more populous of intellect, or more prolific of intellectual wealth, than the one we are speaking of. Shakespeare did not look upon himself as a monster of poetic genius, or on his contemporaries as less than the smallest dwarfs: he, indeed, overlooks and commands the admiration of posterity, but he does it from the *table-land* of the age in which he lived. He towered above his fellows; but he was one of a race of giants, the tallest, the strongest, the most graceful and beautiful of them; but it was a common and a noble brood.'

Many of our readers will be sufficiently familiar with the names of Sackville, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Henry Wotton, Nicholas Breton, Sir John Harrington, Sir Walter Raleigh, Joshua Sylvester, Thomas Tusser, George Gascoigne, Fulke Greville, Joseph Hall, Robert Burton, Robert Southwell, Samuel Daniel, Sir John Davies, Michael Drayton, John Donne, William Drummond, Phineas and Giles Fletcher, and, lastly, Thomas Carew.

At the close of the dark period of the reign of Mary, when bigotry and terror seemed to have numbed every effort of human genius, the English heart appeared to be too absorbed in the terrible tragedies which were enacted around, to be able to find distraction in literary or poetic amusement. But the power of one man seemed to be able to overcome all these formidable impediments; and Thomas Sackville, who was afterwards Lord Buckhurst, and Lord Treasurer of England, made himself remarkable for his dramatic colloquies, and his collection of allegorical stories conceived in the manner of Boccaccio, forming in the grand creations of his fancy a medium link between the terse and Gothic genius of Chaucer, and the meditative richness and allegorical splendour of the *Faery Queen*.

THOMAS SACKVILLE was born at Buckhurst, in the parish of

Withiam, Sussex. His birth is placed by some in the year 1536; but this is inaccurate, as he was born six years before. He studied at Oxford, and afterwards became Master of Arts at Cambridge. At both Universities he was celebrated as a Latin and English poet, and, on his removal to the Inner Temple, he pursued his favourite amusement by composing the play of 'Gorboduc,' our first regular English tragedy, for the amusement of his fellow-students. His eminent abilities procured him the esteem and confidence of Queen Elizabeth; and on the death of Burleigh, he succeeded him as Lord High Treasurer. On the accession of James I., he was created Earl of Dorset. He died suddenly at the Council table of Whitehall, in the year 1608, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Sackville preserved his integrity amid all the temptations of a court life, and from an age, when justice was proverbially open to bribery and political intrigue, the name of Lord Buckhurst has descended to us without a stain. His oratory was so graceful, that Lloyd tells us that he was called the 'Star-chamber bell.' Dr. Abbot, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who preached his funeral sermon, informs us, that in business he was a person of quick dispatch; and in private life, kind to his children, loving to his wife, and faithful to his friends. He seems to have been only twenty years old when he composed the heroic tale we have already mentioned, written in blank verse, and divided into acts and scenes, in a manner which was novel to the English taste. At the early age of twenty-one, he formed the design for a vaster poem, to be entitled the 'Mirror for Magistrates.' In imitation of Dante, and others of his predecessors, Sackville laid the scene of this poem in the infernal regions, into which he descended under the guidance of an allegorical personage named Sorrow. After the descent into hell, it was intended that all the illustrious and unfortunate characters mentioned in English history, from the Conquest to the end of the fourteenth century, should pass in review before the poet, retailing in turn their mistakes and their sorrows. The matchless induction to this 'Mirror for Magistrates' has been praised by Sidney for its 'notable moralitie;' but the long and tedious nature of the plot, with the immense labour which it involved, seemed to weary even the original genius who designed it. Therefore, having finished the preface, and written one legend called 'The Life of Henry

Duke of Buckingham,' Sackville abruptly relinquished his design, and commended the completion of the whole poem to two writers of inferior note, Richard Baldwyne and George Ferrers. Baldwyne was an ecclesiastic engaged in the education of boys, and already known for his metrical version of Solomon's Song. George Ferrers was a man of superior rank, educated at Oxford, and a student at Lincoln's Inn. These poets were probably alarmed at the vast undertaking before them, and, inviting others to their assistance, disregarding the series prescribed by Sackville, they continued the poem in a manner very unworthy of the preface and opening legend. The style of Sackville was greatly in advance of the genius of his age, and many of his stanzas were not inferior to much of the *Faery Queen*.

It has been observed that painting describes what an object is in itself, and poetry what that object implies and suggests; but this distinction can scarcely be applied to the poetry of this epoch,—the word-painting of Chaucer and Sackville being more picturesque and historical, more rigid and severe in its details, resembling the manner of the early Pre-Raphaelite Eyck, and being less affected by the passions and the will, than the poetry of modern times. In the quaint and earnest manner of Sackville, we may occasionally remark a want of that sense of the ridiculous which might have protected him from the laughter of others. The satirist Hall ridiculed the whining ghosts, which the unpitying and ungenerous poet sent back to Hades, without a penny to pay Charon for their return over the river Styx; and the plot of 'Gorboduc' is thus briefly described by Rymer: 'Here is a king and queen, and their two sons: the king divides his realm between them. They quarrel, the elder rules the younger, which provokes the mother to kill the elder. Thereupon the king kills the mother, and then, to make a clear stage, the people rise and despatch old Gorboduc.' We select, from the induction or preface to the '*Mirror for Magistrates*,' a few verses describing the allegorical personages of Sorrow, Sleep, and Old Age. Of Sorrow, we have the following description:—

* Her body small, forewithered and forespent,
As is the stalk that summer's drougths opprest,
Her wealked face with woeful tears besprent,

Her colour pale, and (as it seemed her best)
 In woe and playnt reposed was her rest.
 And as the stone that droppes of water weares,
 So dented were her cheekes with fall of teares.'

' Her eyes swollen with flowing streams afloate,
 Wherewith her lookes throwen up full piteouslie,
 Her forceless handes together este she smote
 With doleful shriekes, that echoed in the skye.
 Whose playnt such sighes dyd strayt accompany,
 That in my doome was never man did see
 A wight but halfe so woe-begone as she.'

Next follow the portraits of Sleep and Old Age :—

' By him lay heavy Sleep—the cosin of Death,
 Flat on the ground, and still as any stone;
 A very corps, save yielding forth a breath.
 Small kepe took he whom Fortune frowned on,
 Or whom she lifted up into the throne
 Of high renowne, but as a living death,
 So dead alyve, of lyfe he drewe the breath.

' The bodyes rest—the quiete of the hart,
 The travayles ease, the still nighte's seer was he,
 And of our life in earth the better parte,
 Reven of sight, and yet in whom we see
 Thinges of that tide, and ofte that never bee,
 Without respect esteeming equally
 Kynge Cresus' pompe, and Irus' povertie.

' And next in order sad Old Age we found,
 His beard all hoare, his eyes hollow and blynde,
 With drouping cheere still poring on the ground,
 As on the place where nature him assign'de,
 To rest, when that the sisters had untwynde
 His vitale threde, and ended with their knyfe
 The fleeting course of fast-declining life.'

Very different was the fanciful and amatory poetry of SIR PHILIP SIDNEY from the more serious allegories of the graver Sackville. Sir Philip's life was one succession of romantic scenes and episodes, chequered by alternate light and shade, from his birth to his death. Circumstances of tragedy encircled his cradle. His mother was the sister of that Guilford who suffered on the scaffold with the loving, true, and hapless Lady Jane Grey. His father (Sir Henry Sidney) was the playfellow and friend of the amiable Edward VI. The boy king died in the

arms of Sir Henry ; and, having no fancy for the struggles of the world and the pleasures of a tainted court, he, with his young wife, retired to the woods of Penshurst, where they waited with heavy hearts for other tidings of woe. Blow after blow came upon the unfortunate lady. Her father was put to an ignominious death, and her noble young brother perished upon the scaffold. But while she sickened of life, and when sorrow and weeping had 'cast a veil over her excellent beauty,' in 1554 she was cheered by the birth of a son, who was educated in the chivalrous sense of duty and the sacred love of truth which had characterized that mother, whose heart had been early weaned from the glories of the world. But Sir Philip was not always faithful to the lessons of his early home, or steadfast against the temptations of his times. His early years were spent in travel ; and when, on his return, he was married to the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, he seems to have treated her with apathy and neglect,—his heart being given to another. It is curiously suggestive of the state of society at this epoch, that no one seems to have wondered at the adulatory sonnets which he published in praise of a married woman,—the Lady Rich, the sister of Lord Essex, the 'Stella' of his *Astrophel*, and the 'Philoclea' of his *Arcadia*. Otherwise the life of Sir Philip Sidney seems to have been one uninterrupted course of learning, chivalry, and grace. He was the idol and darling of his people, valuing unsophisticated pleasures above the attractions of a court, and treasuring above all things generosity and honour. He met the smiles of the fickle Queen with the same independence and manly gallantry with which he had borne the shadow of her frowns. But she who prevented him from voyaging with Drake, or journeying into Poland, being loth to spare 'this jewel from her crown,' could not restrain his ardour in the day of battle. When mortally wounded at Zutphen, he displayed his unselfishness in the hour of death, by yielding up the coveted draught of water to a wounded soldier, and exclaiming, 'Thy necessity is greater than mine.' Kings clad themselves in mourning for his death, while the hearts of the people lamented his loss. It was the union of intellect and feeling in the writings of Sidney, or, as Lord Brooke has remarked, it was the 'wit and imagination which beat upon his heart,' which invested his literary remains with such singular fascination,—the same attraction which

gilded the simplest actions of his life, making it almost impossible to judge impartially of his faults. Heroism, in his case, seems to have been obedience to a natural impulse of character. Nor is it fair to accuse him of bombast or affectation, because of the strange hyperboles which adorn his fables. These figures were the natural language of that chivalric Sidneyan lore, which was probably as much removed from the thoughts of ordinary men as the solemn and sad musings of Don Quixote from the cunning jokes of Sancho Panza.

Sir Philip Sidney takes his place in the reign of Elizabeth, rather as a prose writer than as a poet; but the exquisite delicacy and fanciful richness of his sonnets will always endear them to the lovers of true poesy. Many of the most beautiful are too well known for quotation; but we will refresh the memories of our readers with a few favourite stanzas. The Sonnets to the Moon and to Sleep are fair specimens of his style.

' With how sad steps, O Moone, thou climb'st the skies!
How silently, and with how wanne a face!
What! may it be, that ev'n in heavenly place
That busie archer his sharp arrowes tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I reade it in thy lookes; thy languish't grace,
To me, that feele the like, thy state describes.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moone, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorne, whom that love doth possesse?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulnesse?'

' Come, Sleepe, O Sleepe! the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balme of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release;
The indifferent judge between the high and low,
With shield of prooffe, shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts despaire at me doth throwe.
O make in me those civil warres to cease.
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed,
A chamber deafe to noise, and blind to light,
A rosie garland; and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see.'

Many of the allusions in the sonnets of Sir Philip refer to the habits of the court, or the gallantry of the times. The customs of splitting a ring between two lovers, of wearing a lock of hair according to a vow, and of sporting a lady's colours, were all fashions of the day, to which the learned women of the times seem to have been by no means averse. The highest lady of the land set the example of alternating between studies on the deepest classical lore, and the puerile amusement of trying on, by turns, the numerous jewelled dresses in her wardrobe,—whilst she (who thought herself too delicate and refined to be painted with any colour in her face) had no objection to beefsteak breakfasts, and suppers so varied and unwholesome that it was necessary to finish the repasts with carrawayseeds and peppermint lozenges, by way of aiding the digestion. In like manner a dainty dame, who went softly in satin robes and velvet slippers, and who was fully persuaded of her own gentleness and benevolence, could gaze with satisfaction and pleasure on bear-baiting or cock-fighting,—amusements which had been imported from Spain and Italy. The striking contrasts, and many inconsistencies in these times were, perhaps, most apparent amongst the weaker sex; for the feelings of women will often tend to extremes. Such instances of human fragility and feminine inconsistency did not, however, diminish Sidney's gallantry; and we find him writing again:—

‘Because I oft, in dark abstracted guise,
Seeme most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awrie,
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deeme, and of their doome the rumour flies,
That poison foule of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawne on myselfe, and others do despise:
Yet pride, I thinke, doth not my soul possesse,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glasse.
But one worse fault, ambition, I confesse,
That makes me oft my best friends overpasse,
Unseene, unheard: while thought to highest place
Bends all his power, even unto Stella's grace.’

The critical genius of the world is usually in advance of the creative. Many of the contemporaries of Sidney laughed at the quaint conceits which abound in his poetry, and many jeered at his fanciful prose, whilst a few scornful verses on the subject, which

have been left us by the learned and graver Drayton, prove how comparatively easy it is to animadvert on the literary failings of another.

The claims of SIR HENRY WORTON to rank as an English poet are small indeed, if they are to be estimated by the number of his writings. But a mind like his was swayed by no desire for fame. He wrote from the impulses of his heart, with little regard to the opinion of the world. As he was born in 1568, and entered into public life as an ambassador in the reign of James I., many of his writings do not strictly belong to the Elizabethan era, and will, therefore, receive but a cursory notice here. Belonging to an honourable family residing at Bocton Hall, Kent, he was educated with honour at Winchester and Oxford, and then 'laid aside his books, and betook himself to the useful library of travel.' Forming an intimate friendship with the unfortunate and impulsive Earl of Essex, and fearing to become implicated in his fall, he deemed it prudent to reside abroad, and continued in expatriation till the accession of James I. It was at this time that he probably wrote his 'Farewell to the Vanities of the World.' We give a short extract from this beautiful and earnest poem.

'Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles!
 Farewell, ye honoured rags, ye glorious bubbles!
 Fame's but a hollow echo, gold's pure clay;
 Honour's the darling of but one short day;
 Beauty, the eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;
 State, but a golden prison to live in,
 And torture free-born minds; embroidered trains,
 Merely but pageants for proud, swelling veins;
 And blood allied to greatness is alone
 Inherited, not purchased, nor our own.
 Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
 Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.
 I would be great, but that the sun doth still
 Level his rays against the rising hill;
 I would be high, but see the proudest oak
 Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke;
 I would be rich, but see men, too unkind,
 Dig in the bowels of the richest mine;
 I would be wise, but that I often see
 The fox suspected, whilst the ass goes free;
 I would be fair, but see the fair and proud,
 Like the bright sun, oft setting in a cloud;

I would be poor, but know the humble grass
 Still trampled on by each unworthy ass.
 Rich hated ; wise suspected ; scorned if poor ;
 Great feared ; fair tempted ; high still envy'd more !
 I have wished all, but now I wish for neither ;
 Great, high, rich, wise, nor fair ; poor I'll be rather.'

The reader may compare these lines with a *Farewell to Town*, published in 1555, by NICHOLAS BRETON, author of some pastoral poems, and a volume entitled, *Work of a Young Wit*. The contrast is sufficiently striking:—

- 'Thou gallant court, to thee farewell !
 For froward fortune me denies
 Now longer near to thee to dwell.
 I must go live I wot not where,
 Nor how to live when I come there.
- 'And next adieu, you gallant dames,
 The chief of noble youth's delight !
 Untoward fortune now so frames,
 That I am banish'd from your sight,
 And, in your stead, against my will,
 I must go live with country Jill.
- 'Now next, my gallant youths, farewell ;
 My lads that oft have cheered my heart !
 My grief of heart no tongue can tell,
 To think that I must from you part,
 I now must leave you all, alas !
 And live with some old lobcock ass !
- 'And now, you stately stamping steeds,
 And gallant geldings fair, adieu !
 My heavy heart for sorrow bleeds
 To think that I must part with you,
 And on a strawen pannel sit,
 And ride some country carting tit.
- 'And now farewell each dainty dish,
 With sundry sort of sugared wine !
 Farewell, I say, fine flesh and fish,
 To please this dainty mouth of mine !
 I now, alas ! must leave all these,
 And make good cheer with bread and cheese !
- 'What shall I say, but bid adieu
 To every dream of sweet delight ?
 In place where pleasure never grew,
 In dungeon deep of foul despite,
 I must, ah me ! wretch as I may,
 Go sing the song of welaway.'

The necessary limits of this paper preclude the possibility of giving either poem in full. There is a sprightly and humorous spirit in the verses of Breton, which is in striking contrast with the contemplative pensiveness of the graver Wotton, who hails the hour which will transport him from 'palace cares' and 'pale-faced fears,'—who vows that a prayer-book shall now be his only looking-glass, and that he will learn to affect a holy melancholy. This same Wotton, in his simplicity and want of tact, seems to have been fitter for the silent groves he loved so well, than for the wiles and devices of a court. Later in life, when employed on an embassy by James I., he fell into a sad scrape by writing a humorous definition of an ambassador in the album of a friend, when passing through Germany. In a spirit of thoughtless drollery Sir Henry wrote, 'An ambassador is a man sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country.' Eight years afterwards this sentence was stolen from its hiding-place, and used by an enemy of King James to illustrate the principle of the King's policy and religion. Wotton, of course, fell under severe displeasure; but, on penning an ingenious apology, was allowed to return to Eton College, where, entering into holy orders at the age of sixty, he spent the latter days of his life in useful occupation and cheerful tranquillity. Old Izaak Walton relates with pleasure that in consequence of his innate love of angling, his 'idle moments were never idly spent,' but he would rather have lived 'five May months than forty Decembers.' Cowley added to this praise the quaint information that Wotton 'died lest he should idle grow at last.' Wotton's description of a 'happy life' is in every way worthy of himself. His mind was undoubtedly of an order as rare as his character was elevated; and the reader may be struck by the entire absence in his poetry of those artificial expressions and laboured conceits which abound in the works of his contemporaries. Who does not linger with pleasure on the pure English and noble sentiment of the following lines? They are given in full; for it would be doing the reader an injustice to deprive him of one of these verses. They may be compared with Wordsworth's grand *Ode to Duty*, which Dr. Arnold was wont to say could not be too early impressed upon the memories of our children:—

- ‘How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another’s will!
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.
- ‘Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Unti’d unto the world by care
Of publick fame, or private breath.
- ‘Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.
- ‘Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great.
- ‘Who God doth late and early pray,
More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend.
- ‘This man is freed from servile bands,
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.’

Wotton’s epigram on the death of Sir Albert Morton’s wife has been justly celebrated as a perfect specimen of a curious style of wit:—

‘He first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not and died.’

The first translator of *Ariosto*, SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, was also thought to excel in this epigrammatic verse—a manner of writing which became popular and abundant at a later period. Sir John (whose father was also a poet) was a courtier in the reign of Elizabeth, and a godson of the Queen. His translations of Italian poetry were weak; but his epigrams were occasionally terse and pointed. Of treason, he inquired:—

‘Treason doth never prosper; what’s the reason?
For if it prosper none dare call it treason.’

Of fortune, he wrote in the same vein:—

‘Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
And yet she never gave enough to any.’

For the benefit of his wife he penned the following unamiable piece of advice, which the careful Southey has preserved from oblivion in his *Doctor* :—

‘Be in my house as busy as a bee,
And keep a sting for every one but me.’

Another piece of pleasantry may be added, which was written against those critics who carp at other men’s books :—

‘The readers and the hearers like my books,
And yet some writers cannot them digest :
But what care I ? for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.’

The fugitive pieces of SIR WALTER RALEIGH, the occasional recreations of an earnest and hard-working man, recall more melancholy associations. ‘Modern men,’ said Schiller, (when speaking disparagingly of present attainments as compared with the past,) ‘are units of great nations, but seldom great units in themselves.’ This, however, could not have been said of Raleigh, who, like his contemporary Shakespeare, might have been styled a ‘million-minded’ man, uniting proficiency in the various branches of history, oratory, politics, philosophy, and poetry, to a degree as surprising as the multifarious attainments of any Plato, Pericles, or Leonardo da Vinci, who had glorified the past.

This knowledge was no barren sciolism or meagre pedantry. In him heart, imagination, and intellect all combined. He wrote from aspiration, more than from experience. Minds like his seem to have found out the secret of preserving the freshness and the vigour of their youth, by never resting satisfied with past achievements, by always reaching forward to what is above them, and by such an indomitable perseverance in studying science and history, that every fresh day seems to bring with it its new surprises ; the past being often forgotten in the interest and excitement of the future. But this ‘noble and valorous knight,’ though never deficient in energy and perseverance, seems to have known too little of the importance of self-government and prudence. He dangerously disregarded those ‘stern-lights of the ship,’ to which Coleridge has likened Experience—looking always forward in the fever and anxiety of fresh discovery, but seldom back at the dark track which his

vessel had ploughed in the waves behind it. Raleigh was born at Hayes Farm, in Devonshire, in 1552, and educated at Oriel College, Oxford. He soon deserted the sober study of the law, being intoxicated by the desire for conquest and adventure. Having served in the Netherlands, and fought under a Protestant banner in France, he returned to England, where his elegant presence and polite address soon fascinated the eye of the too susceptible Queen, and roused the jealousy of the envious Leicester. Having received knighthood for an act of gallantry, a brilliant campaign of courtly contests and honours lay invitingly before the accomplished cavalier. But his was no mind to be satisfied with the ruffs, fardingales, starched beards, and other butterfly vanities of a court. He could not, like Sir Philip Sidney, equip himself in blue and silver to tilt with gilt rapier and shining lance, sufficiently satisfied to win an approving glance from careless Stella's eyes. Nor could he join in masquerade and tournament with the Earl of Essex and Sir Henry Lee. Other dreams lay before the eyes of the restless Raleigh. Sleeping or waking, his mind was 'tossing on the ocean,' and his fancy was weaving visions of fairy islands, glittering with gold and diamonds, and shadowed by waving branches of tropical trees. He possessed that sanguine temperament which is said to be equally the source of our hopes, and of our most cruel disappointments. But the halo with which genius had adorned the vista of his life, was fated at last to be dispelled; and, in the late hours of his existence, he seems to have looked sadly upon the past, as if it had been the 'uneasy tracing of a feverish dream.' And yet the sorrowful lines he penned the evening before his death were characterized by no hopeless grief. Raleigh was still looking forward; and though the flowers which he had clasped so warmly on earth seemed but to have withered the more fatally for the tightness of his grasp, in new and in better aspirations he appeared already to have lost somewhat of the 'sense of losing.'

'Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.'

The poetical remains of Sir Walter Raleigh are few and short, as might be expected, from the little time he could have spared to devote to this art of peace. But the fruit is sometimes richer in flavour when a harvest appears deficient: and Spenser himself renders the highest tribute to the quality of Raleigh's muse, styling him the 'summer nightingale,' as skilful in the art as any. Here is an extract which might please Mr. Carlyle and other lovers of the 'golden silence:—

'Passions are likened best to floods and streams,
The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb.
So when affections yield discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
They that are rich in words must needs discover,
They are but poor in that which makes a lover.'

The following powerful verses on that passion for amusement and excitement, which endeavours to drown the voice of conscience, and to keep off reflection at arm's length, are from a poem entitled, 'The Country's Recreations:—

'Heart-tearing cares and quivering fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports;
Where strange sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.

'Fly, from our country pastimes fly,
Sad troop of human misery.
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
On the pure azured heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty!
Peace, and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

'Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in our bowers:
Where winds perhaps our woods may sometimes shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.'

Much controversy has been caused by the doubtful authorship of a most striking poem, entitled variously, 'The Lye,' 'The Soul's Errand,' or, 'The Soul's Farewell.' Tradition has long ascribed it to Raleigh; and the author of *Ancient Reliques* supposes that it was written by him after his condemnation to death, and in expectation of his approaching end. It was, however, printed in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, ten years before that event. Mr. Ellis and Mr. Chambers agree in assigning it to JOSHUA SYLVESTER, who died in 1618, at the age of fifty-five, and who was the author of various, but very unequal, poems. Sylvester, however, never wrote anything in the least comparable to these forcible lines:—

'Goe soule, the body's guest,
Upon a thankelesse errant;
Feare not to touche the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Goe, since I needs must dye,
And give the world the lye.

'Goe tell the Court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood:
Goe tell the Church it shoves
What's good, and doth no good;
If Church and Court reply,
Then give them both the lye.

* * * *

'Tell zeale it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lye.

* * * *

'Tell wit how much it wrangles,
In tickle points of nicenesse;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wisenesse;
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye.

* * * *

'So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing,
 Although to give the lye
 Deserves no less than stabbing;
 Let stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.'

The beautiful lines, entitled, 'The Passionate Shepherd to his Love,' (which have been rendered familiar to the British public by Walton transcribing them into his *Angler*;) have also been erroneously ascribed to Raleigh; whilst the true author was the eminent dramatic writer, Christopher Marlow. Raleigh, however, has given 'The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd' in a manner highly characteristic of himself. After commencing, 'Come live with me and be my love,' Marlow continues,—

'And I will make thee beds of roses,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.'

Raleigh answers for the prudent nymph,—

'The flowers do fade, each wanton field
 To wayward winter's rule must yield:
 A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.'

In truth, Raleigh's muse was generally of a sorrowful character. The adventitious circumstances which touched the spring of his genius were usually misfortune or failure. And yet he probably solaced himself with this pensive music, delighting to clothe his fancies in symbols borrowed from the material world.

The good, honest, and sensible old rhymers, THOMAS TUSSEER, was born in 1520, at Rivenhall, in Essex. He died about the year 1580 in London, and was buried in St. Mildred's church. The course of his unprosperous but active life is related by himself in his homely lines. He tells us that he was early separated from his mother, and educated with due severity and hardship, according to the fashion of his day. 'Oh painful time,' he exclaims, shuddering at the recollection of these juvenile afflictions:—

‘For every crime,
 What touzed ears, like baited bears,
 What bobbed lips—what quips, what nips,
 What robes how bare—what college fare!
 What bread how stale, what penny ale!’

In his experience at court Tusser seems to have fallen into the swaggering and extravagant habits so unfortunately common around him; which a writer of the times thus reproves:—

‘Art thou not one of those which seekest to win credit with thy superiors by flattery, to wring out wealth from thy inferiors by force, and to undermine thy equals by fraud? Dost thou not make the court not only a cover to defend thyself from wrong, but a colour also to commit injury? Art thou not one of those which, having gotten on their sleeve the cognizance of a courtier, have shaken from their skirts the regard of courtesy?’

The golden age of Elizabeth, like all other golden ages, had its troubles in husbandry, and its grumblers among the farmers. The country gentlemen grumbled against enclosures, and grumbled when they were without enclosures. The shopkeepers cried out that trade had never flourished since the debasement of coin in the reign of Henry VIII. Farmers complained that husbandmen charged too much for the produce of the earth; and husbandmen complained that the rents of the ground were exorbitant. The increase of luxury amongst the rich bore somewhat hardly upon the poor, whose wages were apportioned according to the plenty or scarcity of the times. Unmarried women were compelled to work for their bread, and the aim of the law was to keep the poor in the caste in which they were born. The unfortunate vagrants, who made England as picturesque as Spain in the age of Cervantes, were punished with sharpness and severity; whilst the farmers and artisans were often harsh in their treatment of their servants.

The house-wife in starched ruff and French hood drove about Tib and Tom from sunrise to sunset. The Elizabethan mistress was an active, sturdy creature, and was always the more esteemed when she was somewhat of a shrew. Poor Cicely had reason to shake at the sound of her footstep, when the milk was not properly churned, and when she had been idling her time in

the laundry. Tusser's lessons to the farmers are useful and quaint:—

'Count never well gotten,' says he, 'what naughty is got,
Nor well to account of what honest is not.'

His advice as to marrying is worthy of his usual prudence. 'Let love,' he suggests, 'come *with somewhat*, the better to hold.' We give a few curious illustrations of the yeoman's life at this time.

'Good husband he trudgeth to bring in the gains,
Good huswife she drudgeth refusing no pains.

A retcheless servant, a mistress that scowls,
A ravening mastiff, and hogs that eat fowls,
A giddy-brain master and stroyall his knave,
Bring ruling to ruin, and thrift to her grave.

The greatest preferment that child we can give,
Is learning and nurture, to train him to live,
Which whoso it wanteth, though left as a squire,
Consumeth to nothing as stock in the fire.

Send fruits of thy faith to heaven aforehand,
For mercy well doing God blesseth thy land.
He maketh thy store with blessing to swim,
And after thy soul to be blessed with Him.'

At Christmas time, the heart of old Tusser was warmed with hospitality, and his soul was indignant at those who 'helped not, but hindered the poor with their clatter.'

'Play thou the good fellow,' he said, 'seek none to misdeem;
Disdain not the honest, though merry they seem;
For oftentimes seen, such is no more a knave,
Than he that doth counterfeit most to be brave.'

A lesson to dairymaid Cicely on the numerous faults for which, according to her rigid mistress, she deserved a 'brushed coat,' may cause us to pity the unfortunate damsel. Her lot was not much better than that of the Irish footmen, who were forced to run forty miles a day to keep up with the new-fangled contrivance called a 'coach;' and who were sometimes compelled to wear shoes of lead upon their feet, previous to the race, for the increasing of their speed. Old Tusser's lessons in husbandry might puzzle a farmer or a shepherd of our days.

Sheep were to be fed in winter, whilst snow was on the ground, on mistletoe and ivy. The chambers were to be swept and strewn with wormwood. The saffron plot was to be saved for bleaching the ground. The industrious reapers were to be rewarded by a present of gloves, and chronic diseases of cattle as well as of people were supposed to be influenced by the ebb and flow of the tides.

Here is some quaint advice for the mistresses of households.

- ' Ill husewif'ry lieth
Till nine of the clock;
Good husewif'ry trieth
To rise with the cock.
- ' Ill husewif'ry tooteth
To make herself brave;
Good husewif'ry looketh
What household must have.
- ' Ill housewif'ry rendeth
And casteth aside;
Good housewif'ry mendeth,
Else would it go wide.
- ' Ill housewif'ry pineth,
Not having to eat;
Good housewif'ry dineth,
With plenty of meat.'

The Elizabethan farmer loved to inscribe posies over the door of his hall, with such homely verses as these:—

- ' Wouldst have a friend, wouldst know what friend is best,
Have God thy friend, which passeth all the rest.'

Tusser also inscribed verses on the walls of his parlour, his table, and his hall. Some of these were not over polite, such as: ' Friend, eat less, drink less, and buy thee a knife;' or,—

- ' The sloven and the careless man, the roynish nothing nice,
To lodge in chamber, comely deck'd, are seldom suffered twice;'
- or, again:—

- ' With brawling fools that wraul for every wrong,
Firm friendship never can continue long.'

A guest in our days so instructed would be likely to take his departure quicker than he came.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE was of an honourable family in Essex; but he was disinherited by his father for his youthful prodigality. Gascoigne lived to grow a wiser and a better man; but

his father cherished an unforgiving temper to the last, and died, refusing to acknowledge him. The youth was consequently compelled to seek employment abroad. He served for some time in the army of Holland, which was under the command of the Prince of Orange; but he did not take easily to the art of warfare, being, according to Puttenham, 'as painful as a soldier as he was witty as a poet.' One of the best of his poems relates his adventures in the Dutch war, where, on one occasion, reports were circulated against him, from the fact of his receiving a letter from a lady in the Hague. Gascoigne's innocence of treachery was at last established, and he obtained a passport which allowed him to visit his friend. He was afterwards taken captive by the Spaniards, and suffered much during a tedious imprisonment. The Spaniards of those days were regardless of honour as of faith; but, fortunately for Gascoigne, it was their policy at this crisis to conciliate England. After a time, the danger was past, and, instead of expiring in barbarous tortures, the poet was allowed to return to his native country, where he settled at Walthamstow, amused himself with gardening, and devoted himself to the study of literature. In 1575, he accompanied Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth, where he recited a masque for her amusement. At last, he fell into a lingering and wasting disease, and was taken to Stamford, where, being worn almost to a skeleton, he expired in a religious and calm state of mind, recommending his wife and child to the bounty of the Queen. Gascoigne was the author of the first prose-comedy in our language, entitled *The Supposes*, which he partly translated from Ariosto. His *Jocasta*, which was taken from Euripides, was also the second of our tragedies. According to Nash, Gascoigne 'first beat the path to that perfection which our best poets have conspired to since his departure.' Another writer praises him for a 'good metre and a plentiful vayne;' but other critics have differed widely in their estimate of his merits. Mr. Headley declared he exhibited few marks of strength, whilst, on the other hand, Mr. Warton was of opinion that he exceeded all the poets of his age in smoothness and harmony of versification. His longest poem, 'The Fruits of Warre,' is dedicated to Lord Grey of Wilton; but it is by no means so interesting and striking as some of his other compositions.

In his short poem, called 'Good Night,' Gascoigne gives us the following excellent advice:—

'When thou hast spent the lingering day in pleasure and delight,
Or after toyle and wearie wayes dost seek to rest at night;
Unto thy paynes and pleasures past add this one labour yet,
Ere sleepe close up thine eye too fast, do not thy God forget.
But search within thy secret thoughts what deeds did thee befall,
And if thou find amisse in oughte, to God for mercy call.
Yea, if thou find nothing amisse, which thou canst call to mind,
Yet, evermore remember this, there is the more behinde;
And think how well so e'er it be that thou hast spent the daye,
It came of God, and not of thee, so to direct thy waye.'

In his longest piece, 'The Fruits of Warre,' he thus exclaims against an art which he did not greatly love:—

'Knew kings and princes what a pain it were
To winne mo realms than any witte can weelde;
To pine in hope, to fret as fast for fear;
To see their subjects murder'd in the field;
To lose, at last, and then themselves to yielde;
To break sound sleepe with carke and inward care;
They would love peace, and bidde warre well to fare.'

The Elizabethan gardens, with their terraces and bowling-greens, their clipped walks and leafy bowers, giving a sense of security to those who rested in their shade, must have been delightful as summer retreats. The herbs and flowering shrubs were also considered as most useful for resisting the stroke of pestilence and curing sickness. In the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' the people were told to smell sweet things for their defence, and the busy housewife would gather her garlic under the trees, and prepare her cordials and perfumes for the still-room, where her fumitory, her thyme, her cowslips, and her various antidotes and cordials were kept. Borage and bugloss were supposed to expel melancholy. Roses and violets were thought to improve sulky tempers; whilst pomander and sweet bags were considered effectual as charms to preserve from diseases. Sitting in his garden, Gascoigne would compose such verses as these:—

'The figure of this world I can compare
To garden-plots, and such like pleasant places;
The world breeds men of sundry shape and share,
As herbs in gardens grow of sundry graces;
Some good, some bad, some amiable faces,
Some foule, some gentle, some of froward mind;
Subject, like bloome, to blast of every wind.'

Another important poem, by George Gascoigne, is in the satirical manner, and is entitled 'The Steele Glas.' In this piece he rails against the vices and absurdities of the times. He was highly offended at the picturesqueness of the dress, which in this reign was remarkable for its richness and extravagance. The cloaks and doublets were made of scented velvet, and the linings were of the richest silk. The shoes were slashed and adorned with roses, and the hats were ornamented with feathers and jewels; whilst the girdles were embroidered with spangles, and the armour was bright and sparkling. The Puritans complained that the body was pampered, and the soul starved by such fancies. The young men's perfume and earrings drove some of them with shuddering to their prayers; whilst the new fashions, which had been imported with various misdemeanours from Italy, seemed the more odious to the people on account of their origin and source. In truth, it was a vain age. The ladies and the courtiers imitated the fantasies of their queen. Their wigs of different-coloured hair were surmounted with jewels and feathers; and their faces were plastered with paint. Even the citizens carried looking-glasses about in their pockets, and were wont, like Falstaff, to have their shirts made of Holland at eight shillings the ell, and mounting up to twenty or forty shillings each. 'The glasses which you carry in fans of feathers,' says an old writer of the times, 'show you to be lighter than feathers; the new-fashioned chains that you wear about your necks, argue you to be more brittle than glass.' Nothing was too elaborate for these fanciful dandies. A citizen, who went to a barber, had always the choice of twenty different fashions for frizzing and curling the hair or beard; and as for Good Bess herself, when in full holiday costume, she must have looked like a walking encyclopædia of natural history. The spiders crawled upon her kirtles, and the bees and butterflies hummed about her sleeves. Pansies and oak-leaves vegetated on her bodice; whilst on some under-skirt the silkworms might have been seen crawling among the mulberries. In one case she shone amongst rainbows, astronomical systems, or flames of fire. In another, the snakes and the grasshoppers were sporting on her petticoats; in another, many-coloured birds of paradise did duty as buttons. Such fanciful costumes, in our days, might be useful to the 'object'-teacher of an infant-school class. At this dis-

tance of time we can afford to laugh at conceits like these ; but to the sober-minded contemporaries of these men, it seemed as if there were no more hold on a new friend than a new fashion. 'Satan,' they said, was 'let loose on the land.'

In the 'Mirror for Magistrates,' the English ladies were condemned for lightness which would have been detestable even amongst the hated Italians, and were lectured for roaming about 'void of veils,' with 'garish graces,' at every feast and play. We give a few quotations from Gascoigne's satire on these absurdities. In one case he says,—

'Oh! painted foolcs, whose hair-brained heads must have
More clothes at once than might become a king;
For whom the rocks in forain realmes must spin;
For whom they carde, for whom they weave their webbes;
For whom no wool appeareth fine enough;
For whom all seas are tossed to and fro;
For whom these purples come from Persia;
The crimosine and lively red from Inde;
For whom soft silks do sail from Sericane,
And all queint costs do come from fardest coasts.'

And again he exclaims, with horror that he cannot contain,—

'Behold! my Lord, what monsters muster here!
With angel's faces and harmeful hellish harts;
With smiling lookes and depe deceitful thoughts;
With tender skinnnes and stoney cruel mindes;
With stealing steppes, yet forward feete to fraude.
Behold, behold, they never stand content
With God, with kinde, with any helpe of arte,
But curle their locks, with bodkins and with braides;
But dye their heare with sundry subtill sleights;
But painte and slime till fayrest face be foule;
But bombast, bolster, frizle, and perfume.
They marre with muske the balme which Nature made,
And dig for Death in delicatest dishes.'

FULKE GREVILLE, Lord Brooke, was (as his epitaph declared) servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, and friend to Sir Philip Sidney. He was born at Alcester, in Warwickshire, in 1554. In accordance with the custom of these times, he was educated at both the Universities, and afterwards obtained the favour of Queen Elizabeth, to whom he proved himself eminently useful. He was elevated to the peerage under James I., in 1621. The circumstances of his death were pecu-

liarly sad. He was stabbed, in a moment of passion, by one of his old and most faithful retainers. The manslayer probably repented his act of madness; for he almost immediately committed suicide. Lord Brooke sank under the loss of blood, soon afterwards, on the 30th of September, 1628. His poems were published in 1633, and were never reprinted. It is probable that the long and elaborate metaphysical disquisitions which they contained were uninteresting to the majority of readers. Like Sir John Davies and Henry More, he was a man eminently gifted; but his wisdom, like theirs, was sometimes involved in oracular obscurity. The gravity of these metaphysical poems forms a striking contrast to the ebullitions of fancy and extravagant conceit of such poets as Herrick and Carew. Even Wither and Quarles were not free from occasional affectation, and aimed at lowering their tone to the common sense of the people. Lord Brooke appears to have been anxious to impress momentous truths upon the hearts of his fellow-creatures; but he was, unfortunately, indifferent as to the perspicuity of his language. There is a vast difference between conception and expression; and Jortin tells us, somewhat hastily, that no man who is 'not intelligible can be intelligent.' Whately, in our days, has little pity for the unfortunate 'cloud-compellers,' whose manner he describes to be 'a mystical, dim kind of affected grandeur.' Ruskin, also, makes himself merry as to the 'cloud-worship' of the present time. But this mystical manner may not always result from affectation. The Germans are the only persons who pay honour to 'passive genius,' speaking respectfully of those whom they call the 'dumb ones of heaven,' who, like Zacharias, see visions of awful import, but have stammering tongues when they would describe them to mankind. Some minds may be compared to black glass, absorbing all the rays of light, but able to give few out for the benefit of mankind. Considering his general obscurity, Lord Brooke might have been gratified if he could have heard the maxim, 'No poetry is really good, which aims at being coarsely understood.' But his style is not always dim; at certain times his language bursts forth in a strain of impressive eloquence, and the flashes of his wit repay us for the darkness of many a weary page. The treatise on 'Human Learning' is a satire against the vanity and irreverence of men, in deifying human knowledge, in striving to compre-

hend the Deity, and to elevate human reason at the expense of revelation. Brooke argued that mere knowledge was distinct from real wisdom, and that, in the vain speculations of the schoolmen, and in the intellectual cavillers who abound in this world, we have one of the saddest results of the evils of the fall. He advised his fellow-countrymen to avoid this audacity, and to contend against the temptation of making their parents' shame their pride. He reminded these irreverent triflers that the fountains of human knowledge were tainted with evil, and that Satan himself might have been characterized as 'intellect without God.'

It is curious to note that the revival in favour of human learning had scarcely commenced before this reaction was apparent. Such was the rage for classical antiquity and heathen mythology at this time, that not only was every lady of fashion taught to construe Greek, but Ovid's *Metamorphoses* were exhibited in confectionery; and when the queen promenaded in her garden, the lake was covered with Tritons and Nereids, the pages gambolled as Nymphs, and the footmen danced as Satyrs. But amidst all this excess of pedantry, Lord Brooke inveighed in his weighty lines against the self-sufficiency of human learning; and Bacon himself, who had drunk of these waters, and found them to be bitter as those of Marah, reminded the enthusiasts around him that knowledge was 'not their happiness.' Others, in later times, have harped on the same strain, and have remarked, that whilst, on the one hand, the pleasures of intellect are denied to the ignorant who do not possess new keys for opening fresh stores of gratification; yet, on the other, an educated mind increases our susceptibility to suffering, enlarges our powers of self-torment, and stretches farther those fine threads of sensitiveness and sympathy, which are continually conveying some jarring vibration to the heart. We give a few verses from Lord Brooke's elaborate Essay:—

'The chief use, then, in man of that he knows
Is his painestaking for the good of all,
Not fleshly weeping for our owne made woes;
Not laughing, from a melancholy gall;
Not hating, from a soul that overflows
With bitterness breathed out from inward thrall;
But sweetly rather to ease, loosen, or binde,
As need requires, this fraile, fall'n human kinde,

'And to conclude, whether we would erect
 Ourselves or others by this choice of arts,
 Our chiefe endeavour must be to effect
 A sound foundation, not on sandy parts
 Of light opinion, selfnesse, words of men,
 But that sure rocke of truth, God's word or penne.'

Our poet was not much more favourable to war, (the 'blood-letting' ordained to relieve this diseased humanity,) than he was to the pride of books. We give two verses from his Essay on 'Warres':—

'Thus see we how these ugly furious spirits
 Of war are clothed, coloured, and disguised
 With styles of honor, zeal, and merits,
 Whose own complexion well anatomised
 A mixture is of pride, rage, avarice,
 Ambition, lust, and every tragic vice.
 'Some love no equals, some superiors scorn;
 One seeks more worlds, and he will Helen have;
 This covets gold, with divers faces born:
 These humours reign, and lead men to their grave;
 Whereby for bags and little wages we
 Ruin ourselves, and set up tyranny.'

The treatise on Religion is, in some parts, very fine. We give a short extract, but must refer the reader to the original poem, which depends much upon the sequence of the sentences for its full effect:—

'For what else is religion to mankind,
 But raising of God's image there decayed,
 No habit, but a hallowed state of mind,
 Working in us, that He may be obeyed?
 As God by it with us communicates,
 So we by duty must with all estates;
 'With our Creator by sincere devotion,
 With creatures by observance and affection,
 Superiors by respect of their promotion,
 Inferiors, with the nature of protection.
 With all by using all things of our own
 For other's good, not to ourselves alone.
 'And even this sacred band, this heavenly breath
 In man—his understanding, knowledge is;
 Obedience in his will; in conscience, faith;
 Affections, love; in death itself, a bliss;
 In body, temperance; life, humility,
 Pledge to the mortal of eternity.'

'Pure only where God makes the spirits pure.
It perfect grows, as imperfection dies.
Built on the rock of truth that shall endure,
A spirit of God, that needs must multiply.
He shews his glory clearly to the best,
Appears in clouds of horror to the rest.'

JOSEPH HALL, the satirical poet, who was afterwards created Bishop of Norwich, was born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in Leicestershire. His poetry is distinguished for its vigour and harmony. He lashed the vices of his contemporaries with unsparing severity, and has been called the Christian Seneca. We give a few lines called 'The hollow Invitation,' which, though probably written at a later time, convey a good idea of the excesses of the Elizabethan diet. Solemn, indeed, was the ceremonial of the dinner. The dishes were borne in procession to the sound of music. The grave chaplains, the noisy huntsmen, and the neat serving-maids, were all arranged in order. Each knight had his cup-bearer, his taster, and his carver. The Elizabethan kitchen was a world in itself, where a cook, with brawny arms and red face, ruled over an army of martyrs, beating the turnspits with his rolling-pins, and swinging his knives pompously at his belt. The dishes and the pastry were works of art, of which no Soyer of our days could dream. The pies were adorned with towers and battlements, and there were Dutch dishes, Spanish dishes, and Italian dishes, —in fact, as many methods for cooking as there were for curling the ladies' hair. But we will leave Bishop Hall to satirize the citizen's feast :—

'The courteous citizen bade me to his feast,
With hollow words and overly request.
Come, will ye dine with me this holyday ?
• • • • •

I went, then saw and found the great expense,
The fare and fashions of our citizens.
Oh Cleoparical ! what wanteth there
For curious cost, and wondrous choice of cheer ?
Beef, that erst Hercules held for finest fare ;
Pork for the fat Bæotian ; or the hare
For Martial ; fish for the Venetian ;
Goose-liver for the liquorous Roman ;
Th' Athenian goat ; quail, Iolan's cheer ;
The hen for Esculape, and the Parthian deer ;

Grapes for Arcesilas ; figs for Plato's mouth ;
 And chesnuds fair for Amarillis' tooth.
 Hadst thou such cheer ? wert thou ever there before ?
 Never—I thought so ; nor come there no more.
 Come there no more ; for so meant all that cost ;
Never hence take me for thy second host.
 For whom he means to make an often guest
 One dish shall serve, and welcome make the rest.'

ROBERT BURTON has been classed among the poetical writers of this age, for a few verses which appeared in his celebrated *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and which are thought to have suggested to Milton the imagery of his *Il Penseroso*. These verses are free from that peculiarly elaborate or (as Southey called it) 'accumulative' style, which characterized his learned and remarkable book. Burton himself was a facetious companion, though of a melancholy disposition ; and, when overtaken by an attack of mental distress, he endeavoured to dispel the gloom by going down the river, near Oxford, and listening to the jokes of the bargemen. Burton was born in 1576. He was rector of Seagrave, Leicestershire, and a member of Christ Church, Oxford. The principal events of his life are too well known for us to enter into the details here. We give four verses from his whimsical and remarkable poem :—

' When I go musing all alone,
 Thinking of divers things foreknown ;
 When I build castles in the air ;
 Void of sorrow, void of fear ;
 Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
 Methinks the time runs very fleet.
 All my joys to this are folly,
 Nought so sweet as melancholy.

' When I go walking all alone,
 Recounting what I have ill-done,
 My thoughts on me then tyrannise ;
 Fear and sorrow me surprise,
 Whether I tarry still or go ;
 Methinks the time moves very slow.
 All my griefs to this are jolly,
 Nought so sad as melancholy.

' When to myself I act and smile,
 With pleasing thoughts the time beguile ;
 By a brook-side or wood so keen,
 Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,

A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

' When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan ;
In a dark room or irksome den,
With discontents and furies, then
A thousand miseries at once
My heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy.'

The episode connected with the poems of ROBERT SOUTHWELL is one of the saddest we have to relate. The cruel and deliberate persecutions of Queen Elizabeth must ever cast a dark shade over the glories of her reign. Posterity will not be likely to excuse these severities because they were dictated by policy rather than by zeal, by state motives rather than by religious intolerance. Elizabeth was a worldly-wise and frivolous woman, who could yet be reverent and earnest when she was led to reflect on the wonders of Providence and the importance of eternity, and who knew how to behave nobly on great occasions. But she was glad enough, in a general way, to escape sermons, except in Lent, to amuse herself with theatres and dancing on Sundays, and to regale herself with luxuries on fast-days. It was no scruple of conscience, and no burst of enthusiasm, which caused her to resist the earnest entreaty of Foxe, that she would not stain her hands with blood. Elizabeth disregarded the grandest opportunity which monarch ever possessed of teaching the meaning of true liberty to her subjects, and of inculcating real religion, without using the force of tyranny. But the possibility of unity existing without uniformity, had not been yet recognised by mankind. The Act of Uniformity and the Oath of Supremacy were intended to crush both the adherents of Rome and the admirers of Geneva; and little did Elizabeth or her ministers care for the objections of cavillers.

Robert Southwell was one of the numerous martyrs to this unfortunate spirit of intolerance. He was a Roman Catholic priest, receiving his education at Douay, in Flanders, and, becoming a member of the Society of Jesus, he spent a great part of his novitiate in Belgium; but the extreme warmth of

the climate seriously affected his constitution. He was next appointed to exercise his ministerial functions in secret in this country, which he continued to do for several years, disregarding the severity of the laws. Indeed, in accordance with the dauntless zeal and devotion to supposed duty, which has so often characterized the Jesuits, he seems to have anticipated his future fate with joy, and not merely to have regarded it as a simple possibility. The circumstances of Southwell's arrest were peculiar. He visited a Roman Catholic family in Middlesex, named Bellamy, of whom one of the daughters had offended her father by forming an unsuitable marriage. In order to revenge herself for the loss of her fortune, she resolved to take advantage of the Act 24th of Queen Elizabeth, which made the harbouring of a priest treason. Southwell was immediately apprehended, being deceived by her pretence that she sought for his spiritual assistance. He was committed to the Tower, where he is said to have been thrown into a filthy dungeon, and likewise treated in a brutal manner. In consequence, however, of a petition to the queen, the circumstances of this severity were mitigated, and during his three years of imprisonment Southwell was allowed to have copies of the Bible and the works of St. Bernard in his possession. Being wearied by his earnest entreaties to be brought to trial, Cecil replied, that 'if he was in such haste to be hanged, he should have his desire.' At length he was condemned to death; but his enthusiasm in a mistaken cause remained so strong, that he embraced the gaoler who brought him the news, and declared that he could not have given him information of more joyful tidings. He was executed at Tyburn, with all the horrible circumstances connected with the old treason laws of England, but remained steadfast to the last. It has been remarked, that the prevailing tone of Southwell's writing is resignation to severe evils. Many of his poems were written when he was in prison; but it is observable, that no trace of angry feeling towards any being or institution occurs in them. After gaining great popularity in their own time, insomuch that eleven editions were printed between 1593 and 1600, the poems of Southwell fell, like most of the writings of this age, into long-enduring neglect. A complete reprint of them, however, appeared in 1818, under the editorial care of Mr. Walter. We give a specimen:—

LIFE'S DEATH, LOVE'S LIFE.

- 'WHO lives in love, loves least to live,
And long delays doth rue,
If Him he loved by whom he lives,
To whom all love is due ;
- 'Who for our love did choose to live,
And was content to die ;
Who lov'd our love more than His life,
And love with life did buy.
- 'Let us in life, yea, with our life
Requite His living love ;
For best we live, when best we love,
If love our life remove.
- 'Where love is hot, life hateful is,
Their grounds do not agree ;
Love where it loves, life where it lives
Desireth most to be.
- 'And sith love is not where it is,
Nor liveth where it loves,
Love hateth life that holds it back,
And death it best approves.
- 'For seldom is He won in life,
Whom love doth most desire,
If won in love, yet not enjoy'd
Till mortal life expire.
- 'Life out of earth hath no abode,
In earth, love hath no place,
Love settled hath her joy in heaven,
In earth, life all her grace.
- 'Mourn therefore no true lover's death,
Life only him annoys,
And when he taketh leave of life,
Then love begins his joys.'

We had wished to extract a few verses from his melodious and melancholy poem, entitled, 'The Image of Death ;' but our limits will not allow us to do so.

SAMUEL DANIEL was the son of a music-master : he was born in 1562, near Taunton, Somersetshire. Through the kindness of some friends, he was enabled to commence his education at Magdalen Hall, Oxford. He quitted his *Alma Mater*, however, without taking a degree ; his genius being, according to Anthony

à Wood, more prone to subtler and smoother subjects than 'pecking and hewing at logic.' He was subsequently appointed tutor to the celebrated Lady Clifford, who afterwards erected a monument to his memory. At the death of Spencer, Daniel furnished several Masques and Pageants for the Court, but retired with some mortification to make room for the witty and more favoured Ben Jonson, who regarded him as a rival, and spoke with derision of his verses. But the friendship of Shakespeare and Selden must have compensated Daniel for this unworthy scorn. Towards the close of his life, he retired to a farm at Beckington, in Somersetshire, where he died in 1619, 'beloved, honoured, and lamented.' The works of Daniel are extremely numerous; his larger poems are occasionally dull and wearisome, or somewhat 'a flat,' as one of his contemporaries has quaintly expressed it. His History of the Civil Wars, between York and Lancaster, is a tedious versified narration; but it is enlivened by occasional stanzas which are as graceful in fancy as they are eloquent in language. His poetical dialogue, entitled 'Musophilus,' contains a defence of learning, and is considered to be his masterpiece. It was probably intended to be an answer to Lord Brooke's lengthy poem on the same subject. It is written in *terza rima*, though Daniel, as well as Drayton, had a preference for the *ottava rima*. A letter to Marc Antony from Octavia displays considerable dramatic power, and is far superior to the more ambitious tragedy of 'Cleopatra,' which is embellished with choruses, after the manner of the antique. Coleridge lavishes praise on his tragi-comedies, which he declares to have been written in imperishable English. Daniel also composed an apology for poetry, and a History of England, extending from the Norman Conquest to the times of Edward III.

This poet would have done better, if he had written less, and corrected more. He was often too voluminous in his matter, and too hasty in his composition, to perfect what he had commenced. He knew nothing of ambition, and a want of enthusiasm seems to have prevented him from reaching the highest flights of poetry. He has recorded of himself, that irresolution and self-distrust were amongst the most apparent of his faults. He was, however, a steady friend, and enjoyed the pleasure of association with some of the most educated and noble

women of the age. Fifty-seven of his sonnets were written (under the *soubriquet* of Delia) to Mary Countess of Pembroke, the beloved sister of Sir Philip Sidney. This lady possessed considerable literary power, and had attempted a translation of the Psalms. But the rare virtues of Margaret Countess of Cumberland inspired still further the genius of the poet, whose epistle to her is of higher merit than he usually attained, and is commended by Wordsworth as the most dignified and affecting strain of meditative morality that he had ever read.

'He that of such a height has built his mind,
And rear'd the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither fear nor hope can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity and malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

'And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passion mainly beat
On flesh and blood! where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth, and only great doth seem
To little minds, who do it so esteem.

'He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and make his courses hold.
He sees, that let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint and mock this smoke of wit.

'Although his heart, so near allied to earth,
Cannot but pity the perplexed state
Of troublous and distressed mortality,
That thus make way unto the ugly birth
Of their own sorrows, and do still beget
Affliction upon imbecility;
Yet seeing thus the course of things must run,
He looks thereon, not strange, but as foredone.

'Knowing the heart of man is set to be
The centre of this world, about the which
These resolutions and disturbances
Predominate, whose strong effects are such,

As he must bear, being powerless to redress ;
 And that, unless above himself he can
 Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.'

Much has been written of the Lady Anne Clifford, to whom the next epistle is addressed. She was as talented in mind as she was beautiful in person ; and Nature seemed to have lavished on her adornment some of the choicest of her gifts. As her character expanded, and her mind enlarged, she became greatly attached to her careful tutor ; and Daniel, feeling his responsibility in her education, and fearing the effect of the unwise flatteries of the world, wrote her an admonitory letter when she was only thirteen years of age. The sage poet and the little maiden pursued their studies together, wading through the learned intricacies of many a ponderous volume of ancient lore. There are parents in our days who would value such a education for their daughters, and would prefer these solid acquirements to the more showy accomplishments of the usual boarding-school routine. Yet, a little later than the times in which Anne Clifford lived, George Herbert made disparaging remarks at the expense of over-taught women. 'A morning sun, a wine-bred child, and a Latin-bred woman,' quoth he, in an oracular manner, 'seldom end well.' Perhaps he had some reason to fear lest the meekness and sincerity he was so anxious to inculcate into the mind of the helpmate of his model priest should be injured by an excess of that worldly knowledge which puffeth up. But the orthodox maiden in the reign of Elizabeth was accustomed to be seen, and not heard. Henry VIII., copying the example of Sir Thomas More, doubtless did wisely in educating his daughters in the ancient classics, and other branches of human skill ; and the ladies of these times were 'happy,' as Strype tells us, 'in learned instructors ;' for Latin, in the sixteenth century, was no less necessary, as a key to knowledge, than the continental languages are at present. England, in the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth, could boast but little literature of her own ; whilst Italian (which was the only modern language possessing books in the vernacular dialect) was not always the most edifying for perusal. And it must be remembered that classical learning, whilst it was so general amongst all classes of the community, was less likely to engender that affectation and conceit which

arise in ignorant and vulgar minds from the idea of possessing something different from that which the rest of the world possesses.

SIR JOHN DAVIES was one of the best of the metaphysical poets. Davenant was greatly influenced by him in the formation of his style, whilst Dryden follows both these writers in his adoption of the quatrain as an heroic measure. Sir John Davies was born at Chisgrove, Wiltshire, in 1570. He was of humble origin, his father having been a tanner. After a preliminary education at Oxford, he was called to the bar, but was speedily expelled from the Middle Temple, in consequence of various irregularities. This apparently untoward event gave the colour to the future life of Davies. In meditative and penitential solitude, he composed his *Nosce Teipsum*, a poem treating of the immortality of the soul, of great beauty and reflective depth. It has been commended by Mr. Hallam for its condensation of thought, and for the absence of langour in its verses. It is skilful in its reasoning, didactic and philosophical in its strain; yet often adorned by rich imagery. In our days such a serious subject would probably have been treated in prose; but the intermediate style of 'prose poetry,' first introduced by Hooker, was as yet scarcely naturalized in England. It would be possible to quote many isolated passages, displaying this intellectual vigour; but we restrict ourselves to a few lines.

'One thinks the soul is air; another fire;
Another blood, diffused about the heart;
Another saith, the elements conspire,
And to her essence each doth give a part.

'Musicians think our souls are harmonies;
Physicians hold that they complexions be:
Epicures make them swarm of atomies,
Which do by chance into our bodies flee.

'Some think one general Soul fills every brain,
As the bright sun sheds light in every star;
And others think the name of soul is vain,
And that we only well-mixt bodies are.

* * * * *

'God only wise, to punish pride of wit,
Among men's wits hath this confusion wrought;
As the proud tower, whose points the clouds did hit,
By tongue's confusion was to ruin brought.

'But Thou which didst man's soul of nothing make,
And, when to nothing it was fallen again,
To make it new the form of man didst take,
And God with God, became a man with men :

'Thou that hast fashioned twice this soul of ours,
So that she is by double title Thine,—
Thou only know'st her nature and her powers,
Her subtle form Thou only canst define.'

The writings of MICHAEL DRAYTON are so numerous and elaborate, and his fame was so great amongst his contemporaries, that he can scarcely be considered as one of the minor poets of the age. For this reason, and also from the difficulty of selecting extracts from his learned works, we shall give him but a cursory notice here. He was born at Hartshill, Warwickshire, in 1563, and manifested from a child his bias towards poetry. After studying at Oxford, and serving in the army of Queen Elizabeth, he came before the world as an author. He afterwards became Poet Laureate, and, dying at a good old age, was buried in Westminster Abbey. His epitaph (so justly admired by Coleridge) was written either by Ben Jonson or Quarles, both of whom were his personal friends. It would be difficult to mention any style in which Drayton did not write. He composed odes on every subject,—elegies, legends, fables, sonnets, heroic epistles, and historical poems. The fairy legend of 'Nymphidia' is a curious illustration of the superstitious belief then dominant about witchcraft and the powers of the air. But the 'Polyolbion,' which the writer himself has described as an 'Herculean toil,' is the most remarkable of all these works. It furnishes a most curious specimen of the odd taste for 'poetized history and poetized geography,' which characterized the age, and which had developed itself more happily in the historical plays of Shakespeare, Marlow, and others. It is written in the Alexandrine measure, and consists of thirty thousand lines, and contains elaborate accounts of all the mountains, forests, rivers, and other parts of the island of Great Britain, intermingled with repetitions of all the 'curious stories, antiquities, wonders, pleasures, and commodities of the same.' Mr. Hallam remarks on this marvellous work, (which must certainly be read for information rather than for pleasure,) that there is probably no poem 'of the kind in any other language, com-

parable in extent and excellence to the "Polyolbion." The poetical genius of the author is curiously sustained through a large portion of these extraordinary songs, in spite of their extensive erudition.

The remaining poets on our list will need but a slight notice here. JOHN DONNE, William Drummond, the two Fletchers, and Carew, do not strictly belong to the Elizabethan period, though they have often been carelessly included amongst the poets of this time. Born in the reign of the Great Queen, most of these celebrated men were mere youths at the time of her decease, and their poems were principally written during the reigns of James or Charles. There are occasional points of similitude in the lives, as well as in the exquisite sonnets, of Donne and of Drummond. Each of these poets had in his youth conceived a fervent and enduring affection for some honoured lady. Donne was successful in his suit, and married the maiden of his choice; but he was soon assailed by pressing trials, and troubled by pecuniary difficulties, which, in his high and unselfish love, he determined to hide from his cherished wife. A sympathetic marriage, in which each person bears the burdens of the other, may be truly said to 'halve our sorrows and double our joys.' But the troubles which Donne, in his generous but ill-judging chivalry, endeavoured to bear alone and unaided, pressed the more hardly upon his sensitive spirit, and cast a mournful shade over the happiness of his domestic life. Drummond was not more fortunate. He wooed and won his bride; but she sickened of a fatal disease soon after the marriage day was fixed, and, in consequence of her early death, a deep despondency settled upon the mourner's mind, which he was never able entirely to shake off. Both these poets were men of strong religious feeling, but both were liable to attacks of morbid melancholy.

A short period before his decease, haunted by the thought of his coming end, Donne had a picture taken of his ghastly and emaciated frame, attired in all the paraphernalia of the tomb, and upon this dismal likeness he continued to feast his eyes through the last moments of his existence. We give one of the sonnets written in the agony of his soul, apparently in the last struggle between doubt and conquering faith.

' Ah, my black soul, now thou art summoned
By sickness, Death's herald and champion :

Thou'rt like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
 Treason, and durst not turn to whence he is fled;
 Or like a thief, which, till Death's doom be read,
 Wisheth himself delivered from prison;
 But, damned and hauled to execution,
 Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.
 Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lack;
 But who shall give thee that grace to begin?
 Oh make thyself with holy mourning black,
 And red with blushing, as thou art with sin;
 Or wash thee in Christ's blood, which hath this might,
 That, being red, it dies red souls to white.'

Here is another, which was composed when the victory had been achieved, and, in imagination, the last enemy was already trodden under foot.

'Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
 For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From rest and sleep which but thy picture be
 Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow;
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
 Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke.—Why swell'st thou then?
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And Death shall be no more; Death, thou shalt die.'

WILLIAM DRUMMOND does not seem to have had the same bitter struggle for his own peace of mind. Probably he had not the same temptation. His conscience was not haunted by the memory of those 'sins of his youth,' which were to 'lie down in the dust' with his sleeping body. But to him this earth appeared as if it were a dreary prison-house,—a place of exile from all that his heart held dear. Early in his life, death had proved itself a stern adversary to William Drummond, separating him from all that he valued most highly, and leaving him in dreary isolation. He was miserably conscious of the everlasting law of sorrow which is ever at work in God's world, and the reality of evil was to him a stern, inevitable fact; whilst he anathematized death the more, because it had spared himself. What can be more desolate than the tone of the following sonnet?—

'What doth it serve to see the sun's bright face,
And skies enamelled with the Indian gold?
Or the moon in a fierce chariot roll'd,
And all the glory of that starry place?
What doth it serve earth's beauty to behold,
The mountain's pride, the meadow's flowery grace,
The stately comeliness of forests old,
The sport of floods that would themselves embrace?
What doth it serve to hear the sylvan songs,
The cheerful thrush, the nightingale's sad strains,
Which in dark shades seems to deplore my wrongs?
For what doth serve all that this world contains,
Since she for whom those once to me were dear,
Can have no part of them now with me here?'

How many a mourner, tossing on a restless couch, and stretching, in the silent watches of the night, helpless arms after one who can never return, (as a mother feels about her for an infant that is gone,) may have echoed the sentiment of this invocation to Sleep!—

'Sleep, Silence' child,—sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress!
Lo, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possessed!
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas, who cannot be thy guest,
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face,
To inward light, that thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace, ease, and true-felt woe:
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath:
I long to kiss the image of my death.'

PHINEAS and GILES FLETCHER were brothers, and cousins of the celebrated dramatist. Phineas, the elder, was born in 1584, and took his degree in the year after the death of Elizabeth. His poems were not published till 1633, but (as the dedication describes them as the 'blooms of his first spring,' and the 'raw essays of his very unripe years, and almost childhood') it is probable that many of them were composed before the accession of James. The date of the birth of Giles Fletcher is not recorded; but the poet himself tells us that he was younger than his brother. Like Phineas, he was a clergyman, and took his degree at Cambridge, dying, however, before his brother, in

1623. The lives of these two men seem to have been singularly easy and free from trouble; and were, probably, marked by few incidents worthy of record. Phineas led a happy existence in a country parish, occupying himself with the duties of his sacred office, and beguiling his leisure hours with literary pursuits. Of the career of Giles little or nothing is known, except that his benefice was at Alderton in Suffolk.

The poems of Phineas consist of 'The Purple Island,' 'Piscatory Eclogues,' and various miscellanies. 'The Purple Island,' or 'The Isle of Man,' has been styled, 'a rhymed lecture on anatomy.' The subject (describing, with wearisome minuteness, the peculiarities of the bones, muscles, arteries, and veins of the human body, and comparing them to various features of landscape scenery) is peculiarly unfortunate. There is also a description of the Virtues and Vices, which engage and fight, like Milton's armies,—the Virtues being saved, when in a dangerous plight, by the interposition of a good angel. This angel was intended to represent the pedantic Stuart who was governing England when the poem was published; and it is humiliating to find that Phineas Fletcher should thus have consented to pander to the love of flattery, which beset the weak King James. Though many parts of this poem are heavy and wearisome, it is occasionally spirited and interesting.

The longest poem written by Giles Fletcher was entitled 'Christ's Victory and Death,' and was published in 1610. Many parts of it are extremely grand, evincing a power over language, and a richness of imagery, which would not have disgraced some of the best poets of the day. The natural descriptions and lofty beauties of this poem abundantly testify to the talent of the author. The faults are many and glaring; but these offences in point of taste were unfortunately only too common at the time; so that the judgment of a poet was often vitiated by false and inconsistent criterions of criticism. The constant allusions to profane history, which are intermingled with the solemn account of the Saviour's birth, temptation, passion, and resurrection, cannot fail to jar upon the feelings of the modern reader, whilst the plot is often confused and degraded by the strange mixture of allegory with truth.

We give three verses from the fable of the bower of 'Vaine Delight:':—

'The garden like a ladyo faire was cut,
That lay as if she slumbered in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes were shut ;
The azure fields of Heaven were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flowers of light,
The flowers-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
That hung upon their azure leaves did shew
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening blue.

'Upon a hillie banke her head shee caste,
On which the bower of Vaine-delight was built,
White and red roses for her face were placed,
And for her tresses marygolds were spilt.
Them broadly she displaced, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day were drowned :
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their prettie cauls them bound.

'What, should I here depeint her lillie hand,
Her veines of violet, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colours living stand,
Or how her gowne with silken leaves is drest,
Or how her watchman, arm'd with boughie crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears,
Shaking at every winde their leavie spears
While she supinely sleeps, ne to be waked fears.'

THOMAS CAREW may be regarded as the precursor and representative of a numerous class of poets—courtiers of a gay and gallant school, who, to personal accomplishments, rank, and education, united a taste and talent for the conventional poetry then most popular and generally cultivated. Their influence may be traced in the works of Cowley and Dryden. Carew and Waller were perhaps the best of their class. Rochester was undoubtedly the most debased. Very little high sentiment is to be found in the poetical works of this school ; the loftiest ambition of the authors seeming to be to praise ingeniously, and to flatter profusely. A careful selection from the writings of Carew, repudiating much that is unworthy of notice, and retaining the exquisite and unblemished lines which he occasionally penned, might be welcome to the English public.

We had intended to compare the literature of this age with the various poetical tendencies of our own ; and would have drawn attention to that sudden thirst for the acquisition of knowledge, which, in the Elizabethan period, stimulated the mind of the people as by a 'forcible impulse,'—causing the

genius of these writers to take astonishing 'strides towards perfection.' But we have already overpassed our due limits, and must not pursue this discussion. Our poets deserve a concluding apostrophe, and they shall receive it in the lines of Wordsworth :—

'Blessings be on them and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets!—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays.'

- ART. III.—1. *On the Germination, Development, and Fructification of the higher Cryptogamia; and on the Fructification of the Coniferæ.* By DR. WILHELM HOFMEISTER. Translated by FREDERICK CURREY, M.A., F.R.S., Sec. L.S. One Vol. 8vo. The Ray Society. 1862.
2. *Ferns: British and Exotic.* By E. J. LOWE, Esq., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., F.L.S., F.Z.S., &c. Eight Vols. 8vo. Groombridge and Sons. 1860.
3. *A priced (and partially descriptive) Catalogue of Stove, Greenhouse, and hardy Exotic and British Ferns, Selaginellas, and Lycopods,* offered for Sale by ABRAHAM STANSFIELD AND SONS, Vale Nurseries, Todmorden. December, 1860.
4. *A Catalogue of Ferns, Exotic and Indigenous,* offered for Sale by ROBERT KENNEDY, Conservatories, Covent Garden, London, W.C. 1860.

It is no wonder that the cultivation of Ferns is increasing in popular esteem. The wide, and ever wider, diffusion of the principles of correct taste is training the eye of the multitude to discern other charms than those of gorgeous colour, and to seek, in flowing lines and graceful curves, in minutely fretted outlines, in slenderness which is not weakness, in verdure ever soft and fresh and tender, an exquisite delight which is perhaps more refined than that which is found in flowers, however rich, however lovely. We remember, in our earlier horticultural days, the remark of a lady, honoured in memory now, but quite of the old school, expressing wonder that we should like to have 'fern' in the garden. To her eye the *filix mas* was as the *filix femina*; the *Polystichum* as the *Lastrea*; it was 'fern;' not 'a fern,' but 'fern' in the abstract, identified with the acres of brake she had been used to see in her youth, and esteemed as vile as the *vilis alga* of the poet. But her youthful ideas were imbibed nearly a century ago; and doubtless, if she had lived to these days, she would have learned to inspect, with discriminating delight, the varying filagree work of the many fronds that arch over her son's cherished fernery, and to watch their development with an interest not inferior to his own.

It has been well observed, that ferns are always in bloom. Winter and summer are alike to most of the stove and green-

house species, and many of our native kinds retain their leaves through the winter, with their lustre heightened by the fogs, and scarcely dimmed by the frosts. To a conservatory or hot-house, ferns lend a peculiar charm; the exquisite lightness and grace of their forms combine with their evergreen verdure to relieve and so to augment the effect of even the aristocratic orchids. A constant interest attaches to them: new fronds are protruding their curled heads from the damp soil; the adolescents are expanding their hundred arms, the mature are displaying their curious and beautiful fructification, or forming young offspring-plants to dangle in the air at their tips,—so that the pleased culturist has ever something to explore, something to admire.

To see our native species to advantage, let a stranger of refined taste roam amidst the tall hedged lanes and 'ferny combes' of sweet Devon, in whose mild and moist climate somewhat of the balmy breath of the tropics is inhaled, brought to her shores by the impinging waves of the mighty Gulf-stream. There the ferns attain a magnificence of dimensions and a permanence of freshness seen in scarcely any other district of the land. We have in our eye at this moment a lane, one side of which is formed by a bank very nearly perpendicular, and about fifteen feet high; the whole face of this steep is densely clothed with the hart's-tongue, whose glossy green fronds, two feet in length and four inches in breadth, spring out in the most beautiful arches from the top to the bottom, many of them strangely crisped and curled, and many displaying that tendency to multiplied fission which forms so interesting a feature in this species, wherever it is found in luxuriance. Not far off is an old wall, the upper half of which is one unbroken sheet of trichomanes spleenwort, intermingled with ceterach and wall-rue, the tufts springing out of the old decayed mortar so close together as to make a continuous shaggy surface of the elegantly fringed fronds. This same lane presently leads into an open wood, where, beneath the great timber-trees sparsely scattered, enormous crowns of the male fern and the dilated buckler-fern grow up on all sides, forming vast basket-shaped hollows of seven or eight feet in diameter, of which the individual fronds attain a length of five feet by actual admeasurement.

Or, let him visit sweet Killarney,—that lake of renown, which

is perhaps the most lovely little bit of scenery in the whole of the three kingdoms,—and, making his way along the sinuous channel beneath the towering Eagle's Nest, wakening the lingering echoes as he goes, emerge into the wild Lake of Muckreep, and land where the flashing cataract pours down the waters of the Devil's Punchbowl from a height of seventeen hundred feet. Here, growing on the Turk rocks, ever wet with the spray of the falls, he will see in abundance the filmy pellucid fronds of the Irish bristle fern; the broad, triangular laminæ luxuriantly depending from their thousand tangled rhizomes, as if fastened with iron wire to the slippery shelves and ledges.

Or, let him follow in the steps of Mr. Foot, and explore the wild glens and vertical clefts in the limestone rocks of Western Clare, where the frail bladder fern grows to an unusual size, and contrasts, in its peculiar green hue and delicate texture, with the bright colours of *Gentiana verna* and *Geranium sanguineum*, and mingles with whole sheets of the rare *Dryas octopetala*. Here the marine spleenwort grows out of the vertical fissures, and reaches the almost incredible length of three feet in the frond, in which condition it is actually indistinguishable from that West-Indian form, *Asplenium latum*, which has been considered a distinct species. The scaly ceterach, too, makes great tufts with the curious sinuous leaves fifteen and eighteen inches long. But, above all, it is the region of the most charming of ferns,—the lovely maiden-hair. 'I cannot describe my delight,' says the enthusiastic explorer, 'when my friend brought me to this spot [limestone cliffs, near Ballynalackan]. The inland cliffs are formed of horizontal beds of limestone; and on the vertical face of these cliffs, in the clefts, or interstices between the beds, this most exquisite of all the ferns grows in its glory. In fact, for a distance of fully half a mile, if not more, the stratification of the rock is distinctly marked by the peculiar green hue of *A. capillus Veneris*. Between this and the sea, almost every vertical fissure in the flat bed of rock, over which we walked, was filled with this fern; and on the sea-side of the road it is associated with the gigantic *Asplenium marinum* above described. All the Wardian cases in Great Britain might be well supplied with *Adiantum capillus Veneris* from Ballynalackan; and what was taken would hardly be missed.'*

* *Proc. Dub. Nat. Hist. Soc.* December, 1859.

The localities of this augmented luxuriance in our native ferns,—the extreme south-west corners of the two islands,—are indications of a characteristic property in the elegant tribe, their predilection for warmth and moisture. In cultivation it is found that most of our native species respond to a little cossetting in these particulars; and in the germination of the spores and the forwarding of the early development, perhaps all are sensibly benefited by such means. Islands in the tropical regions present these conditions in highest combination; and it is in such places that ferns chiefly abound. Clare and Kerry, in Ireland, and Devon and Cornwall, in England, are the regions which make the nearest approach to the conditions of a tropical island, stretching out into the ocean towards the south-west.

Statistical calculations have been made by botanists, which curiously illustrate this tendency. In Egypt there is but 1 fern to every 970 flowering plants; in Greece, 1 to 227; in Portugal, 1 to 116; in France, 1 to 63; in England, 1 to 35; in Jamaica, 1 to 9; in the Sandwich Isles, 1 to 4; and in Raoul, a little island in the South Pacific, 1 to 1,—the ferns forming actually half the vegetation; so that every second plant is a fern.*

The lovely island of Jamaica is very rich in ferns; and perhaps there is no spot in the world where this charming tribe could be studied with more advantage. Situate within the

* Dr. Hooker, 'On the Botany of Raoul Island,' in the *Proc. Linn. Soc.*, vol. i., p. 125. Some observations of interest, on the geographical distribution of the ferns in this island, we quote: 'The absence of any ferns (with a single exception) but such as are natives of New Zealand, is a very striking fact, both because the list is a large one for so small an island, (twenty-two species,) and because, if their presence is to be accounted for wholly by trans-oceanic transport of these species, the question occurs, Why has been there been no addition of some of the many Fiji or New Caledonia Island-ferns, that are common tropical Pacific species, the Fiji Islands being only 700 miles north of the Kermadecs, and New Caledonia 750? The only fern, which is not a native of New Zealand, is the Norfolk Island *Asplenium difforme*.

'Still more remarkable is the total absence in the collection of any of the plants peculiar to Norfolk Island; for Raoul Island is in the same latitude as Norfolk Island, is exactly the same distance from New Zealand, and the winds and currents set from Norfolk to Raoul Island; in short, though the northern extreme of New Zealand, Norfolk Island, and Raoul Island, form an equilateral triangle, with the exception of *Asplenium difforme*, there is not a single fern of Norfolk Island found in Raoul Island, that is not also found in New Zealand; whilst of the twenty flowering plants of Raoul Island, no less than six are absolutely peculiar to New Zealand and Raoul Island, and, with the exception of the tropical, widely-diffused Pacific species, there are no phænogamic plants or ferns confined to Norfolk Island and Raoul Island. It is further remarkable, that of the Raoul Island ferns, *Cyathea medullaris*, and *Pteris falcata*, have not been found in Norfolk Island.'

tropics, an island, but of considerable area, and divided by a backbone of lofty mountains, it possesses a great diversity of climate, and a magnificent vegetation. We have already said that every ninth plant is a fern; but even this statement scarcely gives an adequate idea of the extraordinary profusion of the tribe in the richer and more favourable districts, such as the gorges, glens, and humid thickets of the lower ranges of mountains. Perhaps it is not too high an estimate to suppose, that of the species of ferns at present in cultivation in our English hothouses and warm-ferneries, more than one-fourth have been drawn from this tropical island.

Let us transport ourselves, in imagination, to the south side of Jamaica, and, sauntering along a devious way through the cane-pieces, and park-like pens, and pimento groves of the lowland slopes, gradually ascend the mountain-range that borders the coast, and track the clefts and gullies of the limestone formation filled with luxuriant and gorgeous vegetation, till we reach the silent, sombre forest that clothes the shaggy peaks. We land; and, before we have traversed a furlong, we are struck with a gigantic fern crowding the morass that steams just within the belt of mangroves, whose bow-like feet are bathed in the sea. It is *Acrostichum aureum*: the fronds to the length of eight or ten feet rise in noble crowns, and arch outward, covering a vast area, their form elegantly pinnate, like the leaves of the ash-tree, of a bright green hue, smooth and glossy; and the fertile ones entirely covered beneath with the golden-brown sori, lost in one common confluence. The base forms a short, thick stem, rising out of the stagnant water, and may therefore be considered a tree-fern of low stature. Further on, in drier spots, we see several species of *Elaphoglossum*, a name given in allusion to our own 'hart's-tongue,' to which they bear some resemblance in their simple lance-shaped fronds, such as *E. conforme*, and *E. latifolium*, dwarf ferns with thick glossy crowded leaves, golden beneath: some, however, as *E. squamosum*, are narrow and strap-shaped, and have a singular appearance from the edges of the leaves and their long foot-stalks being thickly fringed with bristly brown scales. Then occurs a noble species, *Gymnopteris nicotianæfolia*, of which the leaves, composed of a few pinnae, large, broad, and oval, like the leaves of the tobacco-plant, spring from a creeping root-stem; while the fertile fronds,

separate as in the former cases, and clothed with seed, stand erect and crowded.

From the crevices of the loose stone fences, from the angles of the buttresses of the buildings, and from the decaying walls of such as are fast going to ruin,—a painfully frequent sight in this land,—a multitude of species, reminding us in their elegantly arching habit, and their minutely divided outline, of our own *Lastreas* and *Polystichums*, spring out. *Aspidium patens* is here, with its long, slender, deeply-cut pinnæ; and *Blechnum occidentale*, with its narrow band of deep brown sori running down the middle of each leaflet; and *Pteris grandifolia*, whose pinnate arches, of ten feet in curve, transmit the tender green light of the sun through their substance overhead, making the marginal lines of opaque sori the more conspicuous; and *Polypodium Paradisæ*, a lovely form, whose multitudinous narrow leaflets, symmetrically parallel, are studded each with its double row of pale yellow beads; and *P. effusum*, whose leaves resemble triangular feathers of lively green hue; and *Asplenium præmorsum*, every part of which is narrow and linear;—and, lo! at length we stumble on our own familiar brake. Can it be? Can *Pteris aquilina* be a denizen of these tropic plains? Yes; it grows all over the world. The Australian savage eats its spongy root; the elephant crushes it with his massive foot in Ceylon; the axis deer hides in its bowery shadow in Nepal; the ostrich lays its great eggs upon its *débris* in Nubia, as did the Dodo of old in the Mauritius; the Indian in North America sleeps on its gathered fronds, as does his brother in Brazil, and his cousin in the isles of the Pacific; so that we need not wonder to find its well-known visage here.

At a somewhat higher elevation we find *Polypodium lachnopus*, or the shaggy-footed; a handsome species with broad, triangular leaves minutely divided, and densely clothed with a red down of close, hair-like scales; and *P. divergens*, one of noble dimensions, wide-spreading, and four times cut. Some fine *Pterides* also grow here, such as *P. hirsuta*, exceedingly rough with red down on every part; and *P. sulcata*, with an outline not unlike that of our own *filix mas*. Then we see *Lastrea villosa*, whose fronds, four yards long, block up the narrow lane, as they spring from their stout stem; and *Elaphoglossum crassinerve*, like a massive leathery hart's-tongue,

crumpled at the margin, but with the soriferous fronds wholly brown beneath, and with a root which creeps over the mossy stones.

Where the path winds round the base of the limestone cliffs, we find species of another character. Here, out of the narrow clefts and chinks project the delicate *Gymnogrammas*, some of which display that peculiar furniture of farinose powder that gives so much attractiveness to their delicate fronds, and for which we call them gold and silver ferns. *G. chrysophyllum* and *G. sulphureum* both grow on these rocks in profusion; whose leaves on their inferior surfaces are densely covered with the bright yellow dust, the former rather of a richer, more golden hue, the latter paler,—as their specific names intimate. And scarcely less abundant is that silver fern, perhaps still more lovely than either, as it certainly is of nobler dimensions, *G. calomelanos*, a most graceful and elegantly-cut species, clad beneath with the purest white, to the minutest divisions of the filagree fronds. Other species, as *G. trifoliatum* and *G. rufum*, destitute of powder, and though elegant, yet less so than these, the latter, indeed, simply pinnate, mingle with them; and more rarely, examples of another genus, not less celebrated for their gold and silver clothing,—the *Nothochlænas*. Here are at least two species, *N. nivea*, and *N. trichomanoides*; the former one of the very loveliest of the silver ferns, from the purity of the whiteness, and from the circumstance that the dark *sori* are collected into a marginal belt, thus setting off the snowy area, instead of being scattered over the surface, as in the *Gymnogramma*. The latter species has long, pendulous fronds, simply pinnate, not unlike our own trichomanes spleenwort in form, but well silvered beneath; the whole plant the more singular, because clothed with a dense reddish down.

Contrasting with these in their light and fragile beauty, we see the rigid, massive, hart's-tongue-shaped leaves of *Campylo-neurum nitidum*, shining dark-green above, and studded with round spots of golden fruit beneath, whose scaly root-stock creeps about the base of the rocks, clinging firmly to the angles and points of the limestone.

In the gloomier part of the pass,—for the cliffs are now precipitous on either side,—we see noble tufts of a fern, which we should say is our own sea-spleenwort, but for the great size of

the fronds, which are two feet long. And possibly, after Mr. Foot's Irish experience, it may be the same, though botanists have been accustomed to call this Caribbean form *Asplenium letum*. Very unfamiliar, however, is the appearance of *Anemia phyllitidis*, which rears its flowering spikes at the base of these precipices; for, from a dwarf erect stem, leaves like those of the ash are thrown out, each of which sends off from the origin of the first pair of leaflets a pair of erect, slender stalks, which are each crowned with a brown spike of fructification, resembling that of our own *Osmunda*, but of finer texture. And still more uncouth, more bizarre, is yet another denizen of these fissured rocks, the *Dictyoglossum crinitum*, perhaps the oddest example of this order known. Each leaf is a roundish or elliptical lamina, some twelve inches in length, and half as broad; thick, and stiff, filled with veins united in the most elaborate network; the whole surface studded with harsh, rigid, black hairs, most abundant on the margins and on the footstalk and mid-rib, the stalks, indeed, resembling some hairy caterpillars. The leaves of this most remarkable fern shoot up from a thick, scaly, matted root, which lines the interior of the rocky crevices.

As we approach the summit of the mountain range, where the air has a perceptible coolness, even under the beams of the vertical sun, we observe the ferns assume a more and more prominent place in the characteristic vegetation. We cannot attempt to notice in detail a tithe of the species; look where we will, almost, we see some kind or other. The narrow bridle-paths are fringed with ferns: out of the mossy edges that are saturated with moisture like a sponge, the luxuriant fronds spring in multiform beauty, and curve over and hide the footway for yards and yards together; while minuter forms revel beneath their protecting shades. Here is the *Campyloneurum phyllitidis*, long and lance-like, sprinkled with yellow dots, and the *Goniopteris crenata*, with its prettily vandyked margins, and the curious one-sided *Campteria biaurita*, with each of its lowest pair of large and boldly-notched pinnæ furnished with two strong pinnules on one side, and nothing to correspond to them on the other. Here is the *Lastrea pubescens*, broadly triangular; and the *Polystichum mucronatum*, so narrowly pinnate as to be strap-shaped in outline, with curved rhomboidal leaflets, bristling with fine points, something like our Scottish holly-fern.

The rough stones by the path-side, and the great roots of the hoary trees, which project their contorted folds like giant serpents across the choked way, are sprawled over by the lithe, and slender, and wire-like, or the thick, and massive, and gnarled, rhizomes of the creeping species. *Olfersia cervina*, a handsome kind, with very distinct forms of frond; the barren, singly pinnate, smooth and green; the fertile bipinnate, very slender, and uniformly rust-red with the confluent *sori*;—is one of these. And *Phlebodium aureum*, broadly pinnate, glaucous green, a noble form, throws its thick root-stock about in irregular contortions, all covered with golden hair, that shines like silk; while its dark brown rootlets, as delicately fine as threads, cling to the rough grey stone, meandering over it like a spider's web. The black, scaly rhizome of *Goniophlebium dissimile* creeps rapidly up to the summit of a tall block of stone, and allows to droop on every side its long, weeping fronds, soft, thin, and flaccid as tissue paper, but crisped, and of a fair yellow-green hue, to a distance of three feet from the base: while from beneath their protection peep out the elegant leaves of *Phlegopteris hastafolia*, spindle-shaped in outline, owing to the regular diminution both above and below of the leaflets, which individually are marked by singular ear-like projections at their bases. Another creeping root is that of *Nevrodium lanceolatum*, which sends off at intervals narrow, smooth leaves, of a rich, light green, much attenuated below, and at the tip abruptly contracted in a curious fashion, as if the margin there had been rolled on itself to form the golden fructification.

This region is specially the home of the most charming genus of the whole order, *filicum facile princeps*,—the maidenhair, *Adiantum*. The pretty and delicate *A. concinnum*, resembling, and even almost rivalling, our own *capillus Veneris*, droops its pellucid fronds, tinged with pale red, from the rocks; and the sweet Venus-hair itself is a native of the island, though confined, we believe, to its sea-side caves, from whose dripping walls, as in that one at Pedro Bluff, accessible only at certain states of the tide, it hangs over the mouldering bones of Indians, who found a last refuge from tyranny in those dreary retreats. *A. tenerum*, a fern still more closely like it, but with smaller pinnæ, and a wider frond, is a common form in these dewy mountain glades; and we find in special abundance *A. striatum*, growing

in rich green tufts from every crack and cleft, and from the rough bark of the old trees, the fronds displaying their long, taper pinnæ, closely studded with their multitudinous pinnules symmetrically crowded.

Nor are wanting other kinds, of greater majesty, if of inferior grace. *A. intermedium* has a fine, bold frond, beset with many pinnules of long, pointed form, which bear the dark sori conspicuous along the edges; *A. obliquum* is somewhat like it, but simply pinnate; and *A. lucidum*, whose leaflets, dark green and richly polished, are drawn out to longer points. *A. trapeziforme* is a noble, yet very elegant, species, rearing its wide but loose leaves to the height of eighteen inches over the wayside stones; the large triangular or quadrangular pinnules, of a tender light green, overlapping each other, and diminishing in size regularly to the tip, and the tall rachis, with its angled ramifications of polished ebony, so firm, yet so light and graceful. Finer still is the magnificent *A. macrophyllum*, with leaflets of similar appearance, but much larger, and more symmetrically triangular, in like manner elevated on tall, slender, erect stalks of polished ebony, which rise from a wiry creeping root-stock that insinuates itself into the cracks and hollows of the rough and moss-covered stones. And yet once more, in drier and more open spots we discover *A. Wilsoni*, a fern whose pinnæ, shaped like those of the last-named, are even larger yet, and produced to a long point. There are but one or two pairs of these leaflets, and a very large terminal one, the pinnæ here corresponding in form and appearance to the pinnules in the former species, which simplicity gives a very unique character to this fine fern.

We may see also a species here, which, from the rhomboidal shape of its pinnæ, and their boldly-notched edges, together with the slender, black, erect footstalks, we might readily mistake for an *Adiantum*: it is, however, really one of the spleenworts, —though surely a very singular one,—*Asplenium zamiaefolium*, as may be discovered by the brown fructification running in fine, nearly-parallel lines, obliquely across the inferior surface of the leaflets.

How grand are the giant trees of these primeval forests! The cotton-trees, the figs, the Santa-Marias, the parrot-berries, the broad-leaves, the mahoganies, the locusts, the tropic birches, and

multitudes of others, lift their crowns of foliage to the sky, at the summit of hoary columnar trunks of colossal altitude and thickness; and these massive pillars are the homes of ten thousand parasitic plants. Some of these trees may have a bark of almost unbroken smoothness; others are deeply cleft and fissured; but the minute seeds of the parasites find means to effect a lodgment in each, and the growing roots cling firmly to the surface. From the perpendicular trunks, from the hollows and forks of the greater ramifications, and all along the surface of the huge, horizontal limbs,—each of them a forest-tree for dimensions,—spring great tangled tufts of orchids and wild pines and ferns, and climbing bignonise of gorgeous bloom, and long, depending lianes, some as thin and pliant as whipcord, others woody, thick, and twisted, like huge cables; making the penetration of the woods difficult beyond conception.

Of the glorious beauty of the flowering species we must not here speak: we have enough to do to mind the ferns. There is one springing from the bark of a fig-tree, which you would take for a loose tuft of grass, so long and grass-like are the narrow leaves. But no; it is a real fern, *Campyloneurum angustifolium*,—one of the great *Polypodium* gens; as is seen by the round red seed-groups running in a double line along the under side. Here is another, handsomer certainly, if less abnormal, *C. reptans*: it is one of those which have a hart's-tongue outline, only more elegantly pointed; and having the large conspicuous sori running in parallel diagonal bands, while the deep green of the upper face is dotted over with white scales. These leaves, like those of our own polypody, are jointed to a scaly root-stock, which clings to and creeps over the limbs of the trees. And yonder we discern one which we might readily mistake for that familiar tenant of our hedges, a little more luxuriant in dimensions, and a little more pendent: the creeping root beautifully speckled with brown or light green, like the body of a snake, gives it a character, however, of its own. It is *Polypodium loricum*.

From a matted mass of heterogeneous foliage filling the broad fork of two vast cognate limbs in this Santa-Maria tree,—a mass in which you might easily distinguish a score of species crowded together,—stands up a stout bundle of united stems, from whose summit diverges a crown of short, dark green,

oblong leaves. Beneath they display slanting lines of fructification, set in graduated series, the full-length, half-length, quarter-length, and one or two shorter yet, alternating; while little leaves are forming in a proliferous fashion at the bases of the old. This is *Diplazium plantagineum*, a curious example of the spleenwort family. And here we see a still more remarkable member of the same household, seated on the limb of another tree. The leaves a simple oblong, the fertile ones blunt, the others pointed, all only a few inches in length; the former remarkable for the large size of the very conspicuous horse-shoe-shaped sori, which, towards the point of the leaf, overlap one another. The taper extremity of the barren leaves gives origin to other leaves, which add to the odd appearance of this little fern. It has been named *Fadyenia prolifera*, by Sir William Hooker, in honour of the late Dr. James Macfadyen, of Kingston, a most worthy man and excellent botanist, whose admirable work on the botany of Jamaica was interrupted by his lamented death.

Besides these, which are stationary and local, there are other ferns of a much more restless habit, which creep rapidly about, and, roaming over and around these gigantic trunks, seem to claim them for their own throughout their vast length. *Polypodium vacciniifolium*, from an irregularly meandering root-stock of a yellowish hue, densely covered with shaggy, pointed scales, which clings to the bark, and crawling up and up, like a rough caterpillar indefinitely extending itself, puts forth at short intervals a number of small heart-shaped leaves, that look like those of some evergreen phenogamous plant, rather than the fronds of a fern. Then there is *Goniophlebium piloselloides*, which has a similar habit, with a much slenderer clinging stem, not thicker than a bit of copper wire, which it much resembles, sending forth its hair-like roots on each side, over the smooth, grey bark, and giving birth to stiff leaves clad with short hairs. These differ; the barren ones are oval; the fertile ones nearly twice as long, and only half as broad, with two rows of very large, round sori beneath, like strings of golden beads. *Phlebodium lycopodioides*, again, on a root-stock of the hairy caterpillar type, has leaves elegantly spindle-shaped, and the seed-beads separated,—a different but equally attractive species: while *Oleandra nodosa*, with a similar root-stock, red and

shaggy, has pointed leaves closely resembling, in size, form, and colour, those of the elegant oleander, and the seed-masses scattered in minute dots.

These all have entire fronds; but there are also the species belonging to the beautiful genus *Nephrolepis*, which have the climbing habit, whose fronds, long and narrow, have the pinnæ set at right angles, like the teeth of a comb; as *N. exaltata*, for instance, whose lovely green leaves, extending to a length of four or even five feet, with a width of three inches, carry each a hundred and twenty pairs of leaflets, set in the most perfect symmetry. *N. pectinata* has still narrower leaves, and more numerous pinnæ. Viewed from beneath, as the very elegant fronds arch out from the supporting tree, these ferns have a singular appearance, for the mid-rib is quite concealed by the bases of the pinnæ; and these having each a sort of ear-like projection on the anterior side, the alternation of these swellings, wrapping over the central rib, imparts a curious waved form to the dividing line; while the double lines of seed-dots on the pinnæ beyond the middle of the series greatly augment the elegance of these very lovely ferns.

Among the climbers we have yet another, and a quite diverse type of ferns, the genus *Davallia*, noted for their large, broadly-triangular, minutely-divided fronds, and for the sori being placed, like very minute black pin-heads, at the tips of the lacerations. *D. elegans* runs up tree-trunks as well as over rocks, in these humid mountain woods; its stout, pale-brown, woolly root-stock, conspicuous as it winds, connecting the somewhat remote but magnificent fronds, which are two feet in length, and almost as much in width. It is a species of great elegance and noble beauty.

In the very heart of the tangled thickets, where the earth is soft, and black, and spongy, where a carpet of lovely green *Selaginella* is spread in great sheets over the roughnesses of uncouth stones and old decaying logs, and where the light of heaven finds its way softened and subdued through myriads of twinkling green leaves far overhead,—many kinds of ferns delight to grow and flourish, as the vivid hue and freshness of their tender fronds reveal. Here we may find *Diplazium striatum*, an elegant array of large but exquisitely delicate pointed leaves, spreading from the summit of a slender stem, a

foot high,—a tree-fern in miniature. Or we might suddenly break upon the magnificent *Hemidictyon marginatum*, with its broad, translucent pinnæ permeated by a charming network of veinlets towards their outer edges, and marked by strong oblique lines of brown sori,—one of the noblest of non-arborescent ferns, sometimes shadowing an area of five-and-twenty feet. Or we might meet with another subarborescent species in these dense matted woods, *Marattia alata*, whose fronds have the peculiarity of springing out of the thick, fleshy stem, between two appendages which resemble abortive fronds, and whose fructification is entirely destitute of the elastic ring, which is so characteristic of this great tribe of plants, raising this genus to a higher rank than other ferns, and presenting the closest approach of any to the flowering plants. Among ferns of humbler pretensions, the pretty little *Cheilanthes radiata* spreads its maiden-hair-like pinnæ in the form of five-rayed stars, or like slender-armed star-fishes, changed to green plants, by one of Ovid's metamorphoses, each at the summit of a tall, erect, slender stalk. And beneath the shadow of the lordly *Marattia* reclines the curious ivy-fern, *Hemionitis palmata*, whose five-angled leaves, grovelling on the ground, clothed with a bristling crop of red down, scarcely look like those of a fern at all, till you gather one, and hold it up to the light, when the network of veins appears; unless, indeed, the plant is in fructification, when the fertile fronds, standing erect, display on their inferior surface the rust-brown lines of sori exactly corresponding to the veins, an exquisite net of dark red meshes spread over the pale green leaf.

Should our way lead us into one of those deep narrow gullies or gorges which so frequently occur in the limestone formations of the Jamaica mountain-region, we might see ferns of yet another type, such as occur only in such or similar conditions. A rank, coarse vegetation conceals the wet ground, among which the dangerous dumbcane towers, with its broad arrowy leaves, of whose juice a single drop is sufficient to swell up the lips and tongue, and preclude speech. The hard grey limestone rises in steep walls nearly meeting overhead, all fretted and eroded with deep hollows and sharp points, like the rocks of our Devonshire coasts. In these little cavities elegantly twisted shell-snails reside; and in the larger ones, always brimming with water, the shrieking tree-toads delight to sit, enjoying their cool bath.

And out of the same crevices many species of film-ferns, *Hymenophyllum* and *Trichomanes*, project their tufts of pellucid fronds, and twine their matted wiry roots around the groined projections. In the same fissures, and out of the rough bark of the tall trees that rear themselves towards the light by the wall-like cliffs, spring several kinds of *Gleichenia* (*G. Bancroftii*, and others); a genus of ferns of singular aspect, possessing wide-spread fronds of very lax habit, and of very minute segments, but so peculiarly elegant and delicate, that they have been termed the aristocracy of the fern-tribes.

Last, but not least, we emerge on a region where the true arborescent species, the tall tree-ferns, grow in their majesty.

The handsome *Dicksonia cicutaria*, when old, forms an umbrella of vivid glossy green fronds, set on a true tree-like stem of considerable thickness, though of no great height. And *Hemitelia grandifolia*, a fern of very different aspect, is also of low altitude, rarely exceeding the height of man: its broad pointed pinnæ cut into knife-like teeth give it a peculiarly noble appearance. *H. horrida*, however, attains a really arboreal height,—a species whose stem and mid-ribs bristle with sharp spines, and whose young leaves have a remarkable appearance from being clothed with a sort of grey wool on their first unfolding.

Cyathea arborea is a species of peculiar elegance, growing in more open spots, in small groups and groves. The slender stems, each marked with its oval scale-like scars, and throwing out from its summit its swelling cluster of leaf-bases, so compact and so regular as to look like the elegantly-fluted knob of some cast-iron pillar, again constricted before they spread abroad in a wide umbrella of finely cut foliage, have an imposing effect, surrounded by the moss-grown trunks, shaggy with gorgeous parasites, of tall trees that tower up, and interweave their branches far over-head, shutting out the sun, and almost the light.

The *Alsophila*, again, are tree ferns of lowlier elevation. *A. ferox*—rightly named, since it is most ferociously armed with long rigid thorns—rears a stem three or four yards high from the midst of rank herbage. Its fronds are generally like those of our own male fern, but exaggerated: the formidable prickles, however, that stand up from the knobbed bases of the fronds,

which swell out around the summit of the trunk, like the bulging branches of a candlestick; the elongated scars on the stem, that mark the position once borne by the now-fallen fronds; and especially the lower half of the stem, so clothed with roots as to look like a mass of intertwining wire, black and shining, and running down with the concentrated moisture of these damp woods,—are totally unlike anything ever seen in a temperate climate. Finally, there is another species of the same genus abundant in these lofty woods, *A. pruinata*, which, had it an altitude commensurate with its expansion, would be one of the most magnificent ferns in the world. Instead of spines, its trunk is invested with woolly hair; and its minutely divided foliage, elegantly tapering, and of a tender green above, is covered beneath with a silver hoar, like that of the *Gymnogrammas*, in which it is the rival of the most magnificent of all ferns, *Cyathea dealbata*, the silver tree-fern of New Zealand.

Thus our imaginary tour through one tropical island would bring before our notice examples of almost every important type of form included in this immense order. Indeed, there is no notable exception, but the *Platyneria*, or stag-horn ferns,—those remarkable parasitic forms that cling to the trunks of great trees, and have two kinds of fronds, one globose and bent downward, the other flat and palmate and spreading. No example of this curious fern is found in the Western hemisphere.

Few of us, however, have the opportunity of wooing Flora in her tropical bowers; we content ourselves therefore with gathering her treasures, and improvising the tropics at home. Fortunately, the lovely ferns are domesticated with little difficulty; and, a few principles of culture having been mastered, we are able to grow them to a luxuriance and beauty often even superior to what they attain in their native haunts. And when wealth and taste combine, what can be more charming than the ample stove-ferneries erected and furnished by some of our princes of horticulture? Such an one is that at Rockville, near Dublin, the residence of Mr. Thomas Bewley. It is a house of about sixty feet square, divided into three aisles by rows of rustic arches and pillars, the centre being twenty feet in height, the sides a little lower. It is heated to a tropical temperature by hot-water pipes, and is covered by a *double* glass roof, an admirable contrivance for maintaining an equable temperature, six

inches of air between the two roofs acting as a non-conducting blanket. The inner glass is stained of a wine-red colour, which imparts a wonderfully rich tone to the light within, while it subdues it to that degree of shade most congenial to these shadow-loving tribes.

The visitor enters through a glass door, and steps down on its lowered floor of clean shingle. He seems to have entered the precincts of some ancient fane, now falling into ruin, where vegetation is silently but rapidly exercising unchallenged dominion. The massive buttresses of rugged grey stone, which divide off the area on each side, and the pointed gothic arches that spring from them, are built with gaping joints, and rude irregular projections, in and over which mosses and lycopods and ferns are growing, arching out, depending, or creeping over the coarse shaly stone, and everywhere presenting the most charming effects with their lovely green foliage; requiring indeed a stern pruning, to prevent the rocky supports from being completely concealed under the confluent verdure.

'While the buttresses are thus decorated,' writes a describer, 'the open spaces of the aisles are chiefly occupied by large plants with fine foliage, mostly planted, or seeming to be so, in little mounds of rock-work. The following are some of the most striking that thus placed singly cannot fail to command attention:—A noble plant of *Latania Borbonica*, with its beautifully plaited fan-like leaves; a noble plant of *Dicksonia antarctica*, 10½ feet in height to top of fronds, fine, dark, clear stem 3 feet in circumference, and the fronds forming a circle 12 feet in diameter; *Dicksonia squarrosa*, true, 11½ feet in height, with noble fronds, and feathered with offsets all up the stem; *Alsophila australica*, 10 feet in height, with an elegant crown of healthy fronds; *Alsophila excelsa*, 11 feet in height, with noble foliage. Then there were fine large plants of *Cyathea dealbata*, *Cyathea medullaris*, *Alsophila Macarthisæ*, *Rhopala De Jonghi*, and the beautiful *Aralia leptophylla* and *papyrifera*: also good plants of the singular-leaved *Dammaras* from New Caledonia; *Dracæna nutans*; *Imatophyllum miniatum*, 12 feet in circumference; a Chinese colt's-foot, *Farfugium grande*, 20 feet in circumference; and a noble specimen of the India-rubber plant, which, with its thick, leathery leaves, contrasted strongly with the feathery foliage by which it was surrounded.*.....

'The north end of the house is a solid wall, and in front of it is a fine, massive, irregular specimen of rock-work, formed of different materials, but each by itself, and thus on a limited scale furnishing

* These last-named plants are not ferns.

materials for geological study. These, so far as we recollect, were Ballycoras clay slate, and granite, grey granite, quartz, red sandstone, conglomerate, tufa, petrified moss, &c. The lower part of the pile is not only irregular, but formed into arched vaults, caves, recesses, nooks, and crannies, to suit some sweet little things that modestly like retirement from the glare of bright sunlight; as the varieties of Killarney fern, and some other of the *Trichomanes*, and such *Hymenophyllums* as *Tunbridgense* and *Wilsoni*, and other small ferns and lycopods. Then on the face of the rock were fine specimens of *Platyceriums*, good foliage of *Begonias*; and among other ferns and mosses, we have a vivid recollection of a *Platyloma* throwing its elegant fronds over red granite. Steps, rude as they ought to be, take you from either side over the top of this rock-work, revealing some rarity and beauty at your feet at every step, until, reaching the top, and surveying the whole,—the wreathed buttresses, the draped arches, and the expanse of the fine foliage of tree-ferns, &c., beneath your eye,—you might easily imagine you were standing amid the ruins of the buildings of a forgotten race, such as are to be found in Central America, where vegetation in wild melancholy grandeur is revelling amid, and obliterating, the evidences of a previous power, genius, and civilization.*

In such a retreat as this the amateur pteridologist may watch the gradual development of his lovely favourites, admire their manifold beauties and graces, and accept the smiles of gratitude with which they greet him, as they root into the nooks and crannies, or comfortable pots prepared for them, all well stored with the fibry peat in which they delight, or the new-fashioned cocoa-dust which seems to suit their appetites better than anything else; and here, if he be a Christian, he may lift his heart in loving adoration and praise to the blessed God, who has adorned the earth with such loveliness for His own glory. And, surrounded by such opportunities, the botanist may most advantageously pursue those investigations on the structure, the germination, the growth, and the fructification of this tribe of plants, which are yielding results so remarkable, so striking. Some of these results, as being the most interesting facts connected with the history of ferns, we will endeavour briefly to describe, under the guidance of that able botanist, Dr. Wilhelm Hofmeister.

How does a fern reproduce its kind? Seeds, such as those which flowering plants produce, it has none; but it yields millions of organs which serve instead of seeds to originate a

* 'Journal of Horticulture,' March 25th, 1862.

new generation of its kind, though their structure and the mode of their development are totally diverse from those of seeds. If we take a leaf of a *Polypodium*,—the common *P. vulgare* from a hedge will do just as well as any exotic species,—we shall find, if it is in fruit, that its back is studded with a number of round spots, called *sori*, very conspicuous from their golden yellow or rich brown hue. Examination with a powerful lens reveals that each of these spots is a group of tiny globules, known as *thecæ*, each elevated on a slender stalk, and closely crowded. A microscope is, however, needed to discern more.

By the aid of this instrument we perceive that each *theca* is a hollow sac, strengthened by a stout *ring*, marked by transverse bars, that passes vertically round it, like the brass meridian round a globe. At a certain period this elastic ring bursts, rupturing the walls of the *theca*, and scattering its contents, viz., the *spores*, which are the ultimate agents of reproduction, answering to seeds. They are, however, homogeneous corpuscles, generally of an ovate or rounded form, with three more or less prominent ridges running along them longitudinally.

Under the influence of warmth and moisture, the thick but brittle outer coat of the spore bursts, and the contents protrude as a clear bladder, which, by growing, assumes a tubular form, divided by transverse partitions; in other words, it is a single linear series of oblong cells, within which, on the inner surface of their walls, grains of green substance, (*chlorophyll*), the colouring matter of plants, develop themselves. At the same time, a slender root grows out from the lowest cell. After the conferva-like filament has made its fourth or fifth linear cell, the terminal one divides longitudinally, so that two oblong cells placed side by side now end the series. These now go on developing other cells, by division both transverse and longitudinal; the result of which is, that the tip of the confervoid rapidly assumes a flat fan-like shape, and is recognisable as the *prothallium*; a condition in which the new growth very closely resembles the common liverwort, (*Marchantia*), which spreads its expansions so commonly over the earth in damp situations.

We shall be greatly mistaken, however, if we suppose these green laminae which lie so thickly overlapping each other and sparkle so prettily, in our seed-pan, to be the future ferns. The *prothallium* does not enter into the composition of the

future plant at all ; it is but a sort of foster-mother by which it is reared. In it, however, occur a series of developments of most remarkable character. When the *prothallium* has attained dimensions which make it distinctly visible to the naked eye, minute warts begin to form on its under surface, which are called the *antheridia*, from their performing functions analogous to the male organs (*anthers*) of higher plants. Each *antheridium* is composed of a large central cell, supported by one cylindrical, or two semi-cylindrical, cells, covered by a cell having the form of a segment of a sphere, and surrounded by a ring of several smaller cells. By and by, the central cell, having increased in size, is transformed by internal divisions into a globe containing several cubical cells ; and in each of these latter there is now produced what has the form, and appearance, and motions of a living animalcule ; a flat ribbon-like worm spirally coiled into about four whirls, tapering to a fine-drawn point behind, and furnished for about half its length anteriorly with a number of projecting hairs (*cilia*). At first, this worm (*spermatozoon*) lies coiled motionless in a little transparent bladder, within one of the cubic cells. The walls of these cubic cells now dissolve ; and the globules with their (as yet inactive) *spermatozoa* lie loose in the midst of the *antheridium*. At length, the terminal lens-shaped cell of this bursts, and the globules escape, and swim with a rotary motion in the drops of moisture which lie condensed on the inferior surface of the *prothallium*, the ciliated end of the *spermatozoon* protruding through each. Suddenly, the globule bursts with a wide aperture, and the *spermatozoon*, partly uncoiling, darts out and swims away with a rapid motion, rotating as it goes. But we must leave these curious bodies awhile, and trace the development of another equally strange set of organs.

The *prothallium*, meanwhile, has been growing, and has taken a forked form, the tip forming two expanded portions, divided by a deep indentation. The bottom of this sinus is the seat of the *archegonia*, which are but few, while the *antheridia* are very numerous. The substance of the *prothallium* on its under surface, just behind the bottom of the sinus, becomes a cushion of small cells, by the minute subdivision of the cells already existing at that part ; and on this cushion there grows an

elevated wart, which is the *archegonium*. Within its base it holds a globose cell, which becomes the embryo-sac, while the elevated portion becomes a sort of chimney or shaft, composed of four courses of four cells each, the top of which is as yet closed. The embryo-sac encloses a single nucleus at first; but presently a second is developed, which becomes the germ-vesicle; it is minute at first, but rapidly increases, while the primary nucleus shrivels and disappears. At length, the cells which close the summit of the shaft burst apart, and its fluid contents escape, leaving an open passage to the embryo-sac. At the same time, the wall of the latter softens and dissolves, and the germ lies exposed at the bottom of the open shaft.

Let us now return to the *spermatozoa*, which are whirling about in giddy gyrations in those minute drops of condensed moisture, which lie studding the surface of the *prothallium*, like seed-pearls. Often these drops coalesce; and the thin space between the *prothallium* and the earth is a continuous stratum of water. One of the *spermatozoa*, finding the summit of an *archegonium* open, instantly enters, and makes its way to the bottom, where the germ lies, around which it plays sportively. This is impregnation: as soon as it occurs, the end of these wonderful provisions is attained; and the shaft immediately closes again by the swelling of the terminal cells. The germ further enlarges, and divides into four cells in one plane, one of which grows into the bud and first frond of the young fern, while another produces the root. The active growth of these, respectively upward and downward, produces an ever-increasing expansion of the surrounding tissue of the *prothallium*, till the latter is at length ruptured, and the young frond protrudes, curves upward, and appears between the two flaps of the *prothallium*. Before this it has formed the lamina, which is always much less divided than the mature frond. The root also protrudes downward, and penetrates the ground. Such are the marvellous processes which attend the earliest life of these charming plants. The record reads like a fairy tale; and, but for the numerous witnesses—witnesses of the highest scientific acumen, and the most unimpeachable veracity—who confirm the testimony, it would be dismissed as a myth. The facts, however, are beyond dispute; and, indeed,

may without much difficulty be verified by any one accustomed to the more delicate microscopic investigations. The following details by Dr. Hofmeister will teach the student what to look for, and how.

'When a quantity of fern-spores are sown, the germinating *prothallia* are developed at very different periods. The earliest *prothallia* produce in the first instance only *antheridia*, afterwards *antheridia* and *archegonia* together, and when advanced in age, only *archegonia*. The earliest *prothallia* have already attained the latter stage at the time when the latter *prothallia*, the development of which has been retarded by the shade afforded by the earlier ones, are thickly covered with *antheridia*. If the plants are now kept for some days rather dry, and then saturated with water, the result will be, that numbers of *antheridia* will emit *spermatozoa*, and numbers of *archegonia* will open contemporaneously. The water should not be poured over the plants, but the pot should be placed in water nearly up to the margin, by which means capillary attraction and condensation will yield abundance of moisture to the *prothallia*. After one or two hours, the surfaces of the larger *prothallia*, which are covered with *archegonia*, are found almost covered with *spermatozoa*, partly in motion, and partly at rest. If a delicate longitudinal section through the parenchyma of these *prothallia* be examined immediately, with a magnifying power of from 200 to 300 diameters, *spermatozoa* are sometimes found in all the *archegonia* along the whole length of the section. I thus found three *spermatozoa* in active motion in the central cell of the *archegonium* of *Aspidium filix mas*. In this case the motion ceased seven minutes after the commencement of the observation, and was accompanied (probably caused) by the coagulation of the albuminous matter of the cell-contents. In the same fern on two occasions, and also in *Gymnogramma calomelanos* and *Pteris aquilina*, I have seen a *spermatozoon* in motion in the central cell of the *archegonium*; and in the above-mentioned species, and also in *Asplenium septentrionale*, and *filix femina*, I have seen a motionless body near the germinal vesicle, (after the growth of the latter has commenced,) answering in form to a *spermatozoon*. Lastly, in *Aspidium filix mas* and *Pteris aquilina*, I have often seen motile *spermatozoa* in the canal of the opened *archegonia*, the motion of which *spermatozoa* ceased during the continuance of my observations. I may add, that these observations were very numerous, and were undertaken with the view of following out the cell-development of the embryo. In a single *prothallium*, cultivated in the manner stated above, and laid open longitudinally as I have mentioned, there will not be found more than three, or at the most four, *archegonia* open at the apex; *spermatozoa* will probably be found in not more than one in thirty of such *archegonia*, and they will often not be found at all.*

* Hofmeister, *Higher Cryptog.*, p. 198, note.

The increase of specimens by means of buds or bulbules must not be confounded with germination. By germination a new generation is produced; the little fern that grows out of the *prothallium* being the daughter of the plant, whose spore produced that *prothallium*. The developed bud, however, is but an essential portion of the individual fern on which it grew, and partakes of any accidental (*i.e.*, not specific) peculiarity possessed by it. The production of such adventitious buds is, however, a highly interesting phenomenon to the fern-cultivator; especially when they occur upon the leafy part of the frond, as in many species of *Asplenium*. If we examine one of these proliferous species, *A. odontites* or *A. viviparum*, for example,—we shall see young plants in every stage dotted about on the surface of the fronds, from the minute black scaly wart which breaks out of the membrane, to the well-formed fern with four or five fronds. The leaves on which this phenomenon occurs are flaccid and procumbent; and as they gradually decay on the moist earth, the new plantlets strike their roots into the soil, and become independent. *Woodwardia radicans*, again, a noble species from the south of Europe, forms, near the point of its fronds, a plant, which grows to such an extent as to have, not rarely, half-a-dozen fronds a foot in length, yet deriving all its support from the main plant. Others, as *Aspl. radicans*, *A. rachirhizon*, *Adiantum caudatum*, &c., have the tip of the frond drawn out into a long filament, on which the young plants grow: and it is a common mode of increasing such species to peg the tail down to the earth with a hair-pin, where the progeny soon root, and can be potted off. Again, *Cystopteris bulbifera* forms little bulbs on the *under* side of the mid-rib. These are green, egg-shaped bodies, nearly as big as peas, composed of two very thick fleshy leaves, like cotyledons, joined to the rib by a connexion which severs with a slight touch. They fall on the ground; or they may be placed upright on the soil of a pot, when in a few weeks they send out tiny fronds of the proper form, and a plant is made. There is a remarkable mode of increase in the genus *Nephrolepis*. These elegant ferns, known by their lengthened comb-like fronds, send forth beneath the soil long runners like slender wires, which at their extremities develop a thick oblong knob. On the surface of this a number of buds grow out, which are prolonged into young plants, and then the knob and wire decay.

Many persons must have admired the noble specimens of *Platyserium alaicorne*, which for several years has grown suspended against the wall of the tropical fernery in Kew Gardens. But perhaps few have penetrated the mystery of those great succulent semi-globular leaves, like those of a large cabbage-heart, which adhere by their edges to the suspended board. The first frond formed is upright and spoon-shaped; then one comes, which is thick and circular, projecting horizontally, and presently curving downward: after this, erect fronds again grow, which develop flat forking tips, like the horns of an elk; and then a pair of the globose recurved form, one on each side, covering up the base and the roots in their ample hollow. Why this peculiarity of growth? The fern is a native of tropical Australia, where it grows on the perpendicular trunks of great forest trees, and must often be exposed to droughts. These thick recurved fronds afford a protection to the root and heart of the plant, enclosing those parts in a tight box, from which evaporation with difficulty proceeds. Other species of the genus, whose fronds spread over the ground, protecting the base of the plant and the surrounding soil with their shadow, are not exposed to the same peril, and are entirely devoid of this peculiar manner of growth.

The microscopist may find many highly interesting subjects of investigation in a well-filled stove-fernery. This *Platyserium*, for instance, has its fronds covered with a grey hoar, which, on being magnified, is resolved into a vast multitude of isolated groups of short slender white filaments, radiating from a centre in a star-like manner,—from six to ten threads to each star. The gold and silver ferns, too, already mentioned, afford pleasing objects. The very lovely little *Nothochlæna flavens* we have just been examining; and most charming it is. Under a power of 100 diameters, with light reflected from a lieberkuhn, the under side of a pinna exhibits an area which we might suppose sown with flower of sulphur, which, however, has fallen in tiny coherent masses, as if slightly damp, uniform in size, and no thicker than a single layer. Over this area the globular spore-cases are spread, in two bands, parallel with the edges of the pinna, and running from base to tip; these bands, however, resolvable into oblique lines of *thece*, which follow the course of the veins. They look like marbles, or rather bullets, in which

the seam of the mould may represent the stout ring, which passes vertically over and round each *theca*; the colour, a deep brown almost black, with a rich warm hue appearing between the nodules of the ring. The yellow dust, when carefully scraped off with a needle-point, and spread on a slip of glass, is found to be composed of loosely-adherent granules of irregularly-ovate form, so minute that even with very high powers—as 600 or 800 diameters—they appear only as points; and, when measured with a delicate micrometer, are found to average not more than 1-20,000th of an inch in diameter, while many are as low as 1-50,000th. In *G. chrysophyllum* the appearance of the gold-coloured dust is in general the same; but it is arranged more distinctly in corpuscles, which stand up from the surface of the frond on slender foot-stalks; the whole not unlike tiny cauliflower-flowers. Both heads and stalks are pellucid and colourless, but are dusted all over, the heads most abundantly, with fine sulphur-like granules, which also lie scattered thinly over the ground between the stalks. When scraped off with a needle, the granular texture under a high power is scarcely manifest, the substance forming coherent lumps, somewhat like a very crumbly cheese. *G. Martensii* shows stalked processes as the last; but under a power of 600 diameters these are less coherent, and composed, not of granules, but of an infinity of slender short rods, cohering in every possible direction, about 1-20,000th of an inch in thickness, and of varying length, straight or variously curved, and translucent in texture. *G. Tartareum*, the best of the silver ferns, is very white beneath. Stalked processes are discernible, but few, and almost concealed by a profusion of downy silvery spicules, looking like the finest hoar-frost on a blade of grass. Under a power of 600 diameters, we find fibrous transparent rods as before, but with much less coherence, and resembling a spicular sponge after passing through fire, or the deposit which remains after a good deal of cutting of cloth, roughly brushed into masses. What is the mode of origination of these farinose granules, or what the functions they perform in the economy of those species which possess them,—if they have any beyond mere ornament,—has not, so far as we know, been determined.

Much more that is curious and interesting might be noted in the history of these graceful plants; but the limits of our space compel us to mention but one point more,—the phenomenon of

variation. That ferns are more liable to what is technically called 'sporting,' than other plants, is shown by the great numbers of diversities from the normal condition which are already registered. Thus, in the Catalogue of the eminent fern-growers, Stansfield and Son, with its Supplement, we have the named and described varieties of a few well-known native species advertised to the following extent:—*Athyrium filix-femina*, 56 forms; *Asplenium adiantum-nigrum*, 29; *Blechnum spicans*, 53; *Lastrea filix-mas*, 34; *Polystichum angulare*, 43; *Scolopendrium vulgare*, 90:—making, out of these six familiar species, three hundred and five named varieties offered for sale by one firm. The possession of well-marked varieties is quite as highly valued by most amateurs, as that of distinct species; hence, there is a constant stimulus to the search for new divergencies; while the discovery that monstrosities once found are not only in general constant, but have a strong tendency to perpetuate themselves by spores, and even to originate new and stranger forms, is rapidly augmenting the stock. Mr. Bridgman, in an interesting memoir, 'On the Influence of the Venation in the Reproduction of Monstrosities among Ferns,'* has recorded some very curious facts in this direction.

'In the first instance, a leaf from the multifid variety of the common Hart's-tongue (*Scolopendrium vulgare*, var. *multifidum*) had been procured, selecting one of the most distorted, and the spores from it collected indiscriminately and sown. The plants coming from these, to the extent of many hundreds, presented every grade of variation, from the simple ligulate with a single acute apex, up to the complex form of the parent, and beyond, or, as fern-fanciers express it, "greatly improving the sport," and this not in one direction only, but resulting in the production of three distinct varieties. The direction of the veins in the lower portion of the leaf from which the spores had been taken, was all but normal, some parts entirely so, upon which several of the sori had been placed. But towards the upper and above the middle portion of the leaf, the veins, losing their regularity and parallelism, became somewhat zigzag and reticulate, the indusium only partly developed, the sori smaller, more numerous, and nearer to the external margin. In the extreme upper or multifid and crisp terminal expansion, the mid-vein became broken up into a number of nearly equal divisions, and these, again, dividing and subdividing into a reticulate mass of veins and venules. Instead of the regularly-formed sori, the spore-cases were distributed about in patches, without the

* Annals and Magazine of Natural History for December, 1861.

slightest trace of an indusium, and attached by their pedicles to the back of some of the larger bundles of veins, and also in the axils, in scattered masses, the indusium having become perfectly obsolete.

'Another variety, the "*laceratum*" of Moore, (*Nature-Printed Ferns*, Svo. edition, vol. ii., pl. xcii.,) was now selected, having the two characters of venation separate and distinct. The sori from all the reticulate portions of the leaf were carefully scraped off, and the spores sown in baked peat in a pan by themselves. The plants resulting from these (which were pricked out from a seed-pan four inches in diameter, where they had come up as thick as they could grow) contained not a single plant which had not the strongly-marked characteristic of the variety, and some far more crested and crisped than the parent.

'The spores from the remaining part of the leaf were sown in another pan, at the same time, and have produced an equally abundant crop. There were not a dozen plants of the same character with the preceding; and, until the leaves were several inches long, with the exception of here and there a twin-leaf, there were no external characters in the bulk of them to render their parentage recognisable. A very large proportion of them were discarded as normal; and the only peculiarity at present shown among the remaining ones, the leaves of which average from six to nine or ten inches in length, and from one and a half to two and a half inches in breadth, is in a slightly sinuous margin, an occasional division of the apex into two or more lobes, and a disposition to become somewhat ragged—and this by no means general, but only one or two leaves on a plant.

'Similar experiments with other varieties and species have been attended with corresponding results. The tufted end of the variety "*Crista galli*" of the same species (*Scolopendrium vulgare*) produced many hundreds of plants, all, with scarcely an exception, equally complex with the original, or more so; and, what is more remarkable, the parent-plant was upwards of two years old before it began to develop its peculiar character, while the progeny raised from it were all prominently characteristic in the first leaves.

'With such forms as *Nephrodium molle corymbiferum*, *Lastrea filix mas cristata*, *Scolopendrium marginatum*, &c., where the entire frond has become deformed and the whole of the venation abnormal, the plants raised from spores procured from any part of the leaf reproduce the variety with little or no variation. Out of some thousands of *Filix-mas-cristata* seedlings, only one reverted to the normal form, and two others closely approach the *angustata* of Sim, all the remainder being identical with the parent.'

At present, our recognition of this peculiarity extends scarcely beyond British species; though some signal exceptions have occurred,—as in the case of *Nephrodium molle*. Perhaps, however, many of what are recorded as closely allied species among the exotic denizens of our ferneries, may be only varieties; and if we had as great abundance of specimens for obser-

variations, we might find as great a diversity as among our own. *Asplenium præmorsum*, for example, a widespread tropical species, varies greatly in its forms even in our stoves.

While variation of form appears thus to be peculiarly prevalent, variation of colour has been, up to a very recent period, quite unrecognised among ferns; though among phenogamous plants it prevails widely. But the new-fashioned love for piebald plants appears to have created a supply for the demand even here. Within a year or two four distinctly marked species have occurred, and have been very largely multiplied; as, like the monstrous forms, the colour-variegation proves constant. The first variegated fern that was announced was Mr. Veitch's *Pteris argyrea*, which appears to be a condition of the noble *Pt. quadriaurita* of India. Then M. Linden, of Brussels, produced the much more showy *Pt. aspericaulis*, var. *tricolor*, with its fine purple mid-rib running through a broad stripe of white. And then *Pt. Cretica*, var. *albo-lineata*, was sent to Kew, from the mountains of Java. Now our own brake is added to the list; for Mr. Stansfield, of Todmorden, informs us, that, making a botanical excursion with Mr. Eastwood lately, the latter discovered a patch of *Pt. aquilina*, 'so beautifully and distinctly variegated, that it had the appearance of being sprinkled with snow;' and it figures in his catalogue as *P. aquilina*, var. *variegata*. It is remarkable that all four examples of variegation belong to the same genus, *Pteris*;* but, probably, other genera will before long come into the sportive category.

We have placed among the publications at the head of this article two works of an ephemeral character; yet not unimportant as indications of a taste whose rapid growth is characteristic of our age and nation. They are fern-catalogues. That of Messrs. Stansfield and Son is remarkable as showing to what extent a single house (that, to be sure, one of the first, if not the very first, in the trade) can minister to the pteridophilous propensities of us amateurs. It contains, with its supplement, above eight hundred species and named varieties, arranged under three divisions,—British, Hardy exotic, and Tender exotic. Brief but graphic descriptions are annexed to the names; and, as the whole bears marks of care in the preparation, it becomes valuable as a hand-book.

* See a paper by 'Delta,' in the 'Gardeners' Weekly Magazine,' Feb. 4th, 1861.

Kennedy's Catalogue, while far less extensive than Stansfield's, is more attractive, being printed on excellent paper, and sewed in a coloured wrapper; its chief claim to notice, however, being a large number of illustrations, representing either entire plants, most graphically drawn and delicately engraved on wood, or characteristic parts of fronds, calculated to assist in identification. The letter-press gives authorities for the nomenclature, conscientiously investigated; and the whole effort is very successful, as praiseworthy in design as in execution.

Mr. Lowe's book is a work of far higher pretensions. It has given, and doubtless will yet give, a great impulse to the love and culture of ferns; but we have no hesitation in saying, that whoever seeks to work with it will find it disappointing. It professes to give a coloured figure and description of every species of fern cultivated in Great Britain. Much of the practical value of such a work, if it is to be anything more than the ornament of a drawing-room, lies in its exhaustiveness. If we know that every fern cultivated is delineated, we know that the plant we are seeking to identify must be in the book; and this is a great help to satisfaction. The reality, however, is far otherwise. We have worked with the book, and find that, in our own small collection, not extending to two hundred species, *many* are not described under any name. So far as they go, the figures are good, particularly the woodcuts of details; and these will, probably, be found the most valuable, as they present the most attractive, feature of the book. So large a number of coloured figures (printed in colours, however, and not always very correct in tint) of cultivated ferns, is a fine addition to a horticulturist's library. The letter-press is mean, and unworthy of the subject. The printing and paper are, indeed, good; but the author's style is poor, tautological, and slovenly.

Very different is the character of Dr. Hofmeister's book. In every page it carries the impress of the most patient, enduring, and careful research, employed on a peculiarly recondite and difficult subject. We have alluded only to that portion of his work which relates to ferns; but his investigations extend also over the *Ricciaceæ*, the *Marchantiaceæ*, the *Jungermanniaceæ*, the Mosses, the Lycopods, the Horse-tails, the Pepperworts, and even the coniferous trees; and everywhere he displays the same admirable power of discovering, comprehending, and combining

the most hidden details of physiology. His elaborate work is a complete *Thesaurus* of our latest knowledge on the subjects of reproduction and development in these plants. The style is clear and simple; the copious figures, engraved by Tuffen West's known skill, are highly instructive, and auxiliary to the text; and, finally, the translator, himself a well-known and accomplished cryptogamic botanist, has transferred the statements of the author into excellent English

- ART. IV.—1. *The Oxonian in Iceland; or, Notes of Travel in that Island in the Summer of 1860, with Glances at Icelandic Folk Lore and Sagas.* By the REV. FREDERICK METCALFE, M.A. London: 1861.
2. *Iceland: its Volcanoes, Geysers, and Glaciers.* By CHARLES FORBES, Commander R.N. London: 1860.
3. *A Tour in Iceland in the Summer of 1861.* By E. T. HOLLAND, B.A. (One of the Chapters in *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*: being Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club. Second Series. London: 1862.)

Of old, Iceland was almost regarded in the light of a mythical island in unknown waters. Whether Pytheas, a Marseillais adventurer, mentioned by Strabo, really touched there or not, is a geographical puzzle; and whether Virgil by his *Ultima Thule* meant Iceland or the Shetland Isles, is as uncertain to us as it probably was to himself. Certain it is, that only within a period comparatively modern have the almost boundless lava-deserts and lofty snow-fields of this mysterious region become the dwelling-place of civilized men.

As to its physical constitution, Iceland is a huge accumulation of volcanic matter. It is a cold, solidified testimony to the fierce energies of internal fires. Like a grey or blackened cinder, it stretches its desolate mass upon the bosom of the ever-swelling seas. At first, the island seems to have been nothing more than a volcanic cone, forced upwards in defiance of the natural downward pressure of fathom upon fathom of ocean. Fire and water were here in continual strife,—the fire furiously impelling its molten lavas towards the surface of the sea,—the water unceasingly rolling its deluges upon the unsubdued fire beneath it. In the course of years mile after mile of lava was piled up, and the ever-added beds of scorice rose one upon another, like an immense vitrified fort, whose frowning battlements maintained themselves against all assaults of waves and tempests, icebergs and earthquakes. The accumulative processes went on, until a deeply founded, and now immovable, territory was established in mid ocean, extending over some forty thousand square miles, and exceeding by about one-fifth

the area of Ireland. The fire has mastered the water ; but the fiery product is still and for ever surrounded by the tempestuous forces of its opponent.

To liken the exterior to some familiar object, we may say that it resembles a flat, ascending arch, having a crowning elevation of about seven hundred and fifty yards above the sea. To cause this elevation, the centre of the former volcanic activity, there can be no doubt that many thousands of volcanic craters must have burned and erupted for an unreckoned number of centuries. The deep and narrow fiords which indent the coast on all sides, and allow the sea to run up for miles towards the interior, were probably formed by numerous lava-streams, which originally radiated from a common submarine centre, and were afterwards, at various epochs, impelled upwards to their present position. The interior of the island is little besides one vast lava-desert, partly varied with perennial ice-mountains. The latter, locally named *Yökulls*, or *Jökulls*,* are the most interesting feature to the traveller, and will be presently referred to in particular. Lava and ice together occupy at least a tenth part of the whole island, and the districts so covered are now, and probably will continue to be, uninhabited. Neither blade of welcome grass, nor even hard and stunted bush, relieves the death-like solitude. The traveller ranges through a theatre of great conflagrations, blasted with flames, scorched up with fiercest heats, and covered with cinder-like blocks that can neither yield nor hold fresh water. The coast is marked by many marshy districts, which in other countries would be shunned, but which are here occupied as the most eligible portions of the country. In these the Icelander fixes his home, erects a poor and unsightly house, and, if he is able to find some spots for pasture along the banks of the numerous rivers which run down from lake and ice-mountain into every fiord upon the coasts, begins a never-ending contest with the adverse circumstances of his dwelling-place. How strongly his lot contrasts with that of the inhabitants of sunny lands and fertile soils ! Grain will scarcely

* A *Jökull* (otherwise *Jökul* or *Yökul*) signifies any spot covered with perennial ice. Henderson says, 'an ice-mountain ;' but the *Jökulls* are often merely immense ice-fields, which, in their highest parts, do not rise to an elevation of more than a few hundred feet above the sea. Many of them are nearly flat, and extend for miles at about the same level.

ripen in his short and unsettled summer. Europe must send him his daily bread—if of the finer kind—from its warmer latitudes and corn-growing fields. The poor Iceland dwells upon the chosen seat of desolation; and in some years the Polar ice forms a belt round his island, especially on the northern and western coasts, and causes incessant rains, which spoil his harvest. Then famine will stare him in the face even in the midst of summer, and all his carefully-provided stores of cod-fish must be exchanged for bare bread; and even one full meal of that in a whole week is said to be as much as the many can expect in ungenial seasons. But, strange to say, this natural wilderness and home of famine is becoming quite a popular visiting-place for tourists from the south. Its extreme contrast with the luxuries of civilized life, and with the abundant green fields and fruitful gardens of England and other parts of Europe, is of itself curiously attractive; and the strong impulse to travel in wild countries, and to shake off the fetters of rigid society and monotonous task-work, have stimulated several hardy explorers within the last two or three years not only to do their best in seeing Iceland, but also to print their notes and impressions for the benefit of less leisurely or less adventurous lovers of nature and antiquity. On the way, and on the high seas, as we sail for Iceland, the Faroe Islands rise before us: and they are well worth a brief annotation as the ship passes by them. From summit to sea-level they are composed of basaltic formations, and of what is mineralogically named 'trap,' from the Swedish word for 'stair.' The first sight of such rock-masses from the sea is highly impressive; for they present a scene of wild grandeur and most fantastic outlines. The stupendous sea-cliffs tower up like masonry to heaven. Storey after storey rises sheer out of the ocean, one like ebony, another like iron, and another, again, like coloured stones,—all dominating over the deep, as though they were the buildings of giants, to which, indeed, the ancient Scalds compared them. In other parts, huge vertical basaltic columns, like immense organ-pipes, flank the long fiords, and overhang the waters with threatening walls. The superstition of the islanders conceived these to have been originally pine-forests, which King Olaf turned into stone.

If we land on the Faroes, it will be worth while to mark the houses of Thorshavn. They are all of wood, imported from

Norway, the framework resting on walls of unhewn stone. A labyrinth, however, of crooked, forbidding, steep lanes, paved with slippery stones, obtusely and unpleasantly disposed, is not likely to induce us to prolong our explorations, unless we are bound, as Mr. Metcalfe was, for the ruined church of Kirkubö, —the prettiest scene in Faroe. We may as well at once re-embark, and keep a sharp look out for the first view of Iceland.

Yonder, above the fog-bank which blocks out the lower landscape, rises the highest mountain of that country, Oraefa Jökull, which is 6,241 Danish feet above the sea. The white crown of un-sullied snow forms a startling contrast with the grey shadows of morning,—the time at which we are viewing it with Mr. Metcalfe. Underneath it, and close by the shore, but at present invisible, rise certain cliffs, which are famous as the spot where Ingolf the Norwegian, landed when, in the year 874, he came to establish himself in the country. A little to the east of this lies a Jökull, whose glaciers, advancing and descending towards the sea, have covered the spot where once dwelt Hrollang, nephew of Rollo. Turn further west, and you behold another high mountain, called Myrdals Jökull, usually as white with ice and snow as another huge Jökull adjoining; but, at the time of this visit, it has exchanged its fine white garment for a melancholy covering of sackcloth and ashes, thrown over it by the terrific explosion of a neighbouring volcano in the summer of 1861.

We sail into the vast bay of Faxe-Fiord, one horn of which is Snæfels Jökull. Beyond the other horn, for forty miles, stretch out the 'Fire Islands,' one of which is famous from having been in former days the abode of that rare bird the great auk. This bird is now said to be extinct there, as well as nearly so elsewhere; and large sums have been offered, without success, for it or its eggs. After a somewhat difficult passage has been effected, the steamer casts anchor in the harbour of Reykiavik, the position of which anybody may see in a map of Iceland, lying nearly at the south-western extremity; and of which, if nobody sees it in reality, the loss, from all accounts, will not be serious. Keen horse-dealers and money-changers await and would ensnare the unwary tourist upon his landing, and you may receive such greeting as the following from any native to whom you may have obtained an introduction:—'And what brings you to Iceland? You know it is the most difficult and

expensive country in the world to travel in. No inns, no roads, no carriages, no anything for the convenience of the traveller. Nothing but bogs, rocks, and precipices; or lava, snow, and ice; or torrents and rivers.' The natives cannot understand a pleasure-tourist's object, and conceive he must either be a mineralogist or a madman, if he shows signs of exploring the interior.

The tourist must provide himself with everything he is likely to require in a wild country so uninvitingly described as above. An Icelandic tent, very like that of a Bedouin, must be purchased, and horses and provisions according to number and need. If you want shelter, you can only count on the tent you take to cover you; if food, your baggage must contain it, or something like it, or your purse a weighty equivalent. As for exposure, skin overalls and macintosh must render you careless of rain. For guides, there are no regular professional ones in the island. Experienced Alpine peasants, like the guides of Chamouni and the most travelled parts of Switzerland, would be invaluable here.

We must not wonder if we are to see and do strange things and put up with strange fare in this island, for it is a land of paradoxes. Here the magnet forgets its affection for the pole, and here the seasons forget their ordinary characters, and summer is often only so in name. As many as nine suns have been seen in the winter time without affording the usual warmth of one; and the favourite season for thunder and lightning is mid-winter. Here the fountain of to-day becomes the river of to-morrow, and the river of to-day dwindles on the morrow into a fountain. Islands rise out of its seas as if by sudden whim, and as suddenly disappear, and leave not a landmark above water. Above the land, various travellers have declared that small and apparently trifling clouds suddenly swoop down upon you like predatory vultures, in furious tempest. This, too, is an island where the natives gather their fuel (the wave-borne wood) from the sea, and take their cod from inland lakes. So strange is it, that if you find a stalactite, it is attributable to a fiery rather than a watery origin; and dark ducks, with white rings round their eyes, swim in the boiling Hvers. Add to these the last and not the least paradox, that here fire and ice are often close companions, and icicles and

glaciers gather themselves into the very bosom of volcanic vents. In the midst of so many contrarieties, be prepared to find your home-notions contradicted, and your home-habits totally out of place.

Of natural Icelandic curiosities those most generally known are the Geysers, or boiling springs. Let us start at once upon a visit to them, and trust to our good fortune to find them in action. Away we journey over a hard, dry, barren waste, down a furious and steep chasm, descended by many a free-born peasant-legislator of the country on his way to the old parliament. Now we find ourselves in a broad alley of perfectly level sward, running right and left past the bottom of a narrow natural staircase. It has been formed by the splitting of a vast field of lava, which covers the country, and which has been rent perpendicularly to the depth of about one hundred and eighty feet. The fissure thus created is perfectly straight for a length of about three miles. Keeping along the level sward, as if we trod the dry moat of some mighty fenced city, we are astonished to descry a river bursting with a lofty fall over what might represent the left-hand rampart. More strangely still, it seems to rush towards us, and to threaten to overwhelm us with a resistless flood. Yet, after bounding on for a few hundred yards between the rocky walls, it suddenly leads into a deep pool, and then, making a sharp turn to the left, dashes into a cataract, finally expanding into a broad river, and then sweeping on into a lake. Such is the famous and eccentric river Oxará.

To secure immediate presence when the Geyser is in eruptive mood, tents must be pitched near to it; and our tent in particular shall be only about twenty yards away from it. True, so close an encampment to an unquiet neighbour brings its appropriate penalties. Night comes on, and men require repose, while the Geyser requires none. Evermore it boils and rumbles all the dark night long; over boils the water, and down it pours along the mound which in daylight appears to consist of stone cauliflowers, the petrified growth of ages of ebullition. At any time in the night this may take place, so that we must sleep with an eye as well as an ear open, and be ready to jump up at a moment's warning to see it exhibit its forces, as well as the gloom will permit. Not very refreshing this night's interrupted repose; and as soon as day dawns we may as well be up and

look inquiringly at the great boiler. The subterranean thunderings wax loud; but there is no lofty outburst as yet. There are frequent threats, but no fulfilment. The sound is like that of a heavy cannonade heard at a distance. Such ebullitions generally last from five to ten minutes, and then subside, unless a great eruption take place. After waiting the whole day in often-defeated expectation, at last, at eight o'clock in the evening, as we stand upon the very edge of the basin, several reports louder than usual are heard. Now the water immediately over the long natural pipe in the centre of the basin suddenly rises to a height of three or four feet, and then at once sinks down again, but only to rise higher afterwards than before. It continues alternately rising and sinking, as if thrown up by a succession of powerful jerks, until a thick column of water shoots up to a height of about twenty feet, and then, rising higher and higher, separates into several distinct jets. These keep falling back into the basin, from which they are instantly thrown up again, thus producing a very pleasing effect. At length, having reached a height of eighty or eighty-five feet, the water seems to remain stationary at that elevation for about one minute. Now it slowly subsides into its basin again, though not without several struggles. This eruption has lasted for five or six minutes, while we have been standing upon the very edge of the basin. We have done so with impunity, as the wind had sufficient force to carry the steam away from us while we stood upon the windward side.

This one is called, *par excellence*, the Great Geyser, and it has for many years attracted the chief attention of visitors. Geologists, chemists, and common men have gathered around this boiling crater, and have experimented and speculated upon the real causes of its extraordinary action. In the opinion of some, a subterranean caldron acts as a steam-boiler, and generates the vapour which issues at the surface of the earth. But in opposition to this theory, it has been shown that the lower part of the pipe or tube is often undisturbed by the violent commotions of some eruption in its upper portion, so that stones suspended near the bottom have not been cast up, while others placed near the surface have been thrown out to a great height. The most approved theory is, that the

mechanical force of the Geyser arises from the instantaneous generation of vapour, at an excessively high temperature, in the lower parts of the tube. The loud detonations preceding an eruption are probably caused by the sudden condensation of large vaporous bubbles, upon their meeting near the surface with a cooler stratum of water. These are abortive eruptions, unable to propagate themselves beyond the point of their origin, because of the low temperature of the column, and they are very frequent. The tube is the natural cylinder or steam pipe in which the boiling process goes on. When the basin of the Geyser becomes dry, as it does immediately after an eruption, owing to the great heat evolved, the tube is almost entirely empty. Its side may be then seen to be very regularly formed, but contracted about a third of the way down, the whole depth being about sixty-three feet, and the diameter at the mouth a little more than eight feet. The heat stored up in this tube, which is the main source of the eruptive power, could, it is calculated, generate under ordinary atmospheric pressure a column of steam, of the height of nearly one thousand three hundred yards. The amount of heat in the tube regulates the eruption according to well-known laws. When the column rises, the top is no longer in equilibrium with the rapidly generating vapour below; and, in consequence of the large quantity of lateral heat evolved, the waters are forced upwards, and overflow the basin. Then, in the proportion of the overflow, they diminish the pressure at the boiling-point below, when the excess of temperature above the boiling-point is at once applied to the generation of steam. This being generated, the column is forced higher, and, consequently, the pressure is lessened, thereby again developing more steam beneath, which, after a few convulsive efforts, overpowers the remaining body of water, and impels it upwards with the well-known violence of steam. A succession of explosions is thus produced, while the state of the atmospheric pressure at the time will modify the ascents of the water. This latter is one cause of their irregular heights and duration, and generally limits them to five or six minutes. When in contact with the atmosphere, the water is cooler; and as a portion falls back into the basin, it sinks into the tube, which again gradually fills itself at the basin;

and thus the eruption may be indefinitely repeated. In this explanation we have endeavoured to give a brief popular view of the theory of Professor Bunsen. The tube will also enable us to conjecture the age of the Geyser. If we place a bunch of grass under a small fall, where the bulk of the ejected water drains away from the Geyser basin into the river, we shall find that in twenty-four hours it gathers a coating of silica of about the substance of a thin sheet of paper. This is the unit for calculation. Assume three hundred such sheets to make an inch in thickness, and then, the height of the tube being found to be 762 inches, we may infer its total age to be one thousand and twenty-six years. Such is the natural mode of numbering its years, and this may be negatively corroborated from history; for we find no notice of this striking natural phenomenon nine hundred and twenty-six years ago, that is, in the early days of Icelandic colonization, as we certainly should have done had it then existed. But the tube was then only three feet deep, while four hundred and twenty-six years afterwards, when the tube must have become twenty-six feet deep, and its eruptions proportionably remarkable, mention is made of it; and from that time to the present it has gone on gathering flint and fame, ejecting water and attracting visitors.

Yet the height of the ascending column appears to diminish in the course of time. We read that in Olafsen and Paulsen's time the water was carried to the height of nearly three hundred and sixty feet. When seen by Van Troil in 1772, it rose to ninety-two feet. In 1789, Sir John Stanley found the highest jet observed by his company to be ninety-six feet. In 1809, Hooker thought the jet rose to upwards of one hundred feet; and in 1810, Sir George Mackenzie stated ninety feet to have been about the extreme height. We may assume one hundred feet to have been the extreme height about this period, with an interval of thirty hours between the outbursts. In the year 1815, the jets averaged eighty feet in height, with intervals of six hours. Since that time violent eruptions have seldom occurred more frequently than once in thirty hours, and they seldom exceed seventy or eighty feet in height. In the year 1818, Dr. Henderson published his *Journal of a Residence in Iceland*, and states that he ascertained (probably in the year 1814) the

pipe of the Great Geyser to be twenty-eight feet in perpendicular depth, with a general diameter of from eight to ten feet. He witnessed an eruption, and describes the water as rushing out of the pipe with amazing velocity, and as projected by irregular jets into the atmosphere, and surrounded by immense volumes of steam. The first four or five jets were inconsiderable, and did not exceed fifteen or twenty feet in height. They were followed by one of about fifty feet, which was succeeded by two or three considerably lower ones. After these came the last, exceeding all the others in grandeur, and rising at least to the height of seventy feet. The great body of the column, which was at least ten feet in diameter, rose perpendicularly, but was divided into a number of curved branches, while several smaller spoutings were severed from it and projected obliquely. On the cessation of the eruption the water sank back immediately into the pipe, but rose again in a moment to about half-a-foot above the orifice, where it remained stationary. The temperature was at the time 183° of Fahrenheit, about twenty degrees less than at any period while the basin was filling,—an obvious result of the cooling of the water during projection into the atmosphere.

Amusement may mostly be calculated upon by cooking joints or boiling eggs in another hot spring called 'Stroker,' that is, the Churn, which will churn anything offered it; but the muddy state of the water caused by the turf or sods thrown in spoils the effect of the continuous jets. A turbid column darts into the air, perhaps for sixty or seventy feet, bearing up with it all the unwholesome food with which the throat of Stroker has been crammed. The masses thus injected by visitors act like the shutting of the safety valve in a steam engine, when the steam, not having a proper vent, collects rapidly, and suddenly drives out the encroaching waters, and shoots the obstructions into mid-air with the velocity of a missile from a gun. Often, indeed, the column is illuminated by a beautiful iris, which diminishes the ugliness of the muddy stream, and adds glory to the spectacle.

If it be asked, Whence comes all the water for these huge boiling fountains? we reply, From the drainage of the hills around, which must occasion a considerable influx. The whole silicious deposit extends for nearly five miles in length, and

three quarters of a mile in breadth, at an elevation of about three hundred and eighty feet above the coast line. The Geysers lie towards the northern extremity of this vast deposit, and perhaps others may be developed in the course of centuries. An old peasant informed Henderson, that at one time, in point of height, the jet or spring called the Old Stroker rivalled the Geyser; but that, immediately after an earthquake in 1789, it greatly diminished, and became entirely tranquil in the course of a few years. The same year Stroker that now is, which had not before attracted any particular attention, began to erupt, and throw up water and steam to an amazing height. This perfectly coincides with several observations made by Sir John Stanley, in his *Account of the Hot Springs of Iceland*, where he says, 'One of the most remarkable of these springs threw out a great quantity of water, and from its continual noise we named it the Roaring Geyser. The eruptions of this fountain were incessant. The water darted out with fury every four or five minutes, and covered a great space of ground with the eruption it deposited. The jets were from thirty to forty feet in height. They were shivered into the finest particles of spray, and surrounded by great clouds of steam.'

From boiling fountains we may appropriately turn to burning mountains. Of Icelandic volcanoes, perhaps the most widely known is Hekla, though by no means the most destructive. Let us, however, undertake its ascent with Mr. Holland, and describe its noteworthy features. Riding up the valley of a small clear stream from the nearest adjacent farm-house, we soon arrive at the rising ground lying at the base of the mountain. Thence our way lies over hills of volcanic sand and scoriæ, up which our horses must toil with painful labour; but after a ride of two hours and a half we stop and dismount at the foot of a vast stream of rugged brown lava, which flowed from the crater of the volcano at its last eruption in 1845. Hence proceeding on foot, we climb the steep sides of the lava stream, now cooled down into the most fantastic shapes. Here a great crag has toppled over into some deep chasm, there a huge mass has been upheaved above that fiery stream which has seethed and boiled around its base. Yonder lies every form and figure that a sculptor could design, or wild imagination conceive,

all jumbled together in the most grotesque confusion, whilst everywhere myriads of forbidding spikes and shapeless irregularities bristle sharply and thickly. We must needs jump and scramble from fragment to fragment of this molten ruin, and our torn and battered boots show with what painful labour. Quitting these lava spikes, we come to a tract covered with scorise and slag, and soon afterwards toil up a slope of volcanic sand and cinders, the looseness of which makes the walking most fatiguing.

At length we reach the first of the three peaks which constitute the summit of Hekla. Thence we look down into the crater,—a true Tophet, and one of the mouths of hell in the ancient creed of Iceland,—and we discern in it quantities of snow, near which steam-jets are smoking, and indicating the presence of active subterraneous heat. We are now in full view of the cone, about which vapours are issuing at intervals from the black sand, whilst in the crater itself, some hundred fathoms below, are gaping ice-holes, and great masses of snow side by side with sulphureous steam-jets. The poet who used Hekla as an illustration of blowing hot and cold in one breath was true to nature; for, strangely enough, while one part of the cone is quite cold on the surface, steam is issuing from another part higher up, showing that the heat is local, and dependent upon the fiery character of the underbeds. This is proved by the experiment of an Icelfander at another place, who discovered that the heat began at two feet below the surface. Beneath that depth, he came to a violet-coloured layer of soil of sulphureous odour, where the heat was greatest. Lower still it was found to be less and less, until at the depth of nearly eleven feet there was no heat at all. The depth of greatest heat at Krisuvili was ascertained to be twelve feet beneath the surface, and below this the heat diminished. Very near the top of one of the peaks of Hekla, Mr. Metcalfe dug a hole one yard deep, and, upon inserting his thermometer, and covering the hole, the instrument showed a speedy rise from 30° to 89½° Fahrenheit.

The last or easternmost peak is the highest, to reach which we must slide down the snow which fills the intervening gorge. As we clamber up the opposite ridge, the precipitous edge of which is festooned with long icicles, and stands as a wall to a very deep

iron-coloured crater, steam is issuing in all directions. Soon we perceive on the very summit of this peak a massive mantle of smooth lava. In the subjacent crater, which is really a continuation of the other two, (Hekla being a linear volcano,) though appearing deeper, because the precipice is loftier, several very active steam columns are rising, and one is almost comparable to the stream of Stroker, at the Geysers. It is now seen how the mountain is cloven in twain, the rent being curvilinear. Out of this cleft, a volcanic stream has descended, and its forbidding brown colour may be traced stretching downwards into the fire-stricken desert below. The entire scenery around is almost unearthly. Cone upon cone, black and barren, succeed each other. Whether fire or frost has the better in the battle which the champion elements are fighting, is hard to say. Now, perhaps, one, and now the other. The thin streak of grey smoke curling upwards in one direction may be regarded as the banner of fiery triumph planted there; for it marks the position of the volcano, Kötlugiá, whose roof of snow and ice has been either melted or hurled miles away by the recent eruption, until all the mountain is of a dreadful pitch colour. To the south is a strip of water, which is one of Iceland's largest fiords. Now and then the eye may catch a glimmer of the cluster of towns, which lie on this side of the immense wilderness of ice and snow, called the Vatna Jökull, which is said to cover a space of three thousand square miles, that is, more than half of Yorkshire. Masses of mountains of every conceivable shape rise to the northwards; while nearly south, and separated from the coast by an apparently narrow creek, lie the Westmann Islands, wonderfully sharp and distinct for the distance. But it is time to descend, and down we hasten over the snow-blocked ravine, and up the second peak, thus far retracing our latest steps. Soon we traverse deep sand-beds of great steepness, and then, recrossing the slag-stream, manage to regain our horses, which had been passed round nearly in a circle to meet us. Here the guide points out to the west a spot called Unburnt Island, which is an insulated grass-grown elevation surrounded by lava. Near it is the Heann, the site of a multitude of spiracles of steam rising from a rugged lava-waste. It is a surprising scene, and perhaps originated in subterraneous hot-springs rather than in latent lava; which must certainly have

cooled since the last eruption of Hekla, twenty-five years before. And now, fetching a wide circuit, in order to avoid treacherous lava, we arrive at a manse by moonlight, after a very successful ascent.

Kötlugjá, which occupies a prominent place amongst the island's volcanoes, is situated about twenty miles inland from the south coast. Towards the south, in which direction a number of glaciers descend from it, lies a tract of about twenty square miles in extent, consisting entirely of ashes and other volcanic substances, deposited there during the eruption of the volcano, and forming a rude and terrible testimony to its eruptive force. As the volcano itself is almost entirely covered with ice, in which are deep and wide fissures, it does not seem to have been fully explored by any one, although some few ascents have been attempted. The crater or fissure is visible from a distance, and consists of an immense gap, surrounded by black and rugged rocks, which are probably composed of lava cooled by the ice. Two travellers, Olafsen and Paulson, attained to within a short distance of the chasm in 1756, but, becoming enveloped in snow and mist, were compelled to relinquish further attempts. In 1823, an Icelandic clergyman, Jon Austenan, got nearer to the fissure, and described it as quite inaccessible, his further progress having been hindered by enormous walls of basalt and obsidian, whilst other profound fissures radiate from the grand primary chasm.

The history of its eruptions and devastations is terribly impressive. The first eruption occurred in 894, and since that early date it has broken out no less than fourteen times,—the intervals between each eruption having been very unequal, and varying from six to one hundred and sixty-four years, and even at one period, according to some accounts, three hundred and eleven years. Between the latest eruption of 1860, and the preceding one of 1823, occurred the last eruption of Hekla, viz., in 1845. Of the earlier eruptions of Kötlugjá, that of 1580 is remarkable as being the date of the formation of the hideous chasm or crater above described. The eruption of 1825 was likewise dreadful. At daybreak it began to thunder in the Jökull, and at about eight o'clock in the evening floods of water and ice poured down upon the low country, flowing in waves and cascades for twenty miles, and carrying away hundreds of

loads of hay. Such was the depth of the water in one part, that a large vessel might have sailed between the hay stacks, while flames, and showers of sand, and earthquakes added to the terrors of the scene.

A fortnight before the great earthquake of Lisbon, on the 17th of October, 1755, broke forth that eruption which is the most fatally famous of all for its gloomy grandeur, its duration, and its disastrous effects. Masses of ice, resembling small mountains in size, pushed one another forward, and bore vast pieces of solid rock on their surfaces. Sometimes the flames from the volcano rose so high that they were seen at a distance of one hundred and eighty miles. At other times the air was so filled with smoke and ashes, that the adjacent parishes were enveloped in total darkness. While the eruption continued with more or less violence, viz., to the 9th of November, copious outflows of hot water were poured forth over the low country; and the masses of clay, ice, and solid rock hurled into the sea were so huge and numerous, that it is said the waves were charged with them to a distance of more than fifteen miles. In places where the depth was previously forty fathoms, the tops of newly deposited rocks were now seen towering above the waves. No less than fifty farms were laid waste by this devastation; and an old verse is still repeated which commemorates its horrors.

The last eruption gave premonitory symptoms on the 8th of May, 1860. A neighbouring priest fortunately kept an interesting diary of its displays and effects; and from this we learn that it was commenced by earthquakes at an early hour in the morning, and that in the day a rush of water took place from the volcano. On the 9th there was a cloud of smoke upon the mountain, accompanied by a fall of ashes, the water-flood still continuing. Similar and still increasing phenomena were witnessed day after day until the 15th, when frightful thunderings began, and were heard for three days. On the morning of the 16th the Jökull was no longer white or grey, but as black as coal; and water and ice rolled down by various channels over the sands. Fresh snow succeeded during several days upon the heights, and the water-streams began to abate. On the 25th there were renewed earthquakes, and in the evening hail and snow and a fall of ashes. At night

a thick cloud overhung all the valleys. The next day so thick a cloud enveloped the air that candles were lighted in the church. No smoke was to be seen over the *Giá* on the 28th, so that the people had a hope of the subsidence of the forces. This hope happily proved well founded; the waters now diminished, and travellers to the eastward were able to prosecute their journeys. Severe as this eruption was considered by itself, yet, compared with the greater previous ones, it was mild and innocuous. Much meadow-land was covered with sand, and some land entirely carried away. Nevertheless, one beneficial effect of this deluge was, that it carried out to sea two long spits of sand, forming a deep bay between them, which served for a haven.

Little or no lava appears to have been ejected during this and the preceding eruptions, and immense water-floods were their characteristic but singular phenomenon. Whence came these vast quantities of water? They are generally described as if they proceeded from the crater itself, like the usual lava, pumice, and ashes, much as if the volcano had for the time become a portentous geyser. It would seem as if these water-floods could only have been the result of the hidden melting by subterranean heat of the vast masses of ice and snow which cover the volcano. There had been ample time during the thirty-seven years which had elapsed since the preceding eruption for the accumulation of almost incalculable amounts of ice and snow, which would well account for the boiling tides pouring down for a space of three weeks. The old idea of the ejection of hot water from the crater is evidently unfounded. The effects of these water deluges are well worth the more careful attention of British geologists who would rightly estimate the immense power which must have carried down disintegrated portions of the rocks and soils over which the deluges rushed, varying from the finest mud to the hugest rock-fragments, and even including gigantic icebergs. These deluges have deposited the mud and sand and gravel over wide tracts of country, frequently in the form of conglomerates of stone and mud. Sandy wastes and wide marshes have been suddenly created; old rivers have been filled up, and new ones, as well as lakes, formed; many miles have been added to the coast-line; the rocky sides of valleys have been scratched, and grooved, and polished by the rock-laden floods; and the softer sides of mountains have been

washed bodily away, while entire hills of gravel and loose material have been elsewhere unexpectedly deposited. It would be, indeed, a meritorious task to examine and depict the principal of these strange, sudden, and extended results of volcanic action on one island. Hardly anywhere else on the globe can the consequences of such mighty masses of fiery ejections and floods of melted snow be witnessed; and if we had space to describe the enormous outpourings of another Icelandic volcano, named Skaptar Jökull, we might show that the calculation of Professor Bischoff was not without reason, when he estimates that the bulk of fiery material cast out of this one volcano in 1783 was probably greater than the mass of Mont Blanc!

In various parts of this island rampart-like masses of lava or cinder attest the frequency and force of former volcanic action. Captain Forbes visited a sand and cinder cone crowned by a dark vitrified rampart of lava, which resembled an old embattled turret, of about six hundred feet in diameter. This is appropriately named *Elborg*, or, "The Fortress of Fire." Oræfa Jökull is the highest mountain in Iceland, and was ascended by Mr. Paulson in 1794, and also last year by Mr. Holland. The ascent is a laborious one, and is detailed circumstantially by the latter gentleman, who was accompanied by another Englishman. The illustrations given by Mr. Holland, and by Henderson in his earlier volumes, enable us to picture to ourselves the character of this mountain as an immense gradually sloping eminence, covered with snow and ice, and terminating in a peaked dome. The extensive snow-slopes of the Oræfa sweep down from the Knapp, a lofty dome of snow-capped rocks, which, like the hoary watch-tower of some ancient castle, overlooks the vast expanse of the Vatna Jökull.

In the Oræfa Jökull, the lower division, which is spread over the low mountains that line the coast, is quite green; while the upper regions consist of the finest snow, and tower to the height of 6,240 feet above the horizon. Many of the Icelandic Jökulls lie in close proximity to large plains of volcanic sand; and hence the lower portions bordering on the plains are often dirtied by the black sand which is blown upon them over a large extent of surface. The colour of the ice beneath remains

unchanged, and generally shows itself here and there in white patches; while that portion which is dusted over assumes a dark grey rather than a decidedly black colour. In such cases, wherever one can see far into the interior of these Jökulls, we find, as might be expected, that those parts which are nearest to the sand-plains are darker than those which are more remote. In almost every Jökull seen by Mr. Holland thus discoloured, the white ice of the interior retained its natural whiteness, and was merely set in a border of a darker colour. But the appearance of one of them, the Skeidará Jökull, was very different and very visible; part of it appeared quite black. Examining it at the spot where a tributary stream of the Skeidará rushed out of a dark cavern in the ice, he discovered that the sides and roof of this cavern were of the same jet black hue as the surface of the Jökull. Breaking the ice with his riding-whip, it was found that the sand and grit were frozen *into* the ice, and were not merely lying upon its surface. Apparently the whole body was thus discoloured; for the ice in the blocks which had become detached from the main mass, and had fallen upon the plain, seemed to be black throughout, and not simply coated with sand and grit.

For such a singular natural object as a black ice-mountain it would seem to be difficult to account, upon the theory that the black sand had blown through it as well as over it. The only probable solution of the problem is, that some volcanic eruption in the interior showered down an enormous quantity of sand and cinders on the snow before it became ice, and that the process of alternate melting and freezing which converts snow into ice, carried the sand into the very heart of the Jökull.

A careful examination shows that the low Jökulls, which are icy plains, and cover vast extents of country, are not true glaciers, although the word is often so translated. The general character of the ice of the low Jökulls is that of *névé*, a term used in Switzerland to express snow which is becoming converted into ice by feeding the glaciers, but is not really ice. The number of *true* glaciers in Iceland is comparatively small, though generally thought to be very considerable. The visit of an Alpine traveller makes this apparent, and establishes the real condition of the Jökulls. In passing along the base of the Tindfjalla Jökull, Mr. Holland observed the lower glaciers to be

much broken, and the bright colours of the ice shone out vividly in the sunlight. The scene was unusually beautiful for this island; for streams came tumbling over the rugged rocks in several pretty waterfalls. Two of these, not more than fifty yards apart, offered a fine contrast. The one was broken and feathered in many a spray-spangled fountain, whilst the other poured down in a broad, unbroken sheet of water. But, on the north-east side of the Jökull, the scenery was of a totally different character. Close before the travellers lay a perfectly flat shingle plain of very large extent. Its shingle was as smooth and regular as that on the hills previously crossed, and the ground quite as barren. On the other side of this plain, and rising immediately from it, were numberless mountains, one overtopping the other, as far as the eye could reach. Every mountain seemed to wear a peculiar shape and character of its own, while all were jumbled together in perplexing confusion.

Having thus presented a selection of the more striking mountain and hill scenes in this remarkable island, let us inquire what lies underneath the ground, or upon it, in the shape of useful minerals. The endless masses of lava are, of course, unserviceable to man; but, secreted amongst them, some rarer pieces of obsidian are found. Obsidian is a volcanic glass of peculiarly dark-bright appearance, and is sometimes called Icelandic agate, being a black representation of the more beautiful and richly-coloured agates of other countries. One mountain is said to be chiefly composed of obsidian; and, when Henderson excavated a part of it, he found large shining beds of this perfectly black mineral near the top. More generally attractive minerals are the zeolites, which are to be obtained from one or two localities in some abundance; but the most serviceable is the native sulphur, of which there are large deposits at Krisurik. Columns of sulphureous vapour sweep down from the centres of sublimation, the sulphureous gases are decomposed on meeting with the atmosphere, and the sulphur itself is precipitated in banks varying in purity and thickness according to their position and age. Captain Forbes visited these deposits, and describes the roaring of a huge natural caldron, twelve feet in diameter, burning and seething with boiling blue mud, spluttering up in occasional jets, and diffusing clouds of sulphureous

vapour in every direction. In a commercial aspect, the sulphur is only prospectively important; and should our supplies from Sicily ever be cut off, no doubt this Icelandic mineral would find a ready sale. An English capitalist has already secured the proprietorship of many of these deposits. What is called in this island *Surturbrand*, has much interested and puzzled geologists, and afforded fuel to the natives. It is a species of black lignite, or coaly wood, which is deposited in one place in layers three or four inches thick. Above this are layers of a browner matter, like burnt clay, and over all are deposits of loose slag and cinders. Various and opposite opinions have been entertained respecting its origin. One traveller thought it had been formed by an irruption of lava, which, by sweeping away whole woods, charred, burned, and smothered them at nearly the same time. Another conjectured that this mineral was nothing but ancient drift-wood, which became sealed down by subsequent depositions, and, by pressure and baking, became nearly converted into coal. There are, however, impressions of leaves in the laminæ of the *surturbrand*, while the drift-wood is quite bare of foliage. Again, it has been thought that at a remote period there was an enormous growth of vegetation in these regions, upon which a flow of clay or other matter was suddenly poured out; and that the gases being confined, this vegetable mass was in time chemically converted into lignite, but stopping short of coal, owing to imperfect carbonization. This, probably, is the true solution of the problem, and comports with the formation of lignites in Germany and elsewhere.

Amongst the live produce of the island, which is scanty enough, may be particularized the fine salmon found in some of the rivers. In one establishment nine Scotchmen were met with, employed in curing and preserving in tins the fine salmon collected by Icelanders from adjacent rivers. It is surprising to learn that the annual average is no less than 30,000lbs. of salmon; and it may be readily supposed that the Scotch, whose land lies scarcely more than five hundred miles south-east of Iceland, are keen observers of the piscatorial advantage to be secured in the island. They have offered, on several occasions, to purchase the right of fishing; but this the numerous native proprietors decline, preferring to catch and sell the fish for

themselves. Now that our own British rivers have become so impoverished in respect of salmon, it is consolatory to know that, from one river alone, the Icelanders have annually exported 50,000 lbs. weight of different fish to Denmark. Could not we profit, likewise, by the abundant stores of their rivers?

On the present inhabitants of Iceland, so few in number, and so much divided, our observations shall be few. The street-loungers of Reykjavik, the capital, are rude swindlers and depredators upon travellers. But what similar place has not a like loose fraternity? The farm and labouring people of the interior are far better, and frequently display those old and admirable virtues of unselfish hospitality which render travelling in the barrenest land a pleasure. Englishmen have great difficulty in communicating with the peasantry, who know nothing but the Icelandic language; but, by the use of Latin, they can hold some restricted conversation with the priests. These are generally intelligent and kindly, but miserably paid. The Oxonian felt at home with most of them, and they with him, in their own houses.

As there are no inns in the interior, private houses must be resorted to in their stead. But private houses are generally quite full of regular inmates. In such cases the tourist must needs go to church; and, for the time, the church becomes his inn. In the most unfrequented districts the traveller must be thankful if he can spend his night upon a truss of hay under the sacred roof, and go to sleep without the help of a dull sermon. It is even narrated, that to one benighted adventurer the only convenient bed that could be offered was a clean coffin, with a new pall in place of coverlet! Perhaps this is a mere traveller's tale; but, without doubt, the roads are rough, and the lodging-places few and bare.

The Icelandic churches are generally built of wood; but often have the additional protection of a thick turf wall. Their style is much the same throughout the island; they are all small, oblong buildings, with no more architectural design than a barn. The entrance is at one end, and from it a passage leads between rows of open seats to a square space at the other end; in a corner of which space stands the pulpit, whilst the altar-table in the middle is railed in. A rudely-daubed picture, if not painted upon the wall itself, hangs above

the altar. Sometimes the panels of the pulpit are painted ; but all artistic work is inferior. So low are many of these churches, that the head of the preacher is not unfrequently above the beams which support the roof. A loft, which reaches half-way down the length of some of the churches above the beams, is used as a repository for the saddles, nets, dresses, and other odd articles of furniture belonging to the families living in the adjoining houses. Where there is no such loft, the articles are hung upon the beams themselves, or on nails driven into the walls. 'It seemed strange,' says Mr. Holland, 'at first to use the churches as sleeping and living rooms ; but we soon got used to it, generally making up our beds in the space on each side of the altar-rails. And since the churches are in most places kept in good repair, and are usually cleaner and more airy than the houses, we always preferred them to sleep in, when we left our tent for the shelter of a roof.'

Owing to the distance at which most of the people reside from some of the churches, there is only one service on Sundays, which begins at mid-day, or as soon afterwards as a sufficient number of persons arrive to form a congregation. On one occasion, as soon as half-a-dozen persons had come together, Mr. Holland's priestly host went into church, followed by his congregation, while the Englishmen remained in the house for a cup of coffee,—having finished which, they repaired to the sacred building. This had been their bed-room on the previous night, but now they hoped to keep awake in it. They found the priest standing within the altar-rails, dressed in surplice and stole, with a large red and gilded cross upon his back. The altar was covered with worked cloth, and held two lighted candles. The Icelanders are Lutherans in creed ; and almost the whole of their service is chanted, the priest sometimes singing a solo, at other times the congregation joining with him in the chant. This morning the congregation sang their part with more goodwill than harmony.

We feel bound to add that there was a strange inducement to come to church. As each of the congregation entered the parson's room before service, a bottle of brandy, which stood in the window-sill, with its single companion wine-glass, was seized by the priest, who himself helped each member of his flock, as he arrived, to a glass of the neat brandy, not forgetting

himself every time, but dispensing with the engaged glass, and applying his mouth to that of the bottle!

Archdeacon Jon Jonson is introduced to us by Mr. Metcalfe, and proves to be a superior cleric. Although already a-bed when the Oxonian rapped at his door, he got up, with his whole household, provided a good supper, and supplied a downy couch for his English guest. The parish church lies four miles away, with an impassable bog between. So, when the Oxonian expressed a wish the next day to see it, the good pastor conducted him round by a long and devious path to this spot, which is interesting as having once been the seat of one of the chief monasteries in the island. Hardly a vestige of the latter remains; but the church is, as usual, constructed of wood, and roofed in with turf. It was restored in 1695. The altar-piece is of alabaster, illuminated with gold and colours, and represents, in three compartments, the Scourging, the Crucifixion, and the Resurrection; with the angel Gabriel and the archangel Michael interposed. An adjacent portrait shows the lineaments of Bishop Gudbrand, the translator of the Bible, at the age of seventy. On a transverse beam are carved very ancient little wooden figures of Christ and the apostles. The whole is a choice specimen of an old Icelandic church; while the archdeacon is an equally choice specimen of the present Icelandic clergy. 'It gives one quite a pang,' exclaims the Oxonian, 'to take leave of these warm-hearted people, whom one will probably never see again in this world. Nor did I feel this the less, now that a chilling mist was rolling up from the sea; while beyond the river, on whose brink we stood, nothing but desolate rocks were to be seen.' But let us look at the hospitable archdeacon before we pass on. See him, then, mounted on his sturdy pony; a frieze cap tightly fixed upon his head; a belt confining the folds of his ample dreadnought round his spare figure; while over his two pair of trowsers and seal-skin boots are drawn an all-engrossing pair of stockings. Nor must his capacious saddle-bags be omitted, especially as they probably contain something beside sermons. Such is the archdeacon when on his travels.

The lot of the Icelandic clergy as respects temporal things would be thought hard, if compared with that of some other countries, but the reverse, if looked at with relation only

to the island. We gather from the notes of the Oxonian that a living of three hundred dollars per annum in money, besides a farm, commonly cultivated by the priest himself, is considered a fair provision. The fees are proportionately moderate; burial costing from one to two dollars, marriage the same, and baptism half a dollar. On a comparison of the temporals of Icelandic and English clergymen, Mr. Metcalfe would say that, as a body, the former are the better circumstanced. Though their income be small, their wants are few, their education is gratuitous, their farm supplies them with most of the necessities of life, and they have horses in abundance for riding. Their parishioners do not expect from them much attention to dress, and pay little attention to it themselves. A clergyman with his £30 per annum, and his farm, in Iceland, is in reality better provided for than an English clergyman with no house and £100 per annum. A clerical Lazarus is a thing unknown in Iceland.

We add a portraiture of an Icelandic peasant. Sigard Palm is as smart as an Italian, with small, twinkling, black eyes, and an intelligent face. He opens a box, pulls out a German and Danish dictionary, a German volume on physical science, and shows that he is studying the language. An Icelandic psalter, one hundred years old, and a good Bible, are amongst his books. Swinging his body forwards and backwards, Palm overwhelms the Oxonian with inquiries about England. This swinging motion is usual, and is attributed to a habit formed in fulling cloth, every man here being his own fulling-mill. Palm rewards the respondent to his questions with a cup of coffee, for which he declines payment. Amongst his effects is seen a piece of obsidian, which doubtless he himself is using as an amulet against all sorts of evils, though he professes to laugh at such superstitions. Twenty-four virtues are assigned to this stone,—why, it is impossible to say. Palm is a good (rather too good) specimen of the island's peasantry.

Now an old lady shall sit for her portrait, as a counterpart to the foregoing. Ingilborg, with fair-complexioned cheeks, shining with motherly good humour, exhibits her ancient Icelandic costume to the English clergyman. To gratify his curiosity, she carefully puts it on, piece by piece. First comes the horn-like, nodding falldr, sixteen inches high, as white as

snow, fastened to her head by a silk kerchief which covers the hair. Then follows the petticoat of green brocade. The vest is fastened across her bosom by a silver chain, passing, like a stay-lace, through the eyelet-holes; the silver bodkin for threading it being made fast to the end of the chain. Now diving into a roomy chest, she brings up a velvet belt, studded with hemispherical silver buttons. Over all comes a very long black cloak, of the Noah's ark cut, which is adorned at its salient points by strips of black velvet. Thus antequely arrayed, she hands to her visitor *skier* in a lordly dish.

Our last Icelandic interior is the house of the warm-hearted and hospitable Chamberlain Magnussen, Lord of Skard, and a worthy descendant of princely ancestors. The first interesting circumstance is, that Magnussen shows to his guest the signet ring which Ebenezer Henderson, the excellent missionary, and the author to whom we have previously alluded, presented to his father in 1815. The memory of Henderson is still fresh and respected in Iceland. He visited Iceland to disseminate the Bible Society's translation of the Holy Scriptures into Icelandic; and though this has been superseded by a newer version, the work and the man are reverently mentioned. His book on Iceland is still an authority for those parts of the island which he, first of Englishmen, explored; and we have always found it trustworthy. On some topics it is fuller of information than other and later books of travel. It is pleasant to find that the signet ring of the good man is treasured up with Magnussen's family relics. It may be added that the work of Henderson will afford the Christian reader an interest which the others are not adapted to yield. No one can acquaint himself with Iceland without lamenting that there are no book-hawking societies in a land where the people are so anxious to read, have so much time for reading during the long, dreary winter, and have so little native literature to satisfy their mental appetite. Here, of all places, a judicious selection and circulation of religious books would be most welcome, and probably productive of the greatest benefit.

ART. V.—*The Province of Jurisprudence Determined. Being the First Part of a Series of Lectures on Jurisprudence, or the Philosophy of Positive Law.* Second Edition. By the late JOHN AUSTIN, Esq.

THERE are two things remarkable about this book,—that the second edition is posthumous, and that its editor is a lady. The author survived, by seven-and-twenty years of almost uninterrupted leisure, the publication, and by no small portion of that period the sale, of his first edition. He has left the task of preparing the second to his widow; and it seems difficult at first to say whether we wonder more at his strange neglect, or at the rare good fortune which has given to him, and to us, so faithful, zealous, and accomplished a substitute. Mrs. Austin has had no easy task. Rare, indeed, are the ladies whose mental qualities and training would fit them to exercise even that general supervision which the re-publishing of so profound a book demands. But Mrs. Austin's literary spirit, and affectionate sense of duty to her late husband, have led her nobly to attempt a republication such as he himself might not have been ashamed to acknowledge. Not content with making the corrections which Mr. Austin had actually indicated, she has searched his papers for the scattered memoranda in which he preserved the materials for his own long-projected but ever-dreaded revision; and, if we regret to miss the totally new work which so laborious an author would certainly have substituted for his first effort, we have at least his opinions upon the main topics of these lectures, brought down to the latest period of his thoughtful life.

It is a pity that the credit of this performance is in any degree marred by the tone in which Mrs. Austin has spoken of her husband's life and labours. We should be sorry, indeed, to deal harshly with the murmurs of those who have tasted the bitterness of long-protracted poverty,—still more to resent the complaints of a high-spirited woman, whose noble affection is worthy of all our admiration and respect; but, even if the world were a little unjust to Mr. Austin, surely his widow is somewhat unjust to the world. Professional success is not the

reward of merit, but the payment of wages. A certain kind of work is in demand; and neither coarser nor finer goods will command any price in the market. No doubt the world is ignorant, and incapable of appreciating the benefits of sound principle and lofty truth. It is a shop-keeper bent upon quick returns, and shy of investments which threaten a protracted locking-up of capital. It is the high praise of Mr. Austin's abilities, that his labour was of the most permanent and expensive kind. He spent a long life of such thought as few men can reach; and the tangible results lie in a small compass. He was always laying the very deepest foundations of civilization; but he had therefore to work underground, out of sight. The world pays the market-price, and no more. If a man will work for nothing, he does so. Mr. Austin was a man of genius; and genius is not generally paid for. His mind was ever intent, with a restless enthusiasm, upon the science which it seemed to be especially created to elucidate. Not only from generosity of nature, but also from the mere ardour of his temperament, he could not have refrained from the useful labours to which his life was devoted. Whenever there is an extra stimulus in the workman to work, the money value of his work is depreciated. The minister of religion pays for his own zeal out of his own pocket; and every earnest and eager teacher of abstract truth will find, like Mr. Austin, that the teaching of truth, however directly it may tend to increase the material wealth of the world, is not a lucrative profession. This latter cause of the poverty of some of the greatest benefactors of mankind is not likely to abate: the value of work will, probably, always be calculated on the principle of supply and demand. The former cause is already in course of gradual removal. Already we are fostering the growth of the physical sciences; and notions of the value of liberal education are spreading more widely among us. Mr. Austin himself, had he lived a few years later, might have found, in one of the readerships of our Inns of Court, a post of moderate emoluments and honourable duties, the very establishment of which is, perhaps, in no small degree, the fruit of his own labours. It was his misfortune to have to work at creating the demand. Meanwhile, he was treated as other men of his calibre have always been treated; he obtained all he could have—the honour and respect of all whose admiration

was worth having ; and we cannot but think that Mrs. Austin would have better preserved both his dignity and her own, in accepting quietly his distinguished position among the minds which have been in advance of their age.

The fact is, Mr. Austin, in this respect, laboured under two great disadvantages, either of which would alone have disqualified him from a successful life of business : a mind tolerant only of absolute perfection, and a constitution wholly unable to support the strain of his intense and eager thinking. In a letter written to his future wife, in 1817, during the short period when he seriously aimed at the bar, occurs a passage so curiously expressive of this vice from excess of virtue, that it may well be quoted here :—‘ I almost apprehend,’ he says, ‘ that the habit of drawing will, in no short time, give me so exclusive and intolerant a taste (as far, I mean, as relates to my own productions) for perspicuity and precision, that I shall hardly venture on sending a letter of much purpose, even to you, unless it be laboured with the accuracy and circumspection which are requisite in a deed of conveyance.’ Here lies the secret of Mr. Austin’s powers, and of most of his difficulties. The every-day works of the world—nay, its most permanent reforms—are fashioned in a very different mould. It is only in pure science that time is not weighed against truth, nor labour against perfection. So Mr. Austin soon found that his law was too good for the courts : what with the anxieties of his position, and the closeness of his studies, his health utterly gave way : he quitted the bar, and accepted a professorship in the newly-founded University of London, only to find, after a brief though brilliant career, that his jurisprudence was too good for the schools. It was long before either himself or his admirers could bring themselves to fear that abilities so splendid were not destined for the immediate service of public life. The criminal law of England imperatively demanded reform ; and Mr. Austin was appointed a member of the commission which dealt with that subject in 1833. But reform, according to the English manner, was not a congenial task. He could only begin at the very foundations ; and those were just what the commission was not empowered to meddle with. He could only be satisfied with the clear conclusions of his own logical mind ; but the result of a commission is a compromise founded upon the opinions of

all its members. He could reconstruct, but not patch. A commission to redress the grievances of the Maltese proved a more successful experiment, but was soon put an end to by political changes in this country.

If this had been all, we should have had no cause to regret, for our own sake, that this comparative unfitness for practical statesmanship forced Mr. Austin into the paths of scientific literature. Unfortunately, however, his physical infirmities gradually undermined the constancy, though not the ardour, of his intellectual energy. While his mind threw out the most gigantic schemes of a perfect system of jurisprudence,—schemes which his powers were not inadequate to carry out, and which, if accomplished, would have associated his name with one of the greatest books of the century,—this single volume comprises almost the whole of his finished production.* In it he defined, early in life, the subject of his life's study; and a maturer age did not tempt him from his course. His latter years were spent in revolving within himself, in peaceful retirement, the great problems of law and ethics;—compelled at last to live for himself, rather than for the world around him.

With the like acquiescence we may quit our regrets, and set ourselves to appreciate what we have, instead of sighing for what we have not.

Mr. Austin's works, few as they are, form no small proportion of our native literature of legal philosophy. Putting aside the huge collection of digests, reports, and books of practice, which crowd the shelves of our professional lawyers, we find few English books which can be classed under the head of 'Jurisprudence.' The writings of Mr. Bentham, and the recent work of Dr. Mann on the relation of ancient law to modern ideas, are certainly noble exceptions; but until within the last half century jurisprudence has never flourished in this country. It has never flourished in any country, except upon the basis of a diligent research into that vast mine of scientific law, the Roman jurisprudence. But we can add no names to the long roll of acute and learned, if voluminous, civilians who adorned the continental literature of the middle and modern ages. The whole study of

* Two volumes of *Lectures on Jurisprudence*, by the same author, have been deemed sufficiently advanced for posthumous publication, and are advertised by Mr. Murray as in the press. A few tractates, as we understand, complete the list of Mr. Austin's works.

the Roman law, which has exerted so vast and still unexplored an influence upon the western mind, has been carried on outside our borders; and if we have been constrained, in adjusting our judicial decisions to the growing requirements of society, to draw largely upon the principles of the Pandects and Institutes, it has not been always with acknowledgment of their origin; nor would even a wholesale application of their results to practical judicature at all resemble the systematic and scientific discussion of their reasons, which has elsewhere prevailed. The causes of this isolation are not easy to trace with completeness. We cannot charge our neglect of scientific legislation upon the feudal relations which have so long embarrassed the tenure of British soil. The Normans, who struck these so deep into our society, were cultivated enough to know something of the Theodosian code; and it was during the reign of Stephen that a Bolognese professor of the civil law actually established himself at Oxford. Besides, feudalism was not confined to England, and even its strongest seats on the Continent have come to acknowledge that posthumous sway by which Rome still gives laws to the world. Neither will any distinctions of race account entirely for our independence. Although the southern states of Europe have, on the whole, been more deeply influenced by the civil law than the northern, yet Germany has adopted the Roman system entire as her supreme legal authority. But we may perhaps, without mistake, assign three causes which have, more or less, contributed to hinder the pursuit of jurisprudence among us, and not a little to produce that confusion of legal authority which is taxing and baffling the skill of our law reformers.

The first is, that the Roman conquest left upon these shores no stronger trace of its laws than of its manners. No country in Europe, which suffered under the military occupation of the Empire, has obtained so little compensation for the hardships of servitude as Britain. Although the compilations of Justinian succeeded the fall of the Western Empire, yet the earlier productions of the Roman jurisprudence, and especially the code of Theodosius, had been established so firmly throughout France, Spain, and Italy, that the knowledge of them was never quite lost; and the revival of the study of legal science, aided by the discovery at Amalfi, in the twelfth century, of the MS. of the Pandects, proceeded upon ground already prepared, and less

encumbered than in this country by the ruder growths of barbarian settlement. On the other hand, although here and there traces of Roman ideas are to be found in our early laws, yet the foundation of the common law of England was laid in Saxon custom, which had time enough to grow uninterrupted to a maturity and strength proof against any assault of foreign manners short of conquest by the sword. When the Churchmen of England followed their foreign brethren into the study of jurisprudence, there had already grown up around them the combination of Saxon freedom and Norman acuteness,—a system of law administered by a race of lawyers born with the English nation, and with national zeal resisting alike ecclesiastical usurpation and ecclesiastical knowledge. And this leads to a second obstacle which jurisprudence had to encounter in England.

Like most other branches of learning, the knowledge of the civil law was chiefly in the hands of the clergy. But this was not the only code which the Church administered. The canon law, at first consisting of the regulations necessary for preserving ecclesiastical order, grew with the growing pretensions of the clergy, until it threatened to cover the whole field of civil government. The sacramental character of marriage and the terrors of purgatory served, among other pretexts, for asserting jurisdiction over causes matrimonial and testamentary, and for usurping the administration of the property of intestates. It was not until the bishops attempted to grasp the whole power of modern Chancery, and, under plea of the Church's authority over conscience, to interfere wherever *bona fides* came in question, that the Constitutions of Clarendon put a severe check upon the ecclesiastical courts. The history of this struggle is familiar. What is important here is, that the civil law shared the fate of the Decretals. They had been in the same hands. The one supplemented the other. Our Universities still grant degrees in both together. A Doctor of laws is a Doctor of the civil and canon laws. It was their knowledge of Roman jurisprudence which gave to the clergy their pretension to exercise civil jurisdiction. The English law of legacies is full of Roman science. That of marriage is derived from the canonists. And the triumph of the common lawyers over the spiritual courts,—a victory not yet complete even in the days of Coke and

James I.,—was also, as it happened, a triumph over the study of jurisprudence itself. Such Roman law as is administered by our judges is chiefly to be found in Courts of Equity, and in those branches of justice which are of modern introduction.

Thus it came to pass that English law attained the growth of a tolerably complete system without being supplanted by a scientific code; and this once done, it is, as has been suggested, not difficult to see why the cultivation of abstract jurisprudence has not found favour among us. Whether the English temper be unusually averse from mere theorizing, or not, it is certain that the greatest stimulus to speculation is the hope of practical results. The need of special knowledge turns men's minds to its pursuit, and a school arises in the midst of a battle-field. The political writings of the times of our own and of the French Revolutions are instances. Jurisprudence is therefore likely to flourish most where there is most need of a constant resort to its principles; and that is where the system of fixed law is most meagre, or its authority least settled. Now, in England, law has always dealt out with a firm and even hand a copious stream of authority. We have had no inextricable confusion of jurisdictions, such as tormented France; nor have we lacked, from very early times, an ample storehouse of reported decisions. Thus provided, there has been little occasion for lawyers to appeal to *à priori* reasoning, and still less chance of supporting it against the decision of a Central and Supreme Court.

Perhaps this last and most philosophical explanation of the scarcity of our writers on general jurisprudence may also help to account for the more recent appearance of a revival of the study, and for the promise even yet of a native school of jurists. Now, at least, it cannot be said that we stand in no need of jurisprudence. The very wealth of our legal resources has become our greatest perplexity. Our laws imperatively demand compression, and that not merely the compression of a digesting code, but of a harmonizing reform. Already we have passed from reports to digests, and from digests to text-books; and another generation will see the wars of legal authority transcend the grasp of any single mind. It is no slight confirmation of this view that the attention both of Mr. Bentham and of Mr. Austin was earnestly directed to these practical evils; and it cer-

tainly is not to be expected that any Englishman will devote himself in future to the study of scientific legislation, without spending upon so important a branch of our social interests his most laborious effort. Besides this necessity, it may be fairly expected that the rapid growth of commercial intercourse will ere long beget a strong desire for greater uniformity in the mercantile laws, at least, of trading nations. Their diversities have already given rise to a branch of private international law both extensive and difficult; and whether the science of difference or the science of agreement be the ultimate form into which the merchant law be thrown, its development must in either case proceed upon principle, rather than fixed precedent, and will probably in either case foster a modern school of jurisprudence.

But, unless Mr. Austin's book is to be dismissed with mere general remarks, we must not longer delay to notice its contents, first presuming a word or two on the language in which it is presented. Mr. Austin brought to bear upon his subject a clear, penetrating, and scrupulous mind, interpreted by a diction so laboriously precise as to be almost uncouth. No thought escapes his searching analysis. He pursues a definition through all the shifting ambiguities of common parlance; and, when he has caught it, holds it down with mighty pointed words which allow no chance of escape. To this exactness of thought, so invaluable in laying the foundations of a moral science, Mr. Austin sacrifices all grace of style. His construction is hard and granular. His sentences must be swallowed whole, and a pause made between each effort. Insensible to the fear of repetition, he trusts to no slipshod pronouns, eschews dependent clauses, and does not hesitate to set down over again an entire sentence for the sake of varying a word or two. To take an example at random: speaking of laws which are merely figuratively so called, (such as physical laws,) he describes them thus:—

'Like the improper laws which I style positive morality, they are related to laws, properly so called, in the way of analogy. But, unlike the improper laws which I style positive morality, they are related to laws, properly so called, by a remote or slender analogy. Like the improper laws which I style positive morality, they are named laws by an analogical extension of the term. But, unlike the laws which I style positive morality, they are named laws by such an extension of the term as is merely metaphorical or figurative.'

Again :

‘Of laws properly so called which are set by subjects, some are set by subjects as subordinate political superiors. But of laws properly so called which are set by subjects, others are set by subjects as private persons.’

These are fair specimens of Mr. Austin’s style. It would be clear beyond the possibility of mistake, if he were always careful to use the same words for the same idea ; but, in aiming at making each proposition complete in itself, he has involved himself frequently in the hopeless attempt to repeat, with every use of his terms, the guards which fix their precise meaning ; and he certainly has achieved a stiffness beyond the patience of general readers. One charm only can draw him from the close riveting of his argument. He scents a popular fallacy with the keenness, and hunts it down with the ferocity, of a bloodhound. Once upon the track, he loses at once his moderation of opinion and language, abandons himself to rant, and falls headlong into the most painful bathos. What will be thought of the taste of a passage like this,—set down in print, in the midst of a grave chapter inculcating the opinion that the true index to the Divine law is to be found in the principle of utility, and directed against the conduct of England towards her American colonies ?

‘Arguments from utility were not to the dull taste of the stupid and infuriate majority. The rabble, great and small, would hear of nothing but their *right*. “They’d a *right* to tax the colonists, and tax ’em they would. Ay, *that* they would.” Just as if a right were worth a rush of itself, or a something to be cherished and asserted independently of the good that it may bring. Mr. Burke would have taught them better ; would have purged their muddled brains, and “laid the fever in their souls” with the healing principle of utility.’

On this, *à propos* of the same subject :—

‘Parties who rest their pretensions on the jargon to which I have adverted must inevitably push to their objects through thick and thin, though their objects be straws or feathers as weighed in the balance of utility. Having bandied their fustian phrases, and “bawled till their lungs be spent,” they must even take to their weapons, and fight their difference out.’

These instances are fortunately rare ; with the course of the argument, the style regains its rude dignity : but both the rule and the exception display a want of ear for rhythm in composi-

tion, which it is not easy to account for in a writer of so much intellectual cultivation as Mr. Austin.

The volume before us contains, as its title promises, a mere introduction to the study of jurisprudence; but it is such an introduction as lays the foundations of the science itself. A country whose boundaries are ascertained is in a fair way for settlement. The severance of a science from its kindred sciences implies a knowledge of the principles of them, all which leaves their future course to little else than development. The scope of this work is to define the province which jurisprudence occupies in the field of moral science. Now, the cardinal idea of moral science is 'duty;' and the idea of duty involves—generally—that of law. The first branch, therefore, of Mr. Austin's inquiry consists of an analysis of the word 'law.' What are its essentials? What is its true, what are its false meanings? When this idea is fairly grasped, we have then to distribute the different classes of laws and duties into distinct sciences, and assign to each its proper function. The subject is one of great difficulty; and perhaps we have said enough of the manner of its presentation, to frighten many of our readers both from the volume itself, and from the few remaining pages which are here devoted to its consideration; but the importance of clear thought on moral questions is so vast, and the value of a model of strict analysis for all subjects and all purposes so inestimable, that we shall risk this danger, while we attempt briefly to sketch, with a more current hand, some of the distinctions which map out the province of jurisprudence.

First, then, every true law is a command. We must dismiss, once for all, those metaphorical applications of the word which have so much embarrassed moral writers. We have nothing here to do with cause and effect. When we speak of the laws of nature, we are speaking figuratively; and mean only certain successions of phenomena which we observe. A command implies two rational beings,—the giver, and him to whom it is given. Physical laws, though they are impressed by the Divine Creator, yet are not set to any created will or reason. They are simply natural causes. Again, when we speak of a man setting laws to himself, we are using the word 'law' in the sense of a *norma*, a pattern of conduct; and the use is not a true one, but analogical, because it implies no command. These

common figures of speech arise from the specific character of laws as distinguished from other commands. A 'command' may refer only to some single or occasional act; but we only give the name of 'laws' to such commands as prescribe not isolated actions, but *courses* of conduct. To quote our author's somewhat technical formulæ: the things commanded by a law to be done are determined not specifically, but generically,—a distinction easy to grasp, though not always easy to apply. It is, therefore, the object of a law to produce a uniformity of procedure; and it is this uniformity which, likened to the regularity of natural effects, has given occasion to call their causes *laws*, although they have nothing in them of *command*, nor the effects of *conduct*.

If, then, every law is a command, we must proceed to inquire what a command is; and we adopt Mr. Austin's definition. A command is the expression of a wish by one who has the power and the purpose of inflicting evil in case his wish be not complied with. It is this sanction, this threat of punishment, which distinguishes a command from a mere wish. And the foundation of law is thus laid in might. We may anticipate a very obvious objection. The Divine law: Does its authority rest solely upon God's power and purpose to punish its infraction? Are we under no obligation to follow it apart from fear? The answer is, Not *as law*. There may be many grounds for our compliance with the Divine will; we may appeal to our own moral nature, our relation of creatures to a Creator; our ties of gratitude and reciprocal affection; our hope of reward and Divine approbation; all these bind us to acknowledge the will of God as our supreme guide, pattern, law (in a figurative sense) of conduct. But the will of God only becomes strictly the command of God,—the *law* of God,—when the possibility and the punishment of disobedience come into contemplation. We can only reason of Divine things from the analogy of human affairs; and, if in these we must distinguish a command from a wish by its sanction, there seems no reason for departing from the meaning which we attach to the word, when we suppose a command to proceed from the Supreme Legislator. Neither is there any danger in adhering to this meaning, so long as we are merely defining words, and not expounding theological ideas. We are not prepared, indeed, to go with Mr. Austin so far as to

treat the words 'obligation,' and 'duty,' as merely correlative with 'law.' 'Duty' is too primary a word to be confined to government by the sword. 'Duty' we must imagine to exist when the last trace of disobedience shall be done away with, and the period of moral probation be past. But the object of our present inquiry does not reach to so remote a condition; and since, whatever be the essential idea of the Divine government, its law is in fact and in entirety sanctioned by the most terrible penalties, we shall be safe here in reckoning punishment among the necessary elements of command, especially as it will appear presently that the science of jurisprudence, which we are endeavouring to describe, is a department of moral science which has nothing to do with the law of God.

For the same reason, we shall not follow our author into his discussion of the means by which that law is indicated to men. Suffice it to say that he totally rejects every theory of a moral sense, and confines our knowledge of the will of God to revelation, and to such induction as we can found upon the admitted truth that He wills the universal happiness of His creatures. The utilitarian doctrine, as laid down in this book, seems obnoxious only to the difficulties connected with the nature of happiness, and to the check which the existence of a revelation places upon our confidence in the results of the induction. Utilitarians seem generally to assume that every man is the best judge of his own happiness,—a fancy totally inconsistent with the doctrine of the Fall; and, although some of them, like Mr. Austin, admit the fact of a Revelation, yet all alike ride off upon the remark that the Bible confessedly does not contain a complete systematic code of morals, forgetting that it nevertheless affords, when correctly interpreted, a standard by which our imperfect calculations of expediency must always be tested.

So far, then, at least, as laws of human authority are concerned, their foundation is laid simply in power,—the power to inflict evil, physical or mental. When we say, that one man has a *right* to command another, we mean one of two things; either that there is some existing human law which allows or enjoins him to issue the command, and forces the other to obey it,—in which case the authority of the command is not that of its issuer, but that of the superior law-giver; or that it is ethi-

cally right to issue the command,—in which case we are making an appeal to the Divine law, by whose authority the command takes its force. Ethics is the whole science of the Divine jurisprudence, of all that is by that law required to be done, or abstained from; and it consists of two great branches;—first, that part (whether it be ascertainable from revelation or left to be inferred from experience) which ought to be also enforced by human commands and punishments,—which is the subject of the science of legislation; secondly, that part whose eternal sanctions ought only to be supplemented by the general opinions of men,—which is the province of the science of morals. But all this relates to things as they ought to be; that is, as they are by the Divine will or law, when it is thoroughly known, intended and commanded to be. We have, further, to deal with things as they are; and, as all human authority does, in fact, depend upon power, muscular or moral, we cannot possibly be mistaken in referring all humanly constituted law to power, as its human basis.

This twofold distribution of ethics may serve also to lead us to the parallel division of human constitutions into law and morality;—*positive* law, and *positive* morality, as Mr. Austin terms them, in order to contrast their matter-of-fact topics with the speculative character of their respective standards,—legislation and morals. This division is also involved in the definition of a command. A command is a wish expressed and sanctioned. Now the same wish may be felt by a great many persons, and each of them may be in a position to make it into a law. There would then be as many laws as there were persons so expressing and enforcing the wish. But, in order that one law may be set by the *whole* of a number of persons, (as is the usual case with human laws,) it must be, somehow, a single expression of their common wish, backed by a common sanction; and all these persons must, therefore, constitute a determinate class or body, capable of expressing and enforcing its will. When a legislative assembly exercises its powers, it is by having a definite mode of expressing a single united resolution. The usual method is by the votes of a majority. But, even if the consent of every member of a class of persons be, by agreement, necessary to their common action, still it is not their several consents, but the decree founded upon them, which constitutes an expres-

sion of the corporate will ; and it is not any evil with which disobedience might be visited, even by every single member of his own authority, but only the penalty to be inflicted by a common executive officer, appointed by the whole class, which would convert that decree into a law. So long as a number of persons are indeterminate, and have no recognised means of common action, so long their wishes can be nothing more than mere opinions concerning conduct. Now, it is of these opinions that positive morality consists. When we speak of 'the rules of society' and 'public opinion,' we refer to a class of persons who have no fixed mode of expression, so that we can know who it is that makes the rule,—nor of action, so that we can know to whom to look for its enforcement. Such rules, set by general opinion, although they constitute the vast bulk of the rules by which men form their conduct, are not laws at all. Laws of honour and laws of fashion are merely opinions generally current among certain classes of mankind. The code of rules which we are accustomed to call 'International Law,' is merely a system of opinions and practices, held and used by an indeterminate class of 'nations.' All these are not laws, although they are wishes, and although the disregarding of them may, certainly, bring evil consequences, because they lack a determinate expression and a determinate avenger. They are not commands, and therefore cannot be laws. Only if we could suppose the States, meeting in a congress, to establish, not merely regulations which they promised to observe, but fixed penalties for breach of the agreement, and a common magistrate to exact the penalties, would their regulations become truly laws, and 'International Law' cease to be a misnomer.

Human laws, therefore, must be set by some *determinate* human superior. But a moment's reflection will show that the class of subjects to which we have given the name of 'positive law' is far too wide for the subject of jurisprudence. For, as we now have it, the only qualification which a man needs to make him a lawgiver, is the power to inflict evil upon some one else ; and that, in a greater or less degree, every man possesses over every other man. We must, therefore, seek for some distinction which will select laws, the appropriate material of the science of jurisprudence, out of that vast mass of human com-

mands which answer the true description of a law. This distinction is found in the political character of jurisprudence. The laws of which it treats are the laws subsisting in civil communities: the superiority which enforces them is a political superiority; they involve the relation of sovereign and subject. Laying aside, therefore, for a moment, the analysis of this relation, we divide positive law into two branches, political and non-political. It is somewhat to be regretted that Mr. Austin has suffered his desire to have a short definition of jurisprudence, as the science of positive law, to blur his precise distinction between law and morality. Confessedly, there is a vast branch of positive law which is non-political, and therefore falls without the domain of jurisprudence. Private laws are set by every one every day. The commands of a powerful state to a weaker, the commands of a monarch to his own domestic servants, the commands of a creditor to his debtor, are all positive laws. But our exact author, sacrificing accuracy to conciseness, boldly classes all these under the head of positive morality, and thus spoils the results of his most careful investigation, for the sake of a neat expression. So that, when we read in his book that jurisprudence is the science of positive law, we must keep in mind that it is really only the science of such positive law as is set by sovereigns to subjects.

And this brings us to the last, most interesting, and at the same time most difficult, branch of our subject,—namely, the true nature of political superiority. The province of jurisprudence is defined, if we can define a sovereign. Unfortunately, this can only be done in general terms. We cannot find such a definition as will enable any one to decide in all cases, and with instant precision, whether a particular man or body of men is or is not in a position of sovereignty. But, using the most fixed terms which can be employed, we have little hesitation in agreeing with Mr. Austin, that a society is political when the bulk of its members habitually obey a determinate common superior,—its sovereign; and that a political society is independent when its sovereign does not habitually obey any determinate human superior. The words 'bulk' and 'habit' necessarily leave the definitions loose; but, though inexact, they are not obscure; and their laxity does not altogether bar the further pursuit of the subject. We may not be able to say what proportion of a

society constitutes the bulk, or what constancy of obedience goes to form a habit; but we can at least proceed to classify some of the forms of sovereignty, to indicate some of its essential characteristics, and to treat of the sovereign power in one or two of the best known constitutions.

Sovereignty may be exercised either by a single individual, or by a single body of persons, or jointly by several persons or bodies of persons. Mr. Austin allows of only one proper distinction in the forms of government,—namely, between pure monarchy, where the sovereign is, of course, not a subject, and all other forms, in which each constituent member of the sovereign power is subject to the joint authority of all. These latter he classes as aristocracies, inclining to oligarchy or democracy as the sovereignty is shared by a smaller or greater proportion of the whole society;—a theory which we only mention here in order to notice that the term ‘democracy’ has usually a far too strict meaning, and applies to all states in which a large section of the people has direct influence on the government, whether legally sharing in it or not. We shall show presently that, contrary to Mr. Austin’s view, the suffrage is not properly an act of sovereignty. In the meanwhile, it is clear that, by whatever hands the supreme power is wielded, it is, so far as positive law, and therefore jurisprudence, is concerned, necessarily absolute. A sovereign under legal restraint would be a sovereign subject to a determinate human superior,—that is, no sovereign at all. All constitutional limitations of the supreme power are rules of positive morality. And, therefore, if it can be said of any subsisting authority in a state that the law of the state imposes and provides for the enforcement of restraints upon its power, that authority is not truly sovereign.

The government of the United Kingdom consists, according to these principles, of an aristocracy in which the sovereignty belongs jointly to these members: the king and the two houses. The king is a subject, for his authority is limited by the law of the land. The whole Parliament is sovereign, because its authority is not limited by that law, but only by the theories of the constitution. Mr. Austin falls here, as we venture to think, into a great error, in placing the third limb of the sovereignty in the whole body of electors. The House of Commons, he says, exercises merely the delegated authority of its constituents, and

is their political subordinate, holding its powers in trust for them. Without stopping to inquire whether this be a sound constitutional theory or not, we need only say that the trust, if it exists, is certainly enforced by no legal sanction, and has no legal existence. It would be no answer to Mr. Austin's theory to rejoin that the electoral body is wholly under the control of the law; because each member of a composite sovereignty is always subject to the whole. But he has not adverted to the fact, that the body of electors has no legal status whatever, except as a body of electors; that it has no powers to delegate; and that, even if we suppose it to have originally possessed a portion of the sovereign power, yet the very establishment of the House of Commons was not a mere temporary and legally revocable delegation, but a complete legal transfer of that portion to totally different hands. The officer who exercises the function of selecting members of the sovereign body is not necessarily a member of it himself; and the question is not, 'By whose authority was the constitution cast into its present mould?' but, 'Who, according to the law, is now supreme?' Sovereign power implies the right of abdication.

It would be useless, however, to deny that this kind of delegated authority introduces great difficulty into the practical applications of the theory of sovereignty. No sovereign can exercise personally the whole duty of his office. A nation habitually obeys its judges; but they are not sovereigns, because their power is under legal restraint. They are obeyed solely as the representatives of the sovereign. The question, therefore, arises, How much of his authority may a sovereign delegate to another, and still remain sovereign? And if he delegate his whole authority during his pleasure, does his right of resumption save his sovereignty, or would it lapse, in process of time, and the sovereignty follow the habit of obedience, into the hands of his once delegate and now successor? How can there be a *habit* of obedience to a power whose authority is so largely delegated that its personal exercise is reserved for the great crisis which may never occur? And how does such a state of things differ from a surrender of sovereignty 'upon terms?' Is the original Scotch Parliament still sovereign in Scotland, because the power which it surrendered at the Union to the British Parliament was limited by certain fixed conditions? The only answer to

these queries seems to be, that the sovereignty resides where it is supposed by those who obey to reside ; but this reduces the test of sovereignty from the fact of habitual obedience to an idea of the constitution which the bulk of subjects never entertain for a moment. And we can go no further than to insist, as we have intimated already, that where legal restraint can be found there is no sovereignty.

These difficulties embarrass still more the application of the theory to the government of the Trans-atlantic Republic. The constitution of the United States of America is discussed by Mr. Austin, as a specimen of a composite State. A composite State is one so compounded of several independent States, that their separate sovereignties are all transferred to a great council of them all. The constitution of the United States unquestionably limits the supremacy exercised by each State legislature : as unquestionably it confers on the central government only a limited authority. But it decrees a perpetual union ; and, by the 5th Article, places in a majority of three-fourths of the States, assembled in *Convention*, the power of remodelling the constitution itself. If this power were unlimited, we should be disposed to agree with our author that the 5th Article transferred, once for all, the sovereignty of each State to such a convention as is there described. But the proviso which is appended to it, saving the right of equal suffrage in the Senate to every State, coupled with the restriction of the amending power to a majority of three-fourths, clearly imposes, even upon a Convention of States, certain limitations which negative its claim to supremacy. Where, then, does the supreme power lie ? We can frame but one answer. No convention of the States has any authority, except under the limitations of the constitution. The constitution itself was understood to require, and actually received, the express sanction of each State which was to be bound by it. One principle of absolute sovereignty, and one only, is recognised throughout the state documents of the American people ; and that is, the right of the Convention of each State to govern that State. That sovereignty has never been abdicated. The Federal Convention of States, the government of Washington, the State legislatures, hold but superior and inferior delegated powers from the several States which have granted them. The constitution is not the charter of a single nation, but the compact of a system of Con-

federated States. The great republic is no unity, but an alliance. The laws of Congress, the very constitution itself, are positive law in such State only, because they exist by the authority of that State's own Convention; and if any State revoke its adhesion, and declare an absolute independence, the act must be visited, if at all, not as a violation of law, but as a breach of treaty, by war, and not by punishment. So that if Mr. Austin's view of a composite State be sound, the United States of America do not answer the description.

We need only add a few words, in order to guard ourselves against a probable mistake. The discussion in this place of the sovereignty of the United States has nothing whatever to do with the right of secession. We are treating of law, not of morals. Secession is a question of constitutional law, and constitutional law, as has been noticed above, consists principally of mere morality. Or, rather, secession is a question higher than all constitutional law, and owns no other considerations than those which are afforded by the highest expediency. States so closely confederated as the American States are, cannot but grow gradually into a single people; and one people must have one government. The union of nations is no temporary partnership, to be regulated by written articles, and dissolved by the will of either party, but a permanent and inviolable marriage. Constitutions or treaties may provide for their separation; but nature makes them one; and what God has once joined no man may put asunder. Divorce may become justifiable and necessary; but it is no subject for contract. Revolution is not a right to be bought and sold, but a desperate remedy against wrong. The secession of the Southern States must be looked upon either as a rebellion, or as a final struggle against a yet incomplete process of unification. In either view it may, perhaps, be fully justified by the circumstances of the contending parties; but in either view it is no question of paper constitutions, and still less of the abstract theory of sovereignty.

ART. VI.—1. *The Life of Edward Irving, Minister of the National Scotch Church, London. Illustrated by his Journals and Correspondence.* By MRS. OLIPHANT. In Two Vols. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1862.

JUDGED by any standard, Edward Irving was one of the most remarkable men of his time, and of all time. His splendid genius, his unparalleled rise, and his no less extraordinary fall, commend his life as worthy of close and thoughtful examination. The interest of the study is heightened by the fact, that he was so signally a representative man. Behind his age in many respects,—borrowing his language, his tastes, and his very spirit from the past,—seeming always more like a reproduction of antiquity than a part of the life around him,—Irving was yet before his age. He represented almost every school of present religious thought. It is not difficult to discern in him the type of the highest sacramentarianism. His theories of the humanity and brotherhood of Christ are reflected, at least, in the principles of the Broad Church school. The lowest Evangelicalism may claim him as its pattern. And perhaps we may go so far as to say, that even Spiritualism, in some of its less revolting aspects, is not altogether without the sanction of his example.

This fulness and variety of his remarkable life complicates the difficulty of forming a correct estimate of him. Some unique men are scrutable by no age. The world cannot make up its mind about them. The more it knows of their history, the more it is puzzled. Cromwell, notwithstanding Carlyle's admirable and exhaustive apology, is yet a mystery; society cannot decide whether he was a sublime and godly patriot, or a ruthless hypocrite. Bacon wears yet the twofold character of uncompromising fidelity and unprincipled time-serving. William Penn enjoys the reputation both of a saint and of a rogue. And, while some exalt Edward Irving as the grandest and most apostolic man of his day, others denounce him as the veriest fanatic.

Mrs. Oliphant has attempted to clear up the mystery, and to place Edward Irving before the world in his true and proper

character. She has made judicious use of her materials, and succeeded in drawing a very vivid picture, the few blemishes of which we can afford to forget in the presence of so many excellences. It is not our function to criticize the minor literary failings of works like this. But while giving Mrs. Oliphant all credit for her generous motives, we must record our judgment that she lacks one quality, which, above all others, the biographer of Edward Irving should possess,—she is a partisan, and not a historian. She never pretends to be dispassionate. She chooses a motto for her work which assumes for her hero the character of the purest and most entire devotion to God. She dedicates her volumes to all who love his memory. And it is almost impossible for one carried on by the impetuous tide of her eloquence and energy to resist the conclusion that Edward Irving belongs, by every right, to the lists of ‘the noble army of martyrs.’

Nor can we altogether blame her. His was a beautiful life, —vague, dreamy, erratic, but beautiful. Clad in the antique and sombre grandeur of the past, and stretching forth ever into the august splendours of the future,—masculine to intensity, and yet gentle and womanlike,—daring to stand on the shores of eternal mystery, while at the same time humbly craving light and truth from the little children of God,—the idol of tens of thousands, and yet the outcast of the Churches,—Irving stands before us as a man whom it seems almost irreverent to criticize. In the study of his tragic history, (for it is no less,) the most stubborn prejudice wavers, and the calmest philosophy is melted to tears.

Edward Irving was born in a small house near the old town cross of Annan, in the autumn of the eventful year 1792. His father was a tanner,—a plain, sensible man, to whom leather was one of the great questions of life. Scarcely more noticeable was his mother. Her beauty, ‘of dark and solemn type,’ lived again in the face of her son; but she seems to have had little else to raise her above the general level than a certain energy of character, and a very respectable share of common sense. Irving, however, was always proud of his somewhat homely mother. ‘Evangelicalism,’ he said, ‘has spoiled both the minds and bodies of the women of Scotland: there are no women now like my mother.’ We have a glimpse of two

eccentric uncles, on the mother's side; but there is nothing further in the circle of Irving's kindred to account for the distinction of his after-life.

Nor do his school-days appear to have given promise of future renown. His education was intrusted first of all to one 'Peggy Paine,' a relation of Tom Paine, who was then in Paris. From the care of this spinster of evil name and kindred, he was transferred at an early age to the school of one Adam Hope, a man of very limited means, but of considerable literary attainments. Fifty years ago the humblest Scottish schoolmaster was generally a respectable scholar, and a graduate of the University. Mr. Hope's scholarship, however, seems to have somewhat overborne the gentler sympathies. His discipline was severe. The bleeding ears of the boys uttered often their silent protest against the theory that learning softens the asperities of nature. Young Irving, who was neither genius nor dunce, seems to have frequently fallen under the anger of his master. 'The only real glimpse which is to be obtained of Edward in his school-days discloses the mournful picture of a boy "kept in," and comforted in the ignominious solitude of the school-room, by having his "piece" hoisted up to him by a cord through a broken window.'

But it is most probable that the sphere of Irving's real education was much wider than the area of school studies. He gloried in the open air. Possessing perfect health and a vigorous frame, the young athlete revelled in the sports of the inspiring dales. Walking, running, climbing, leaping, were all more to his mind than even mathematics, in which he was a proficient from boyhood. His friends still remember that he never went to Dornoch, the home of his uncles, without leaping every gate on the way. It is to be feared that the high-pressure systems of education pursued at the present day are fatal to mental elasticity and breadth. Boys have not enough fresh air and athletic exercise; and the result is a fevered tone of culture, from which it is almost vain to expect those masculine and original developments which distinguished the men of the past generation.

While it is impossible to discover in the earlier age of Irving any indications of those qualities which afterwards distinguished him, it is not difficult to discern the process by which he was gradually moulded. The locality of his birth was itself strongly suggestive. Echoes of the Covenant rang through those old-

fashioned dales, which were as yet far behind the civilization of the times. There was scarcely a nook in the neighbourhood which had not its legend of martyrdom. People in the everyday life of Annan wore the names of sainted confessors who had attested the sincerity of their faith by their blood. There is a deep inspiration in the religious history of Scotland. The annals of her National Church are the very poetry of history. It is this fact that weaves 'round the bald services of the Scotch Church a charm of imagination more entrancing and visionary than the highest poetic ritual could command, and connecting her absolute canons and unpicturesque economy with the highest epic and romance of national faith.' There is enough in the stirring legends of the religious life of Scotland to account for many phases in the character of Irving.

At the age of thirteen he began his studies at the Edinburgh University; for it is the custom of the Scottish Universities to admit students of tender years. This is accounted for, not only on the ground of the strong literary tastes of Scotland, but because of the protracted course of study demanded of all candidates for the Church. Before they can be admitted to the theological department at all, they must have spent four years in the study of classical and philosophical literature. This system, however desirable in other respects, has one considerable drawback,—it degrades the University to the level of a mere grammar school. Universities are for men, not for boys. Nor is there any real gain in the precociousness which this system must stimulate. Mere children, brought into a sort of rivalry with men, and trained to dream of college honours at a time when the cricket-bat would be far more to the true purpose of education, are not likely to furnish that healthy succession of scholars which the Universities contemplate. There is something, too, that is downright harrowing in the picture of a child of thirteen, cast adrift upon the life of a vast city, as Irving was cast, having to 'fend' for himself, and enjoying the benefit of no other guardianship than the simply theoretical oversight of *Alma Mater*. The 'hardening' process in the moral education of youth is about as successful as it is in the physical training of infants. For every case which it strengthens and braces, it kills off a score.

Few particulars of Irving's college life have been preserved.

Now and then we have a vision of a well-laden hamper from the Annan home,—always a welcome boon to the boy of thirteen, lodging almost by himself in the sixth flat of a gloomy Edinburgh house. Sometimes the tedium of study is relieved by a visit to the dearly-loved old town of Annan,—though he never condescended to travel by the venerable ‘stage’ of the period. His journeys were always on foot; and many were astonished at the vision of the huge, ungainly boy, striding along unfrequented pathways, disdaining turnpike-roads, and, in defiance of warnings against trespassers, crossing hedge, and pasture land, and corn-field, and park, ‘as the crow flies.’ The record in the college library is by no means flattering to Irving’s taste for reading. The *Arabian Nights*, and other books of equally suspicious title, are found against his name in the catalogue. There is a legend of his having found a copy of Hooker in a farm-house, to which he often recurred. It is somewhat significant, that he carried in his waistcoat pocket a copy of *Ossian*, ‘passages from which,’ says a surviving companion, ‘he read or recited in his walks in the country, or delivered with sonorous elocution and vehement gesticulation.’

During his residence at Edinburgh, he attracted the attention of Sir John Leslie and Professor Christison, whose kind offices secured for him, at the age of eighteen, the mastership of a new mathematical school at Haddington. Though no longer a resident student, he still continued to matriculate, carrying on the intermediate preparations by himself. This Haddington life is full of characteristic episodes; and we now, first of all, see the dawns of those features which distinguished the Edward Irving of after years. Soon after his appointment to the school, he became private tutor to the little daughter of Dr. Welsh, the principal medical man of the district. The hours of study were somewhat untimely both for himself and his little pupil,—from six till eight in the morning, and in the evening, after the school was closed. The doctor required the tutor to leave a daily report of his pupil’s progress. If the report was *pessima*,—as, indeed, it must often have been, as the result of those early wakings, for the little girl,—she was punished. ‘One day he paused long before putting his sentence upon paper. The culprit sat on the table, small, downcast, and conscious of failure. The preceptor lingered remorsefully over his verdict,

wavering between justice and mercy. At last he looked up at her with pitiful looks: "Jane, my heart is broken!" cried the sympathetic tutor, "but I must tell the truth;" and with reluctant pen he wrote the dread deliverance—*Pessima.*'

Though a severe disciplinarian, he succeeded in winning the affections of his pupils, to whom it was the greatest possible enjoyment to be allowed to accompany him in his long walks. These walks he made delightful and instructive. Sometimes he calculated heights and distances by ingenious plans. With a dim notion of preparing himself to follow in the track of Mungo Park, he threw stones into pools, to determine the depth of the water by the sound of the plunge, and so assist himself in the crossing of rivers. This was grand sport to the boys, to whom distance was no object at all, when the toil of walking could be varied by such genial pursuits. Sometimes, however, his excursions were on a most outrageous scale. On one week-day evening he set out, with several of his pupils, to hear Dr. Chalmers, at Edinburgh, and returned the same night, the distance being thirty-five miles.

'The fatigue of this long walk was enlivened when the little party arrived at the church by an outbreak of imperious pugnacity, not perhaps quite seemly in such a place, but characteristic enough. Tired with their walk, the boys and their youthful leader made their way up to the gallery of the church, where they directed their steps towards one particular pew which was quite unoccupied. Their entrance into the vacant place was, however, stopped by a man, who stretched his arm across the pew, and announced that it was engaged. Irving remonstrated, and represented that at such a time all the seats were open to the public; but without effect. At last his patience gave way, and, raising his hand, he exclaimed, evidently with all his natural magniloquence of voice and gesture, "Remove your arm, or I will shatter it into pieces!" His astonished opponent fell back in utter dismay, like Mrs. Siddons's shopman, and made a precipitate retreat, while the rejoicing boys took possession of the pew.' Under such stormy auspices, Irving and Chalmers met for the first time.

The life of the young master at Haddington was full of sunshine. The society of Dr. Welsh and his wife, a fair, sweet, and gentle woman, secured to him a variety which was as plea-

sant as it was profitable. Certain social supper-parties helped to enliven the monotony of the humble school. Often were the members of these circles startled by the originality of Irving's views, and the vehemence with which he advanced them. One evening the conversation turned on the destiny of the saints in heaven. Irving, with unsuspecting frankness, broached some singular opinions on the saintly function of ruling and judging angels. A discreet divine in the company, shocked at the unconventional character of Irving's theories, hinted that there were more profitable subjects for young students. 'Dare either you or I,' thundered the young speculatist, 'deprive God of the glory and thanks due to His name, for this exceeding great reward?'

In his impatience of all intellectual conventionality, and in the impassioned energy of his mind and manner, it is not difficult to discover the dawnings of his after character. But, in strange contrast to the utter credulousness of a later day, he appears at Haddington as a man of jealous inquiry, verging almost on scepticism. Every intelligent life has, more or less, its sceptical era. The strata of truth in the thoughtful mind must suffer convulsion ere they become settled and final. Doubt is often the portal through which the soul passes into the temple of a solid and assured faith. And the sceptical cast of Irving's mind at this date is noticeable, not as a phenomenon of mental development, but because of the contrast presented in after days. One who well knew him at Haddington, says: 'The main quality in himself which struck observers was, in strong and strange contradiction to the extreme devotion of belief manifested in his latter years, the critical and almost sceptical tendency of his mind; impatient of superficial, received truths, and eager for proof and demonstration of everything.' 'This youth,' said the kind Dr. Welsh, 'will scrape a hole in everything he is called on to believe.' Such facts as these, while they give interesting variety to his history, very much complicate the difficulty of forming a philosophical estimate of his character.

When he had been two years at Haddington, he was preferred, at the instance of his friend and patron, Sir John Leslie, to the mastership of a newly-established academy at Kirkcaldy. The new school, though of a very humble exterior, consisting of

but two rooms in a central wynd, with a small class-room attached, and a cobbler's hutch beneath, had the prestige of a sort of aristocracy. It had been originated by the minister and well-to-do shopkeepers of the town, for the benefit of their children. It was open to pupils of both sexes,—an arrangement which, whatever may be its drawbacks, must, under judicious control, prove of material benefit in the processes of education. The association of boys and girls in the class-room, and their united study, can scarcely fail to give refinement of tone to the one, and vigour of thought to the other.

The appearance of Irving in Kirkcaldy gave no small astonishment to the inhabitants of that ancient town. Standing some six feet three or four, and arrayed generally in a suit of somewhat threadbare tartan, in which red was the prevailing colour, the young schoolmaster attracted universal attention. The stern discipline of the school did not lessen the popular interest in the teacher, who, as he strode along the streets with gleaming eye and raven hair floating over his shoulders, was an object of wonder, not unmixed with awe. Rumours of his semi-tragical severity invested him with an interest not over-favourable, and gave rise now and then to threatening demonstrations. One of the neighbours, 'a joiner, a deacon of the trade, and a man of great strength, is reported to have appeared one day, with his shirt sleeves rolled up to his elbows, and an axe on his shoulders, asking, "Do ye want a hand the day, Mr. Irving?" with terrible irony.' On another occasion, some alarming outcries in the neighbourhood led to a rush of people to the school-house, under the idea that he was murdering a pupil. To their great discomfiture it turned out that the shrieks were those of an unhappy pig under the hands of the butcher! Nor was severity the only element of his character which inspired awe. One of his favourite engagements was a Milton class, the pupils of which were required to re-arrange in prose the more abstruse and complex passages of the *Paradise Lost*. One of the elder pupils, having on one occasion reached the class-room a few minutes before the time, found Irving alone, 'reciting to himself one of the speeches of Satan, with so much emphasis, and with so gloomy a countenance,' that the poor girl, half fearing that she had invaded the privacy of the arch-fiend himself, fled precipitately from the spot.

A master's life, however, was not Irving's ideal. He had assumed the profession with no love for it. An honourable desire to be independent, and to pursue his college studies without cost to his parents, was the one inspiration which nerved him for a task utterly uncongenial, and even repulsive. And it was time for him to unfetter himself, and enter upon that more sacred profession for which he had been for a long time preparing. He had now completed his necessary tale of collegiate sessions, having attended the Divinity Hall for six winters. But the Church of Scotland is in no hurry to receive candidates for ordination. They must pass through an imposing series of 'trials,' before they are deemed eligible even for a licence. Irving, with a dash of that pride which he ever felt in his national Church, thus describes the work to be done by candidates who have gone through the college *curriculum*. 'They are now taken to several trials by the Presbytery of the church in those bounds where they reside; and circular letters are sent to all the Presbytery in that district, in order that objections may be taken against him who would have the honour, and take upon himself the trust, of preaching Christ. If no objections are offered, they proceed to make trial of his attainments in all things necessary for the ministry,—his knowledge, his piety, his learning, and his character. They prescribe to him five several discourses,—an *Ecce Jesum*, in Latin, to discover his knowledge in that language; another, an exercise in Greek criticism, to discover his knowledge in sacred literature; another, a homily; another, a discourse to the clergy, to know his gifts in expounding the Scriptures; another, a sermon, to know his gifts in preaching to the people. These trials last half a year; and, being found sufficient, he is permitted to preach the Gospel among the churches. But he is not yet ordained; for our Church ordaineth no man without a flock.'

The pulpit of Scotland has always been rich, not only in the wealth of its material, and the eloquence of its utterances, but in power. The secret lies not merely in the native ability of the Scottish mind, but in the protracted mental discipline through which every candidate for holy orders must pass. Mere learning, of course, is no qualification for the Christian ministry; but learning, when it is the associate of godliness, must surely be of priceless worth in the equipment of men for

the sacred office. Some of the churches of to-day are sadly at fault on this point. For the very exceptional chance of catching a stray genius, they have thrown open the doors of ordination so wide as to admit a vast throng of 'impotent folk,' not only feeble for the time being, but incapable of ever becoming anything else. The ministry is well-nigh swamped by meagre and unripe men, who might possibly have made indifferent tradesmen, but whom no force of circumstances, and, with all reverence we say it, no fervour of devotion, can qualify for the high places of the sanctuary. Introduction to civil office must always be preceded by careful and elaborate training. The commonest counting-house clerk must go through a course of discipline ere he is eligible for the desk. The humblest artisan must serve an apprenticeship. And yet we are told that men may be taken from the loom, the plough, the shop, and suddenly inducted into the most sacred office under heaven, simply because they have zeal for God and His work in the world. The fallacy of the popular argument drawn from the rise of the Christian Church, and from more recent eras of revivalism, has been exposed over and over again. It is one thing, by a vigorous evangelism, to create a Church; but it is another thing to feed and pastor that Church; to defend it against the assaults of the sceptic; to discriminate between its myriad shades of character and requirement; and to be the referee and adjudicator of all its differences.

Enthusiasm may inaugurate a revolution, but wisdom must direct its issues. And when we regard the path of the Church to-day,—no longer a path through a wilderness of ignorance and superstition; for our vast systems of popular education are already laying hold of the masses of the land;—when we witness the formidable array which is marshalling against the truth;—when we reflect that almost every congregation has its hard-headed, unimpassioned men, chary of faith, and full of misgivings,—surely we must conclude that it is better to let slip the chance of winning a stray and untutored genius, than to open the doors of the ministry so wide as to admit a herd of incompetent and indifferent men. The purest pearl is dear, if to secure it we must be burdened with a haul of pebbles. Men of soul, who are burning to deliver God's message to their fellows, but who have no mental furniture, and no capacity of

self-culture, can surely find a thousand spheres of Christian labour, without aspiring to a dignity which, when associated with incompetence, depresses the tone of the Church, and ministers to personal conceit. We do not say that the severe ordeals of the Church of Scotland should be universally adopted. It is possible to be overstrict on this point. There is something confessedly stern in the aspect of a presbytery sending letters round *in order to take objections* to a candidate; as though he were a culprit, rather than a chosen herald of truth. But the Churches should surely demand of every candidate for ministerial probation a standard of, at least, elementary attainments which, while giving evidence of a past industry, should be the pledge and promise of future respectability. Every faithful man would crane himself up to this standard, or accept his incapacity as the proof of a mistaken vocation.

Irving passed through the severe ecclesiastical ordeals of his Church with considerable honour, and early in the year 1815 he was fully licensed by the Presbytery of Kirkcaldy to preach the Gospel. His first sermon was delivered in the parish church of his native town, and the appearance of the young and gigantic divine in the pulpit of Annan created no little excitement. An amusing incident in the service heightened the popular estimate of his abilities. 'When the sermon was in full current, some incautious movement of the young preacher tilted aside the great Bible, and the sermon itself, that direful *paper* which Scotch congregations hold in high despite, dropped out bodily, and fluttered down upon the precentor's desk underneath.' The whole audience was thrown into a fever of excitement. Every one looked for the preacher's utter discomfiture. But, without the slightest embarrassment, and without interrupting his discourse for a moment, he 'calmly stooped his great figure over the pulpit, grasped the manuscript as it lay broadways, crushed it up in his great hand, thrust it into a pocket, and went on as fluently as before.'

At Kirkcaldy, however, the young preacher did not take. There he had not the prestige of the Annan catastrophe, and his notorious severity as a schoolmaster turned much to his disadvantage. His sermons, too, were of an excessively magniloquent style, which found little favour with the simpler folk. His 'chaotic splendours' bewildered them, and the popular estimate

of his preaching was well expressed by one who pronounced that 'he had ower muckle gran'ner.' The church was always thin when Irving took the pulpit, in the absence of Dr. Martin.

For three years after his licence he remained at Kirkcaldy, without a church, and without an invitation. Other men were passing from the neighbourhood to spheres of honourable labour. Weak and inadequate men were holding pulpits around him; while he, conscious of capacity, and forging schemes of apostolic energy in his heart, sat like a chained eagle at the schoolmaster's desk, unnoticed and alone. It was a bitter experience, but not unwholesome. The pew is one of the finest schools for the training of a young minister. Every man is more or less the image and representative of his fellows; and in marking the influence of certain styles of preaching upon his own heart, the candidate for orders can form the safest estimate of the kind of preaching that affects the hearts of others. No system of theological training is perfect which does not provide the student with the opportunity of frequent hearing. A man who never hears any other preacher than himself is cut off from one of the grandest inspirations of the ministry, as well as from one of the most powerful methods of instruction in the requirements of the pulpit.

Irving, chafed and mortified, was nevertheless intent on making the best of his position as a hearer. The feeble platitudes of the Kirkcaldy pulpit, though excessively comforting and refreshing to many in the congregation, found no response in his heart. Sitting solitary in his pew, he dreamed of a preacher fascinating the intelligence, ministering to the cravings, satisfying the difficulties, of his audience. He dreamed of a man transcending the every-day truths of the Word, and passing with eagle flight into the more shadowed and august of the Divine verities. He dreamed of a priest of God standing reverently before the veil, and as from the very heart of Deity uttering eternal truth to the people. And such a preacher he determined to be,—not a sermonizer, attenuating the Divine message into 'firstly,' 'secondly,' and 'thirdly,'—but an apostle, speaking the oracles of God. Thus pondering and dreaming, he collected the manuscripts of many years, and committed them, remorselessly, but not unwisely, to the flames.

Three years after receiving the licence of the Presbytery, and

seven years after entering upon the mastership of the Kirkcaldy school, Irving renounced the profession of which he had long been sick, and left the town. Resolving to devote himself solely to the ministry, he took lodgings in Edinburgh, near the College, and began to attend the classes, and to prepare himself to address such hearers as he himself had been at Kirkcaldy. This is the explanation of his future power. He preached only that truth which laid hold of himself, and he preached it in the manner in which it laid hold. A sermon which does not strongly move the Preacher is not likely to move any one else.

For twelve months Irving waited in Edinburgh; but the Church made no sign. And then there dawned upon him the idea of becoming a Missionary of the Cross, after the apostolic model, going from land to land through the world, without scrip and purse. 'A Missionary with Exeter Hall expectant behind him, and a due tale of conversions to render year after year, Irving never could have been,' says Mrs. Oliphant, indulging a cheap and ungenerous sneer at the evangelical organizations of the day. Such a reference is not worthy of the biographer of Edward Irving, nor is it creditable to her knowledge of the facts of the case. We are not ready to defend all the deliverances of Exeter Hall. We are prepared to protest against all cant, whether its platform be a Scottish Presbytery, a High Church Convocation, or an Evangelical Alliance. But we would remind Mrs. Oliphant that the meetings at Exeter Hall, which she holds in such light repute, represent not only the largest but the most successful Missionary organizations which the annals of the Church record; and if they are 'expectant,' it is not because they have faith either in their schemes or their agents, but because, like the company in the upper room, they wait for the promise of God.

Fired with his new idea, Irving proceeded at once to prepare for its fulfilment. His thoughts turned to Persia as the first sphere of his evangelical knight-errantry. He plunged forthwith into the study of the language. He armed himself with maps, grammars, histories, and girded himself for his mission. He broke up his establishment; and, in the division of his household effects, he presented his bed to Mrs. Martin, wife of the minister of Kirkcaldy, offering many apologies for the present,

as 'a cumbrous and inelegant memorial.' A letter written by him at this time will be read with interest: 'Carlyle goes away to-morrow, and Brown the next day. So here I am once more on my own resources, except Dixon, who is better fitted to swell the enjoyment of a joyous, than to cheer the solitude of a lonely, hour. For this, Carlyle is better fitted than any one I know. It is very odd indeed that he should be sent, for want of employment, to the country; of course, like every man of talent, he has gathered around this Patmos many a splendid purpose to be fulfilled, and much improvement to be wrought out. "I have the ends of my thoughts to bring together, which no one can do in this thoughtless scene; I have my views of life to reform, and the whole plan of my conduct to new-model; and into all I have my health to recover. And then once more I shall venture my bark upon the waters of this wide realm; and if she cannot weather it, I shall steer west, and try the waters of another world." So he reasons and resolves; but surely a worthier destiny awaits him than voluntary exile. And for myself, here I am to remain until further orders:—if from the east, I am ready,—if from the west, I am ready,—and if from the folk of Fife, I am not the less ready.'

Just at this crisis a letter arrived from Dr. Andrew Thomson, of St. George's, inviting Irving to preach in his pulpit, and intimating that Dr. Chalmers, who wanted an assistant in his Glasgow labours, would be there to hear him. With an impression 'that it was a sort of pious and charitable plot,' to let Dr. Chalmers hear him before making inquiries as to his fitness, Irving preached his sermon. It met with general approbation. Dr. Thomson pronounced it to be 'the production of no ordinary mind;' but the greater Doctor made no sign. Irving waited for a time, 'in blank, discouraging silence.' Unable any longer to bear the sickening suspense, he abandoned all hope of preferment, packed up his boxes, sent them on to his father's, and went off to Greenock, with the idea of preparing himself, by a short interval, for his final farewell, and then travelling by some of the coasters to his native home. Scarcely knowing what he was doing, he took the wrong boat, and had to come on shore again. Just then another boat was preparing to depart, and, utterly careless what became of him, he leaped on board, and

took his passage for Belfast. On reaching that port a ludicrous adventure befell him. 'Some notable crime had been perpetrated in Ireland about that time, the doer of which was still at large, filling the minds of the people with dreams of capture, and suspicions of every stranger. Of all the strangers entering that port of Belfast, perhaps there was no one so remarkable as this tall Scotchman, with his knapsack and slender belongings, his extraordinary, powerful frame, and his total ignorance of the place, who was travelling without any feasible motive or object. The excited authorities found the circumstances so remarkable, that they laid suspicious hands upon the singular stranger, who was only freed from their surveillance by applying to the Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Mr. Hanna, who liberated his captive brother, and took him home with Irish frankness.'

Leaving the hospitable home of this Irish Samaritan, Irving wandered, purposeless and abstracted, over the north of the island, striding across the country in the fashion of former days, without respect for legitimate roads. Walking 'as the crow flies,' he passed up and down among the cabins of the peasantry, sharing their potatoes and milk, and finding such shelter as their roof could afford. It was indeed a singular journey; 'performed in primitive hardship, fatigue, and brotherly kindness; out of the reach of civilized persons or conventional necessities; undertaken out of pure caprice, the evident sudden impulse of letting things go as they would; and persevered in with something of the same *abandon* and determined abstraction of himself from all the disgusts and disappointments of life.'

Emerging again into civilization, he found a letter from his father in the Coleraine post-office, with an enclosure from Dr. Chalmers, inviting him to Glasgow. There was nothing very definite in the Doctor's almost illegible communication; but Irving resolved to go. On reaching Glasgow, he found that Chalmers was away from home. It was perhaps as well that he was; for Irving's always extraordinary appearance must have been heightened by the very woful state of his wardrobe. 'Conceive me,' he writes, 'to have wandered a whole fortnight among the ragged sons of St. Patrick, to have scrambled about the Giants' Causeway, and crossed the channel twice, and sailed in fish-boats and pleasure-boats, and driven gigs and jaunting-

cars, and never once condescended to ask the aid of a tailor's needle !'

On the Doctor's return, he at once invited Irving to become his assistant at St. John's. Thankful to be relieved from further suspense, but by no means elated by the prospect of association with the greatest preacher in Scotland, Irving accepted the offer. With characteristic scrupulousness, however, he would not allow the Doctor to intrude him upon the congregation of St. John's, but requested to be permitted to preach in the church, before finally closing the agreement. 'I will preach to them, if you think fit,' said he; 'but if they bear with my preaching, they will be the first people who have borne with it.' The trial sermon came off in the month of October, 1819. It was preached before the most fastidious congregation in the kingdom. It was a moderate success. The people thought him rather flowery, but seem to have had no further idea of the grandeur of the new intellect which had burst upon them. They acquiesced in the Doctor's arrangement, and were charitably willing to suppose that a young man of his choice must have something in him.

It was a strange sea upon which the Doctor launched his young assistant. Glasgow was in a disturbed and uneasy state. 'Want of work and want of food had wrought their natural social effect upon the industrious classes; and the eyes of the hungry weavers and cotton-spinners were turned with spasmodic anxiety to those wild, political quack remedies, the inefficacy of which no amount of experience will ever make clear to people in similar circumstances.' Alarmists were liberal in melancholy predictions. The horrors of a French Revolution were looked for daily. Sharp-shooters were mustered by roll of drum at day-break. The garrison was under arms. And so general was the sense of fear and foreboding, that even Irving, notwithstanding his convictions that the people were sound at the core, 'engaged a horse-pistol' to defend himself from possible peril.

Among these people Dr. Chalmers had resolved to try his brilliant theory of maintaining the poor solely from the charities of the Church. The weekly offering was in his eyes the only legitimate revenue for the poor; and in order to carry out his idea, he had got himself transferred from the Tron Church to

the parish of St. John's, 'one of the largest, poorest, and most degraded in the town,' on the condition that it should be handed over to him, 'swept clean of all poor-rates, workhouses, and public parish aid.' The experiment issued, as is well known, in perfect success. For thirteen years the world beheld the refreshing picture of a return into that primitive life, when neighbour helped neighbour, and friend stood by friend.

This success, however, cannot be attributed to Irving's association with Chalmers. He had nothing of the statesman about him. His political creeds were translations of the impulses of his heart. He passed up and down among the three hundred families of his charge, not as a political theorist, but as a brother man; and wherever he went he won the hearts of the people. Fettered in his charities by the scantiness of his purse, and the limited provision supplied by the Church, he went about chasing the gloom from desolate homes by the sunshine of sympathy, and investing poverty and sorrow with a certain grandeur. His system of visitation was novel, and excited an attention not unmixed with awe. Entering the most sombre and wretched homes in Gallowgate, he always uttered the salutation, 'Peace be to this house!' He laid his hands upon the heads of little children, pronouncing over each of them the ancient benediction, 'The Lord bless thee and keep thee!' He spared no pains in adapting himself to the peculiarities of his charge; and many characteristic stories are told of his success.

Though successful in the streets and homes of the parish, Irving was not popular in the pulpit. He had a small circle of ardent admirers; but the majority heard him with a sort of patronizing feeling, deeming it proper to recognise the Doctor's assistant. Others made no secret of their distaste, and left the church as Irving entered the pulpit. Chalmers himself seems to have been no great admirer of his young friend's preaching. 'Irving's preaching,' he once said, 'is like Italian music, appreciated only by connoisseurs.' Of all this, Irving was conscious. He never disguised from himself the fact of his unpopularity. Nor does he seem to have been mortified by it. He rejoiced, rather, and with gratitude to the people, that they were the first who had tolerated him.

But this was not his sphere. Devotedly loyal to Chalmers,

for whom he entertained the loftiest admiration, he felt that he was nevertheless in the shade. He was approaching his thirtieth year ; a period at which a man should have a sphere of action of his own. He felt his subordinate position, and burned for a field of independent labour. At one time he very nearly accepted an invitation to Jamaica, and at another the old idea of the apostolic missionary flashed upon him with the fascination of former days.

At this crisis the clouds opened. There came an invitation from the Caledonian Church in Hatton Garden. This Church was connected with the Caledonian Asylum ; and received on that account some trifling aid from Government. One of the conditions of this grant was that the incumbent should preach in Gaelic. Though Irving had no knowledge of Gaelic, and though at this time invitations came from Dundee and New York, he pledged himself to master the language within six months. The poverty of the Church, which numbered but fifty communicants, was no drawback to him. In his answer to the invitation, he writes, 'If the times permitted, and your necessities required that I should not only preach the Gospel without being burdensome to you, but also by the labour of my hands minister to your wants, this would I esteem a more honourable degree than to be Archbishop of Canterbury.' By the intervention of the Duke of York, the clause requiring that the minister of the Caledonian Church should preach in Gaelic was annulled ; and Irving accepted the invitation. Having been ordained, and having preached a farewell sermon of great power at St. John's, Irving set out, on the morning of the 8th of July, 1822, for London.

The first appearance of the new preacher in the pulpit of Hatton Garden caused no small sensation in the hitherto unknown Church. The majesty of his person, the almost unearthly solemnity of his manner, the deep tones of his voice, rolling out the words of his text, 'Therefore came I unto you without gainsaying, as soon as I was sent for : I ask you therefore for what intent ye have sent for me ?' took the little congregation by storm. Tidings of the wonderful stranger began to spread ; and by degrees the congregation increased. By-and-bye, a tide of fashion set in on the Sabbath towards the

church. Carriages rolled along the unfrequented street; notable faces were to be seen in the throng. The managers were driven to all sorts of wiles to regulate the crowds; and the narrow streets of the neighbourhood were the scenes of constantly recurring accident. Beauty, wit, wealth, fashion, philosophy, pressed to hear the meteor-like Scotchman.

It is said that Canning was the first to call the public attention to Irving. Sir James Mackintosh, attending the service at the Caledonian church, had heard the preacher in his prayer refer to a family of orphans in the congregation as 'thrown upon the fatherhood of God.' Struck with the remarkable expression, Sir James had related the circumstance to Canning, who went to hear for himself. Shortly afterwards there was a discussion in the House of Commons on the revenues of the Church. The immediate question was, 'the necessary mercantile relation between high talent and good pay.' Canning told the House 'that so far from universal was this rule, that he himself had lately heard a Scotch minister, trained in one of the most poorly endowed of churches, and established in one of her outlying dependencies, preach the most eloquent sermon that he had ever listened to.'

In less than twelve months Irving was the most popular preacher in England. Coming up from an obscure and secondary position in the north, and having neither patronage nor introductions, he succeeded within one year in so fascinating the intelligence of the metropolis, as from Sunday to Sunday to crowd his hitherto unknown chapel with the genius and talent of the day. There is no parallel to this popularity in the history of the modern Church. The success of Whitefield is not analogous. Whitefield was a preacher for the masses. He held the vast audiences which thronged to hear him spell-bound by a power which, while full of the intensest passion, and often radiant with imagination, was at the same time richly veined with popular wit, and varied with homely illustration. He had worshippers among the ranks of fashion and intelligence; but they were such as his occasional brilliance had dazzled, or his fidelity had alarmed. But Irving, with no popular adaptation, and with a stately and old-world phraseology, which gave a ponderousness to a fancy always profound, often mystical, and

never precisely brilliant, achieved a success which, if not so wide-spread, was not less wonderful, perhaps more wonderful, than that of Whitefield. The ministry of Whitefield had, too, the charm of novelty. Those were new truths that came flashing from his lips. He preached to a dead world and a dead Church the Gospel of life. He was the herald of a Divine Love, which the tens of thousands who hung upon his utterances had never heard of, or which they had, at most, regarded as a theory of philosophy, rather than a living and universal power. This was not Irving's case. He was surrounded by preachers of unquestioned fidelity and zeal. The crowds which gathered round him were made up of those to whom the Gospel was perfectly familiar. What then was the secret of his power?

The pulpit popularity of the present day offers no solution of this question. It is of a totally different cast. Never perhaps were the pulpits of this land held by men more faithful and true; but never also by men more unworthy. Ministerial popularity, that goal towards which so many a young and ardent heart presses, that reef upon which so many a misled life is wrecked, is among the most melancholy features of the Church of to-day. We have our *sentimental* school of preachers, for example, which, with its studied attitude, and mincing speech, not unseasoned with tears, finds ready audience ardent with admiration,—to the disgust of all manliness. Then there is the *vulgar* school, which affects quaintness, and indulges largely in the phraseology of Puritanism, without having either its godliness or its common sense. The spiritualizing of catchwords,—the jaunty discussion of the solemn relations of God to man,—the interlarding and spicing of the message of the Spirit with feeble puns,—these are the secrets of many a contemporary fame. Another school is the *latitudinarian*, which affects great liberality and despises conventionalisms. Its favourite doctrines are the brotherhood of humanity, and the divinity of toil. Its stalking-horse is the working man. Aiming at the secularizing of religion, it has succeeded in degrading the church to the lecture-room, and reducing the functions of the pulpit to political dissertations. You can attend its ministry without being inconvenienced by humbling references to natural depravity.

You are in no danger of having your nerves shaken by pictures of the possible peril of your soul. You will occasionally hear of Christ, but it will be in some catalogue of reformers, side by side with the names of Socrates and Shakespeare. Perhaps the most popular school of the day is the *flashy*, which, with no other capital than a copious vocabulary and a ready utterance, succeeds in investing the most miserable platitudes with pomp, and disguises its utter emptiness in a spray of words. We do not disparage the play of the imagination in the delivery of God's truth. There is force enough in the Gospel message to evoke all the poetry of a man's soul. The polished scimitar of Damascus may do the work of war as effectually as the battle-axe. And we are ready to do all honour to preachers of these days, whose brilliant oratory is made subservient to the work of the evangelist, and from whose ministry men go home to weep and reform. But we should be faithless to our opportunity, if we did not record our protest against a pulpit style which is all too popular, and which has no other merit than the knack of investing the common-place with glitter, and no other fountain of inspiration than newspaper cuttings or the *Proverbial Philosophy*.

Edward Irving was fashioned after none of these types. He was no reverend fop, and equally distant was he from the reverend mountebank. Intensely conservative in his principles, and holding the truth of God in the most awful reverence, he owed his success neither to pseudo-liberalism nor to a vulgar profanity. Such brilliance as he had was only like the spray of a mighty sea, or the light which fringes the thunder-cloud. Neither to style nor to circumstantialia can we attribute his popularity. He had, it is true, a majestic person. There was fascination in his flashing eye. His deep and musical voice fell with almost magic strain upon the ear. But deeper lay the secret of his power. He stood before the people less as a minister than as a prophet. He came suddenly among the Churches like some risen Moses from the hidden grave of Nebo, or like some Elijah from the burning chariot. Though a man of the future, pointing reverently onwards, he was essentially a man of the past. He spoke with the authority of him of the camel's hair and leathern girdle. His mission was not

to throw the lights of recent scholarship upon the truth, or to exhibit it under its conventional aspects. The burden of his ministry was, *Thus saith the Lord!* With scarcely thirty summers upon his head, he pronounced his message in the language of antiquity and with the dignity of the sage. The world saw before it a prophet of God, appealing not to its passions, or its fancy, but to its reverence and faith. It had listened to eloquence before. It had sat at the feet of earnestness. It had soared to heights of imagination with genius. But here was a man fresh from the presence of God. Here was a resurrection from that sublime past, in which the prophet spake face to face with his Maker. From his lips the oracles of Sinai and Carmel, the utterances of Calvary and Patmos, fell, not as the records of a dead literature, but as the ever-living and the burning words of Jehovah.

To such a height had Irving risen in twelve months. A few months later he became the object of almost universal attack. The immediate cause of this sudden assault was the publication, in the second year of his London ministrations, of his *Orations*, and the *Argument for Judgment to come*. In the preface to this work he flung down the gauntlet to the religious world. 'It hath appeared to the author of this book, from more than ten years' meditation on the subject, that the chief obstacle to the progress of Divine truth over the minds of men is the want of its being sufficiently presented to them. In this Christian country there are perhaps nine-tenths of every class who know nothing at all about the application and advantages of the single truths of revelation, or of revelation taken as a whole; and what they do not know, they cannot be expected to reverence and obey. This ignorance, in both the higher and the lower orders, of religion, as a discerner of the thoughts and intentions of the heart, is not so much due to the want of inquisitiveness on their part, as the want of a sedulous and skilful ministry on the part of those to whom it is intrusted.'

Such were the results of his long ponderings at Kirkcaldy. Such was the sweeping verdict of a young man of thirty upon the ministry of the day. The effect was electrical. A few more thoughtful and devout divines took the charge to heart; but the general result was a scurrilous and wholesale attack on the

daring upstart who had presumed thus to challenge the fidelity and competence of the pulpit. The press teemed with abuse. Newspapers of all sorts,—the *Westminster* and *Quarterly Reviews*,—and most of the periodicals, took up the gauntlet. A pamphlet entitled, *The Trial of the Rev. Edward Irving, M.A., a Cento of Criticism*, reached a fifth edition in a few months. It contained the ‘report of a prosecution carried on before the Court of Common Sense, by Jacob Oldstyle, Clerk, against the new preacher, at the trial of which all the editors of the leading papers are examined, cross-examined, and covered with comic confusion.’ The trial was full of the grossest personalities. The counts of the indictment were seven,—for being ugly, a Merry-Andrew, a common quack, a common brawler, a common swearer, of very common understanding, and for following divisive courses.

For a time, Irving took no notice of these attacks. He was bent on other thoughts. In the fall of the year we have a glimpse of a happy bridal in the old manse of Kirkcaldy, and of a joyous marriage-tour in Scotland, during which he visited Glasgow, and heard Dr. Chalmers preach his last sermon in St. John’s, previous to taking the Professor’s chair at St. Andrew’s. At the close of the Doctor’s sermon, Irving entered the pulpit, and ‘invited the vast congregation to accompany him, as with solemn pomp and impressive emotion he poured out a prayer for that honoured minister of God, who had just retired from among them.’

His first work on his return was to write a defence of his *Orations*,—a production somewhat undignified and personal, though in some parts of it most admirable. His reply to the charge of using an old-world language and style is very graceful. ‘I have been accused of affecting the antiquated manners of ages and times now forgotten. The writers of those times are too much forgotten, I lament, and their style of writing hath fallen out of use; but the time is fast approaching when this stigma shall be wiped away from our prose, as it is fast departing from our poetry. I fear not to confess that Hooker, and Taylor, and Baxter, in theology,—Bacon, Newton, and Locke, in philosophy,—have been my companions, as Shakespeare, and Spenser, and Milton, have been in poetry. I cannot learn to think as

they have done, which is the gift of God; but I can teach myself to think as disinterestedly, and to express as honestly, what I think and feel. Which I have in the strength of God endeavoured to do.'

He was now fairly committed to a life of ceaseless toil. His labours must have been prodigious. He had no curate. He was ready at any moment to visit the sick and the stranger. The literary work which he had undertaken was immense, and all the more so because of a conscientiousness which would not permit him to preach or publish anything that was slovenly and immature. Failing health was the result, and to this was added the bitterness of knowing that the world for which he was working so hard was against him. There is a tone of sadness and disappointment in a letter written about this time to Mr. Collins, the publisher, to whom he had promised a preface to a new edition of the works of Bernard Gilpin. 'I am at present worked beyond my strength, and you know that is not inconsiderable. "My head, my head," I may say with the Shunammite's child. If I care not for it, the world will soon cease to care for me, and I for the world. If you saw me many a night unable to pray with my wife, and forced to have recourse to forms of prayer, you would at once discover what had caused my delay. I have no resource if I throw myself up, and a thousand enemies wait for my fall.' This is sad language for a young man to hold, in almost the first year of his public life.

Hitherto, however, he had not come into open collision with the evangelical world. Sceptical and 'high and dry' schools had resented the theories broached in the *Orations*; but the purely religious world had regarded him with favour,—many, indeed, hailing his mission as peculiarly appointed of God. The first point of positive divergence from the theories of Evangelicalism was the sermon which he preached before the London Missionary Society, in Whitefield's Tabernacle. Little did Irving know of missionary organizations. The practical details of the Society were all foreign to him. He had in his mind an ideal Missionary, after the apostolic type,—a Missionary in whose sacred and inspired work there was little of routine and machinery. Questions of outfit and support,—questions of money and means,—never entered into Irving's head. This

ideal Missionary was the subject of his sermon, and he dwelt upon the picture with all the lofty and impassioned eloquence of which he was capable. The authorities were confounded. They regarded the sermon as a public attack upon the whole scheme of missionary organization. They had chosen a champion, and he had turned out to be a foe. And the religious world was scandalized.

Irving's sin in this case was involuntary. He was not the man to accept a trust for the purpose of abusing those who had confided in him. He was far too magnanimous for this. But he was nevertheless pugnacious, and sensitive to attack. With all his humility, he was a strong defender of his own views. Hence, the storm of invective raised against him for this sermon drove him to publish it. The return to England of the widow of a Missionary, who had fallen a victim to the ill-usage of the Demerara planters, was a favourable opportunity,—and he published the sermon for her benefit. It was dedicated to Coleridge, to whom Basil Montague had introduced him some time before, and for whose teachings Irving offered the most prodigal thanks. Under the circumstances, this dedication was excessively injudicious. It was like a bold defiance of the evangelical party, though Irving himself had probably no such notion. It was rather an act of chivalrous devotion to the Highgate sage: for when Mrs. Montague warned him that the dedication would do him no good, 'That,' said he, 'shall be my reason for doing it.'

The birth of a son at this time turned Irving's attention for a moment from the controversies which he was exciting. Very beautiful are those glimpses of his home-life to which his biographer introduces us. His almost boyish hilarity at the arrival of the little stranger, and the pride with which the father, in defiance of all conventionalism, carried the child daily up and down in the Pentonville sunshine, after dinner, are most refreshing pictures in his now fevered life. From the moment of his child's birth and dedication to God in baptism, he regarded it with a peculiar awe. To him the little infant was God's child. His high, intensely sacramental views on this point are unfolded in a letter to his wife some little time afterwards, when the child was ill. 'I pray you, my dear Isabella, to bear in mind that he has been consecrated by God by the sacrament of baptism, whereby

Christ did assure to our faith the death of his body of sin, and the life of his spirit of righteousness; and that he is to be brought up in the full faith and assurance of the fulfilment of this greatest promise and blessing, which our dear Lord hath bestowed upon our faith. Wherefore, adopt not the base notion into which many parents fall, of waiting for a future conversion and new birth, but regard that as fully promised to us from the beginning, and let all your prayers, desires, words, and thoughts towards the child proceed accordingly. For I think we are all grown virtually adult Baptists, whatever we be professedly, in that we take no comfort or encouragement out of the sacrament.'

Not long, however, was this infant spared to inspire his father with brilliant hopes. Ten days after the birth of a sister, little Edward died. Standing by his dying child, while all around were dissolved in tears, Irving, with faltering voice and breaking heart, uttered the solemn words, never spoken before in such a relation, and yet rich in their adaptation: 'Look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen!' When all was over, never allowing personal grief to interrupt his work for God, he called the family together, and addressed them in affecting and memorable words. In testimony of his gratitude for the comfort which he and his wife had received, he went out to visit the families of the afflicted around him, in order to share with them the consolation which he had so richly enjoyed.

The fruitful influence of this first domestic sorrow is apparent not only in Irving's immediate history, but in the whole story of his after life. He carried that dead child in his heart continually. Some time before its death, he had fallen in with Mr. Hatley Frere, whose conversations had stimulated Irving to the study of prophecy. His was just the mind to revel in millennial visions. The idea of a personal reign of his blessed Lord upon the earth fascinated him at once. The solemn meditations of his hour of bereavement intensified his faith in that great event. His wounded soul readily clung to the prospects thus opening out before his gaze. In the preface of his translation of a work on the Second Advent, published some little time after, he distinctly connects his new faith with the death of his child. 'Why,' says he, 'should I not speak of

thee, my Edward, seeing it was in the season of thy sickness and death the Lord did reveal in me the knowledge, and hope, and desire of His Son from heaven? Glorious exchange! He took my son to His own more fatherly bosom, and revealed in my bosom the sure expectation and faith of His own Eternal Son! Dear season of my life ever to be remembered, when I knew the sweetness and fruitfulness of such joy and sorrow.'

Another fruit of this hour of sorrow is worthy of record. His wife, oppressed with grief, and the care of her new babe, had to be left behind in Scotland. To cheer her in his absence, Irving wrote a journal of all his proceedings, never going to rest until he had penned, often in great weakness, some word for his faithful wife. His preface to the journal fully unfolds his purpose. 'Let me now endeavour to express, for the information of my dear wife, and for her consolation under our present sore trial, and for the entertainment of her present separation from me, and the gratification of all her spousal affections, and, by the grace of God, for the building up of her faith in Christ, and her love towards her husband, whatever hath occurred to the experience of my soul this day, and whatever hath occupied my thoughts in this my study, and whatever hath engaged my activity out of doors; and for her sake may the Lord grant me a faithful memory and a true utterance.' Time and space forbid any further extracts from a journal which has few parallels in literature. The heart of Irving's hardest enemy must melt over these pages of devotion and love; and we can almost sympathize with Mrs. Oliphant's thought, that there are few wives who could read the record 'without envying Isabella Irving that hour of her anguish and consolation.' In that distant day when the strife of tongues has ceased, and the name of Irving is remembered only in connexion with his virtues, that journal will have its place among the noblest and most precious fruits of his life.

At this time,—'the silent seed time of the exciting and exhausting years, full of conflict and struggle, upon the threshold of which he stood,'—the Catholic Emancipation Bill was in full agitation. The most popular divines of the day went with the stream. Not so Edward Irving. His grand idea of the Headship of Christ, heightened by the expectation of a second

advent nigh at hand, led him impetuously to denounce any scheme which compromised for a moment the function of rulers as defenders of the faith. 'To put powers into the hands of any man who was not ready, and indeed eager, to declare himself a follower of Christ, according to the apparent means of Christ's own appointing, was an act of national sacrilege to him.' He could not understand 'how circumstances could modify belief, or individual and temporary hardships set aside everlasting truth.' Nor was it in him to enter into 'the less or more practicable degrees of national virtue.' Taking his stand upon the absolute, he hurled his protest, with all his native vehemence kindled into religious indignation and horror, against the proposed measure, thinking 'only of right, and never of practicability.'

In these days of compromise, the stand taken by Irving will be repudiated as bigoted and fanatical. It was at any rate consistent. Was it fanatical? Irving's views of right and truth, in their application to the government of nations, may seem to some fallacious and unreal. But there is something immeasurably grand in the theory of governing a Christian nation on absolutely Christian principles; something too grand for these days of compromise, but to which an after age, of a higher refinement and a more resolute godliness, may probably do honour.

The doctrine of the Lord's near advent had for some time excited the attention of many eminent men. The idea of it had been quickened in Irving's mind, not only by the conversations of Mr. Frere, and the death of his little son, but mainly by the study of a Spanish work on the subject, said to have been written by Ben Ezra, a Hebrew convert, but in reality the production of the Jesuit Lacunza. To the translation and publication of this treatise, in English, Irving had devoted the leisure afforded by some weeks of rest at Beckenham, whither he had been sent to recruit his failing health. It was natural that a common bond of faith should draw together the devout men who thus waited for the Lord. After several preliminary meetings, it was determined to hold a conference for the careful study of Divine prophecy on this point, at Albury, the seat of Henry Drummond.

In answer to the invitation of this most inscrutable of men a party of some twenty, belonging to almost every rank and every orthodox community, assembled at Albury, on the first day of Advent, 1826, under the presidency of the rector of the parish, the Rev. Hugh M'Neile. The proceedings were conducted with the utmost order and reverence. There was a morning sitting or diet before breakfast, at which the subject chosen for the day was 'opened' by one of the members,—the rest taking notes. Two hours were then allowed for breakfast and private prayer, 'that the brethren might each one try and prove himself before the Lord upon the great question at issue.' The second diet lasted four or five hours, and was followed by dinner, and by a freer and more easy conversation around the library fire in the evening. The effect of these conferences upon Irving's mind was most decisive. In describing the beautiful scenery and associations of the place, 'within the chime of the church bells,' 'the sweetest spot,' he says, 'was that council-room where I met the servants of the Lord,—the wise virgins waiting, with oil in their lamps, for the Bridegroom; and a sweeter still was that secret chamber where I met in the Spirit my Lord and Master, whom I hope soon to meet in the flesh.'

Soon after his return to London, and his instalment in the new church which had been built for him in Regent Square, and which was opened by Dr. Chalmers, Irving was publicly charged with heterodox teachings concerning the Person of Christ. Up to this time he had been viewed with some suspicion, but more on the ground of his erratic and unconventional theories, than of any doctrinal heresy. But 'an idle clergyman, called Cole,' of whom Mrs. Oliphant can scarcely speak with civility, having heard Irving refer to the human nature of Christ as '*that sinful substance*,' forthwith assailed him in a pamphlet, calling public attention to his heterodoxy. The perfect humanity of Christ was Irving's favourite theme. With the utmost intensity he clung to the idea of the brotherhood of his Master,—an idea which he wrought out to exaggeration. The views which he held, he held with perfect reverence. The first shock of the charge of heresy, and of heresy too in relation to his adorable Lord, utterly unmanned him. The last thought of his heart would have been to derogate from the dignity of his Master, his

impassioned reverence for whom had probably stimulated the teaching which now bore the brand of heresy.

We shall not be suspected of holding lax or questionable views of the sublime doctrine of the *sinlessness of Jesus*. This Review has already pronounced, with no uncertain tones, upon that article of our creed. But while repudiating the theory of the 'sinfulness of Christ's human nature,' we are bound to protest that the adoption of that special phraseology, by Irving's opponents, unfairly prejudiced the question with the public, and that the treatment which he received upon this point was ungenerous and unworthy. Mr. Cole's conduct was impertinent, if not treacherous. An error which should have been the groundwork of a brotherly expostulation was exaggerated until it became the watchword of a violent persecution. It is always impolitic and often cruel to drive men into verbal definitions. Words give a form and sharpness to theories which in themselves are far less decisive. Irving was goaded by opposition to adopt a formula and to defend it; whereas, had he been left alone, the world would probably have heard nothing of his heresy. But let this be said for him, that the idea of 'the sinfulness of the human nature of Christ,' in the sense under which it was understood by his opponents, was as abhorrent to his mind as it was to theirs. 'The point at issue,' he says, 'is simply this: whether Christ's flesh had the grace of sinlessness and incorruption, from its proper nature, or from the indwelling of the Holy Ghost:—I say the latter.'

While this charge of heresy was hanging over him, he decided on an apostolic visit to his native land, 'to warn, first his father's house and kindred, and the country side which had still so great a hold upon his heart, and then universal Scotland, of that Advent which he looked for with undoubting and fervent expectations.' It was a brilliant success. Wherever he preached, the ministers of neighbouring parishes shut up their churches, and went with their congregations to hear him. He delivered twelve lectures on the Apocalypse, in Edinburgh, at six o'clock in the morning, to such overwhelming crowds, that he had to change from St. Andrew's to West Church, with its 'three hideous galleries,' and even then there was not room. Chalmers tried in vain to get in, and pronounced the lectures 'quite woeful.' Again, we see him attending the General Assembly,

during the discussion on the Abolition of Tests. 'He sat opposite me,' says Chalmers, 'as if his eyes and looks, seen through the railing, were stationed there for my disquietude.' During a discourse on the coming of Christ, in East Church, Perth, 'from out of a dark cloud which obscured the church, there came forth a bright blaze of lightning and a crash of thunder. There was deep stillness in the audience. The preacher paused; and from the stillness and the gloom, his powerful voice, clothed with increased solemnity, pronounced these words:—"For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be!"' The effect can be imagined.

This journey, so prosperous and triumphant, was clouded at its close by a terrible tragedy. An immense crowd had gathered to hear him in Kirkcaldy church. While the people sat in expectation of the preacher's arrival, the galleries suddenly gave way and fell. A frightful panic ensued, and thirty-five persons were killed. Irving, on reaching the church, 'took up his post under a window in the staircase, and, conspicuous by his great size and strength, helped many of the terrified fugitives to make their way out, lifting them down in his arms.' One of the crowd cruelly taunted him with having been the cause of the disaster. The reproach sent him to his chamber in an agony of tears. At night, when all was over, and everything had been done for the relief of the sufferers, the sad family of the manse gathered together for prayer. The grieved soul of Irving broke forth in bitter tears: 'God,' said he, 'hath put me to shame this day before all the people!' It is astonishing how much odium was excited against Irving, because of this catastrophe at Kirkcaldy. Even Chalmers spoke bitterly of his friend. The fact is noticeable as indicating that the tide of Irving's popularity had already turned.

But we must hasten to his grand and final divergence. For some time, Irving had been convinced that the 'gifts' of the Apostolic Church were not exceptional, but were the heritage of the Church of all times, and only held in abeyance because of the decay of faith. These convictions at this juncture were strengthened by certain remarkable occurrences at Row, and its immediate neighbourhood. This locality had long been celebrated for the piety of its inhabitants; 'piety of an ecstatic, absorbing

kind.' A young person of the name of Isabella Campbell, of rare and saintly character, had recently died. Her sister, who had been for a long time afflicted with the disease which had carried Isabella off, was lying, as all supposed, at the point of death. But, 'while all around her were anticipating her dissolution, she was in the strength of faith, meditating missionary labours among the heathen,' and looking for the necessary endowments. While fasting and praying in company with her sister and a female friend one Sunday evening, 'the Holy Ghost came with mighty power upon the sick woman, as she lay in her weakness, and constrained her to speak at great length, and with superhuman strength, in an unknown tongue.' This was but the beginning of wonders. On the opposite shore of the Clyde dwelt a family of Macdonalds, distinguished for sober and consistent piety. Two of the brothers, returning from their work, found their invalid sister in the agonies of the new inspiration. They thought she was dying; but she addressed them at great length, and finished with the prayer that James might at once receive the Holy Ghost. Instantly James said, with perfect calmness, 'I have got it;' and, going to his sister's bedside, he took the dying girl by the hand, saying, 'Arise and stand upright.' And she arose, *cured*. He then wrote to Mary Campbell, who was lying at the point of death, conveying to her the same command. She at once rose up, and, declaring herself healed, returned to active life.

The excitement caused by these events, the reality of which was generally admitted, was immense. Almost every notable Christian man of the time took the matter into devout and anxious consideration. Irving entered into it with all his heart, quickened in his interest by its bearing upon his millenarian views, and, perhaps, by the illness of a little boy, for whose restoration to health he almost dared to hope there might be some miraculous intervention. But the child died. It is said, that he went tearless and fasting through the dark Sabbath after the child's death, and that after preaching from the words, 'I shall go to him, but he will not return to me,' he flung himself in an agony of tears upon the little coffin. But, though disappointed of his hopes, 'he never paused or slackened, on that account, in the faith which did not depend upon personal blessings; but watched with an interest unabated the new miracu-

lous dispensation which had not saved his child, but which yet he trusted in as Divine and true.'

Ecclesiastical courts, roused probably by this new phase of his faith, began to take action against him. The Presbytery of London condemned his writings, and excommunicated him from their body. The General Assembly of 1831 'launched a passing arrow' at him, decreeing, 'that if at any time the Rev. Edward Irving should claim the privileges of a licentiate or minister of the Church of Scotland, the Presbytery of the bounds should be enjoined to inquire whether he were the author of certain works, and to proceed thereafter as they should see fit.' But Irving, though cut to the heart by the isolation of his position, was intent upon deeper than personal questions. At half-past six o'clock of every morning, he was found surrounded by a large company, pleading for the inspiration promised to the last days. Not long after the commencement of these meetings he wrote to Mr. Story, of Rosneath, that two of his flock had received the gift of tongues and prophecy. A little later, he wrote to Dr. Martin, that God had raised up the order of prophets amongst them, and that they, being filled with the Holy Ghost, spake with tongues.

Hitherto the morning meetings alone had been 'edified' with these utterances. Irving had not allowed the tongues in public. But the warning voices of the prophets charged him with restraining the Spirit. He was thrown into great perplexity. Foreseeing the results of permitting the utterances in public worship, he yet dared not hinder the work of God. Circumstances, however, took the matter out of his hands. While he was preaching to a vast audience,—himself indulging the hope of inspiration,—a 'sister,' unable to restrain the mystic impulse, rushed down the aisle, the 'tongue' bursting from her lips as she disappeared. The preacher, calm and unmoved, acknowledged that this was the Divine directory by which he must henceforth be guided.

The 'utterances' thus introduced into the congregation were short exhortations or warnings, delivered in English, and having neither depth of meaning nor power of thought; but preceded by some sentences, or exclamations, in the 'tongue.' The unintelligible 'tongue' was regarded as the sign of inspiration. Dr. Lee, of Cambridge, having analysed the tongues, found them to

represent no language under heaven. Many, however, supposed them to be utterances of some living dialect. Mary Campbell believed her 'tongue' to belong to the language of the Pelew Islands. This was a tolerably safe speculation.

One witness, speaking of the strange sound, describes it as 'bursting forth with an astonishing and terrible crash.' When the power fell upon Mr. Baxter, 'the utterance was so loud,' says he, 'that I put my handkerchief to my mouth, to stop the sound, that I might not alarm the house.' Irving's version of these remarkable endowments is yet more striking.

'The whole utterance, from the beginning to the ending of it, is with a power and strength and fulness, and sometimes rapidity, of voice, altogether different from that of the person's ordinary utterance in any mood; and I would say, both in its form and in its effects upon a simple mind, quite supernatural. There is a power in the voice to thrill the heart, and overawe the spirit, after a manner which I have never felt. There is a warmth and majesty and a sustained grandeur in the voice, especially of those who prophesy, which I have never heard even a resemblance to, except now and then in the sublimest and most impassioned words of Mrs. Siddons and Miss O'Neill. It is a mere abandonment of all truth to call it screaming or crying; it is the most majestic and divine utterance which I have ever heard, some parts of which I never heard equalled, and no part of it surpassed by the finest execution of genius and art exhibited at the oratorios in the concerts of sacred music.'

Driven by the warning voices of the endowed, Irving publicly confessed that he had been in error in restraining the utterances of the Spirit in the congregation, and announced that in future the speaking with tongues would be permitted in the services. Scarcely had he spoken the words, when 'an unknown tongue' rang through the assembly, followed by the declaration, 'He shall reveal it. He shall reveal it. Yea, heed it. Yea, heed it. Ye are yet in the wilderness. Despise not His word. Despise not His word. Not one jot or tittle shall pass away!' The die was now cast, and from that time the Regent Square Church became a Babel.

On all sides his old friends began to give way and desert him. The elders of the Church, with one exception, were against him. Chalmers looked on in cold and mute amaze. Carlyle tried to

stay his old school-fellow, as he drifted into 'Chaos;' but Irving listened silently to his appeals, burying his face in his hands. The trustees of the church vainly endeavoured to persuade him to a compromise, and were compelled to take proceeding against him in the London Presbytery. On the very morning of his trial, Baxter, one of the earliest and most prominent of the 'gifted,' deserted him, expressing his convictions that they had all been speaking by a lying spirit. After listening to Irving's long and eloquent defence, the Presbytery decreed that he had rendered himself unfit to remain the minister of the National Scotch Church, and that he should be removed therefrom:—'the next morning, in the early May sunshine, before the world was half awake, the daily congregation gathering to their matins found the gates of the church closed upon them.'

But the people were faithful to their pastor. On the following Sunday, eight hundred communicants partook of the Lord's Supper in a room rented temporarily in Gray's Inn. The place was not nearly large enough to accommodate the congregation; and for some time Irving preached to immense assemblies in the open air. At length a large gallery in Newman Street, formerly belonging to West, the painter, was secured, and solemnly opened,—the service being frequently interrupted by 'tongues.' Among the inspired on this occasion was Mr. Henry Drummond.

Roused by a solemn and indignant judgment passed by Irving, in the *Morning Watch*, on the General Assembly, that august body proceeded to take formal action against him, and by a commission ordered the Presbytery of Annan to bring the offender to trial. The members of the Presbytery were forthwith convened. They were not of very imposing aspect. Many of them were 'half farmers, half ministers,' not 'pale theologians, but rosy, rural men,' whose incompetence to act as a tribunal in so weighty a case Mrs. Oliphant bitterly deploras.

By noon of the appointed day the old church of Annan was crowded to the doors. At the bar of the Presbytery stood Edward Irving, charged with 'printing, publishing, and disseminating heresies and heretical doctrines, particularly the doctrine of the fallen state and sinfulness of our Lord's human nature.' Little evidence was deemed necessary, beyond his own admission that he was the author of certain specified works.

His defence, which indicates no decay of mental vigour, was a long and eloquent protest against the disingenuous statement of the point at issue. Indignantly he declared that the case had been prejudged by the phraseology in which the charges were drawn up. One by one the members of the Presbytery pronounced their judgment, and the verdict was, 'Guilty as libelled.' When the Moderator asked Irving if he could state any objection why sentence of deposition should not be passed against him, he again solemnly declared that he did not hold the sinfulness of the human nature of Christ, and besought the Presbytery, as they valued their souls, not to pass sentence upon him. In the hush which followed, and in the darkness of the church, which was lighted with but one candle, a voice was suddenly heard, crying, 'Arise, depart! Arise, depart! flee ye out of her! Ye cannot pray! How can ye pray to Christ whom ye deny? Depart, depart! Flee, flee!' The speaker was the Rev. Mr. Dow, late minister of Irongray. In the excitement and confusion, 'Irving went forth from the church where he had been baptized and ordained,—from the Church of Scotland, the sanctuary of his fathers,—never more to enter within walls dedicated to her worship, till he entered in silent pomp to wait the resurrection and advent of his Lord.'

Returning, full of care and weariness, to London, he was interdicted by the declaration of the 'voices' at Newman Street from exercising any priestly function, or administering the Sacraments, or even preaching, excepting to those less sacred assemblies to which unbelievers were admitted. Astounded, he yet uttered no murmur, but sat in the lowest places of the Church which he himself had created, in silent and resigned humility. No fuller pledge could he have given of his thorough and godly sincerity. If, as many of his enemies say, he had initiated a Church for the purpose of ministering to his own glory, he would have withstood the injunction of the 'tongues.' But they were to him the oracles of heaven,—and 'not Ezekiel, when that prophet stood tearless, forbidden to weep, and saw the desire of his eyes buried out of his sight, was a more perfect sign to his generation, than this loyal, humble, uncompensated soul.' After patiently waiting for the direction of Heaven, he was ordained 'angel' of the flock at Newman Street, by the express sanction of the supernatural voices.'

But he never more was the Edward Irving of old. The records of the church in Newman Street disclose that he was no longer the master there. He had to suffer perpetual humiliation. The 'voices' declared that it was not now his province to draw conclusions, on his own authority, from the prophetic utterances of the flock. Wayward and fanatical men were his masters, and he, in un murmuring faith, quietly followed. He was waiting for the baptism of fire. It is sad indeed to read in the Newman Street records that he reluctantly received the 'various particulars of the new order of things,' but that light always broke in upon his mind at last, and he 'confessed his error.'

A few glimpses more, and the end comes. There is death again in his house, poor Mrs. Irving regarding it as a judgment 'for Edward's sin in remaining in Scotland after meeting the Presbytery,'—a sin for which he was sharply rebuked by the Church. Announcing the death of this child to Dr. Martin, Irving writes:—'When, in faith, I addressed words of godliness to nourish the seed of faith which was in him, his patient heed was wonderful.' He was but a few months old!

Now comes the record of failing health. There are no more open-air sermons. Friends remark that his characteristic fire has deserted him, and that in its stead is a strangely plaintive pathos, 'as exquisitely touching and tender as his exhibition of intellectual power had been majestic.' His people, alarmed by his languor and wasting vigour, sanction his wish 'to wander slowly over the country, wending his way by degrees to Scotland, with the hope of gaining strength, as well as doing the Lord's work, by the way.' Reaching Glasgow, after a listless but pleasant wandering in England, he appears, 'walking home after the worship is over, fain to lean upon the arm of the elder who has come hastily from London, to be near him,' and 'sometimes pausing, as they thread the streets in this sad fashion, to take breath and gather strength.' And then we see him, assuring his friends that though he seemed to be dying, he was convinced that God yet meant to raise him, and urging them to expect the gifts of the Holy Ghost,—'adding, with pathetic humility, that of these gifts he himself had never been found worthy.' At last, on a gloomy Sabbath evening, in the December of 1834, with the words, 'If I die, I die unto the

Lord,' upon his lips, 'the last bonds of mortal trouble dropped asunder, and the saint and martyr entered into the rest of his Lord.'

And so ended this beautiful but erratic life,—a life which stirs our sympathy and admiration, but which, as we have before hinted, defies and baffles our philosophy. Among the traditions of his birthplace, and the circumstances of his early history, it is not difficult to discern influences which gave some character to his mind. The unparalleled fame of his ministry may be explained by natural laws. But philosophy fails to expound the process of his lamentable decadence and fall. Chalmers, far-sighted and keen of discernment as he was, could never understand him; Coleridge watched his course with mute wonderment; and Carlyle, his oldest and fastest friend, stood by his grave loving, but confounded. Charity, unable to reason, and yet unwilling to blame, has sought to solve the problem on the hypothesis of mental aberration. But his life furnishes no evidence of this. His letters up to the last are clear and intelligent as the products of his prime; his sermons, though toned with more of pathos, equal, in force, and subtlety, and beauty, the compositions which won for him his first fame. His defence at the bar of the Presbytery has already been cited as a marvel of eloquence and argumentative skill. The physiology of mania, it is true, reveals the possibility of a sound judgment on all other points co-existing with wildness on one particular point. Yet Irving's expositions of the doctrines on which he diverged from conventional standards are calm and philosophical. Whatever may become of the theory of mania, the charge of deception is revolting. There are some who explain his later life on the supposition that, unable to live without that popularity with which he had once been crowned, and which was now fading upon his brow, he was driven to singularity, and, by successive stages, to imposture. His whole life rebuts and flings off the slander. He himself must ever be separated from his followers, who, alas! were too often his leaders. Among them there were many impostors, and not a few fools; but he, with all his faults, was at least true,—deceived, but never deceiving. An impostor would have claimed the endowments, which Irving reverently believed others to possess, and for which he waited with a faith which never faltered, though it was never rewarded. Nor was this faith

remarkable. It was the natural development of Irving's mind. Ardently embracing the idea of an approaching millennium, he could not, with the extreme literalness of his belief, fail to look for the gifts promised to the latter days. His theories of spiritual gifts were the natural results of his Millenarianism. He knew nothing of that elastic Millenarianism of these days which adopts literally as much of prophecy as convenient, and explains away the remainder in figures. The Book which taught him to look for a Second Advent of the Son of Man, taught him also to expect preparatory 'signs.' His faith, though ill-grounded, was at least consistent; and if blame be attachable to him, it is a blame of which ten thousand men, less reverent than he, are more worthy,—the blame of venturing beyond the ancient landmarks,—of launching out upon a forbidden deep,—of trying to soar with human wing into Divine mysteries. But we do not blame him. We honour the dust which lies in the sombre crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, and gladly weave a wreath to the memory of that gallant and faithful soul who saw 'through a glass darkly,' and who now seeth 'face to face.'

ART. VII.—*Hid Treasures, and the Search for them: being the Substance of Lectures delivered to Bible-Classes.* By JOHN HARTLEY. Mason.

THE work which stands alone at the head of this article, stands almost alone in our literature as the representative of a peculiar kind of ministerial instruction. Books are to be found in abundance which assume the existence of Bible-classes, and furnish hints and materials for assistance in conducting them; but this admirable little volume gives us a glimpse into the scene itself; it lets us follow the Minister into his class-room, where he exchanges the pulpit for the chair, and makes his Bible the text-book of a systematic teaching modified accordingly. These classes have not often revealed their secrets through the press. Their function has been that of a simple and unostentatious adjunct to the pulpit; and their operations have aimed at nothing higher than the satisfaction of a pastoral impulse to supplement the higher ministry by instructions of a freer, less formal, and more miscellaneous character. But their results, however quietly attained, have been very great. There are multitudes now living, and acting their part in mature life, to whom the term Bible-class suggests the most grateful remembrances; who are never weary of acknowledging the benefits conferred by it upon their youth, and of tracing its early influence through the whole of their following years. There are still greater multitudes of the young who are now being more or less moulded by these classes, and receiving from them no small proportion of the culture which is forming their character for life. And this institute of pastoral labour, without losing its essentially subordinate rank, is becoming rapidly more important. Bible-classes are multiplying; and, as they multiply, they assume new forms, take a wider range, embrace a larger variety of subjects, gather within their sphere greater numbers, and it may be hoped are effecting a proportionate increase of good.

The common element in these classes is their making the Bible the sole text-book. But, with that one element of unity, they are as diversified in other respects as the tastes and tend-

encies of their conductors can make them. No direct ordinance gave them birth, no rule prescribes their limits, and they are amenable to no specific tribunal: consequently, they adapt themselves to circumstances with perfect freedom, and exhibit a variety of characteristics as interesting as it is expedient. Were a commission appointed to inquire into their working, and to obtain their statistics, the result would be rather startling to many. Beginning, where all ought to begin, with the little ones, we should find classes reported in which children are gathered weekly around the Minister, and taught to read and love the Bible with him; classes in which catechumens—youth in the critical borderland between childhood and maturity, *sons of the law* in the Hebrew sense—are assembled for religious teaching and guidance; and classes in which young men and women, separately or together, receive pastoral instruction out of the Scriptures. The report would present a more imposing account of classes in which lessons are given on a variety of miscellaneous scriptural subjects, comprising all the diversified literature of the Bible as such; others in which the teachers are met for the purpose of studying with them their Sunday lessons; others in which intelligent young men discuss under their Minister's guidance biblical topics, by paper or otherwise; and others in which theological instruction is more formally given to a yet more select number. It would then rise to those classes in which the Scriptures are closely and thoroughly expounded for the benefit of all those, whether young or otherwise, who can command time to attend, and who regard a weekly hour of such ministerial instruction as a welcome addition to the more public means of grace. The report would certainly include all these forms of the Bible-class; of its probable statistics we cannot speak so confidently. The numbers attending all of them would be found to be great, and in most of them increasing. But the impression produced by the whole would be, that very much more good might be effected by means of this institute. For ourselves, we are convinced that the ministerial Bible-class is a power the strength of which is not valued as it ought; and we shall occupy a few pages in trying to make our readers share this conviction. The subject is very suggestive, whether it respects the Minister as teaching out of the pulpit, or the kind of teaching which he gives, or the young people who

are mainly benefited. The remarks which we shall make on these several heads will be in strict keeping with the design of this journal, one function of which is to vindicate for the Bible its supreme place in literature; and they will humbly aim at the benefit of a large class of readers especially concerned.

The fundamental principle of the institution we advocate is this, that the Christian Minister's office is to give instruction in the Bible: not only in the pulpit, but out of the pulpit; not only as a preacher, but as a teacher; not only in the doctrines and morals of Scripture, but in every part of it. His duty is to make biblical instruction the law of his life; and the Bible-class gives him an opportunity of doing a part of his duty that cannot be done so well in any other way.

It is always important, and especially so in these days of distraction, that the young Minister should be reminded of the extent of his obligation to study and to unfold the Scriptures. The Bible bears to him a relation which no other book does; and he stands to the Bible in a relation in which no other man stands to it. His life and energies, of thought and action, are pledged to that one object. The Bible is the centre of all literature to him, in a sense beyond that in which it is the centre to all. It is his own peculiar and sacred province: to study it, to defend it, to make himself master of all its secrets, and to unfold them all, is the great business of his life. It is true that he has no special prerogative of possession, no special immunity from error, no clerical monopoly of its blessings. The Book is the common heritage; and every part of it is thrown open to every man. There is no order of men to whom, as an order of men, has been given a right of absolute control over the Scriptures, or a guarantee of their infallible interpretation. The great declaration of the Day of Pentecost revoked any such grant, if it had ever been made in the past; and expressly precluded any such distinction in the great Church of the future. Whoso hath an ear may hear, and whoso heareth may understand. But it is a perversion of this great truth to deny the special charge which is given to the Christian ministry concerning the sacred volume. They are its human guardians and expositors: they are set for its defence, and set apart for its study. All its treasures are put into their hands as householders, to be dispensed by their fidelity; they are expressly

encouraged to regard themselves as Christian scribes, to be versed beyond all others in the letter of the law; and they are promised that 'with what measure they mete' out the endless stores of instruction committed to their hands 'it shall be measured to them again.' The more they 'magnify' their office in this respect, and 'make it honourable' by their own diligence, the better for themselves and for the Church and for the world. It should be their ambition to make themselves, what they are supposed to be, supreme in this sphere. Whatever other pursuits they engage in, as the recreation of life, their study should be in the Book of their profession and calling. There they should be masters. If not in other matters, in this at least they should be the highest human authorities. But this supremacy cannot be maintained save by those who systematically and steadily make the study of the Scriptures the business of their lives. And in proportion as they acquire the power they will feel it incumbent to use it actively; they will more and more understand that they are not only passive referees, to whom difficult points may be brought for solution, but that they are appointed to open and dispense the treasures they are intrusted with to the utmost extent of their opportunity.

It is obvious that the pulpit cannot exhaust this ministerial responsibility. Undoubtedly it is in the pulpit that the Minister discharges the main part of his duty; there his fidelity must ultimately be tested and approved; and, if he there shows himself faithful to his great text-book, he will not be chargeable with unfaithfulness elsewhere. But the Christian Minister is in the pulpit only a few hours in the week; and, although those few hours represent the result of the studies of many hours, and are indeed the pith and soul of his life, yet two or three hours in the week cannot satisfy the claims of the Bible on him who is its professed expositor. For it must be borne in mind that the pulpit has its manifold restrictions, especially in the present day. The Bible in the pulpit is, after all, only *the Bible within the Bible*: the most excellent part of that which is all excellent, but still only a part. Preaching Gospel truths to the unconverted, and applying the evangelical promises to the penitent, and teaching the saved Church for its edification, absorb and bring into pulpit use a wide range of Scripture, but still leave a large and precious remainder. We are free to admit that the

pulpit has been in past times, and might be now, and perhaps one day will be, the centre of more frequent and more comprehensive teaching than now proceeds from it. The time may come again when a much more copious, systematic, and exhaustive unfolding of the treasures of the word of God will be tolerated or demanded in the chair of ministerial instruction. But we must take things as they are. Many causes have concurred to limit the function of the pulpit to the sermon or homily proper. The congregation is generally impatient of any marked deviation. But into this question it is needless here to enter; and it would be a hard matter to define the circle of subjects confessedly appropriate to the preacher's office. But we shall find it easier in due time to point out those which are not appropriate; and, meanwhile, will assume that the Christian Minister who would discharge all his obligations to the Bible on the one hand, and the people on the other, must teach the Scriptures elsewhere than in the pulpit, and in other ways supplementary to his preaching.

The Minister's Bible-class suggests itself at once as the very adjunct that the pulpit requires. But, upon proceeding to sketch its capabilities, we must guard against being supposed to intimate that it is the only, or indeed the indispensable, adjunct. We have no desire to exaggerate its importance. It is only one of many expedients by which a faithful pastor may seek to satisfy his desire of usefulness, and to pay his great debt to the word of life. To discharge that obligation fully, or in any sense whatever, requires that he make his whole life bear the burden. The Christian pastorate is, to all who strive to realize its true ideal, a perpetual life-long all-pervading ministry of the word. Besides making his own character its reflection, the Minister must strive to bring it into contact with all persons and all circumstances surrounding him. On all occasions he must be ready to exhibit its endless applications to common life; to show its bearing on every question; to pronounce its verdict on every disputed point, its solution of every difficulty. He must be ready to defend it when attacked, to rescue it when in danger, to introduce it when forgotten, and to give his true interpretation when it is perverted. In short, his fidelity to the book intrusted to him demands that he qualify himself to be an interpreter and a referee everywhere and in all companies, in what-

soever pertains to it and its literature. And there are many who make their pastoral life the only and the sufficient supplement of their public preaching. But, granting this, the classes of which we shall now speak must commend themselves to the young and active Minister, as an exceedingly valuable medium of teaching, intermediate between the pulpit and the common life.

In this branch of service, supposing him to engage in it, the young Minister must choose his own specific course, and conform the character of his instruction to the character of those whom he has to instruct. No general rules can be laid down; nor have we any published models for imitation. Every man must consult his own taste or peculiar gift; must take into account what time he has to dedicate to such service, and what kind of companies he can gather around him. It may not, however, be without its use to give a brief summary of three distinct kinds of Bible-class which have found pretty general acceptance in the present day: the first occupied with what may be termed the externals of the Bible; the second devoted more particularly to the doctrines contained in it; and the third concerned only with the text and its direct exposition.

The Bible-class *about* the Bible comes first. It embraces all the literature of the Scriptures; all biblical questions and subjects, in short, which are not doctrine or exposition. The conductor of such a class has the common 'Introduction to the Scriptures' for his guide; and can make such a judicious selection of his topics as shall lead his students through paths of most grateful variety to a sound general acquaintance with the structure and contents of the holy volume. Such classes are not uncommon: some of them more systematic, and some of them less; but all seeking to ground young people in the fundamentals of what ought to be known about the grand fabric of the word of God, and to excite in them a reverent admiration of the heavenly art displayed in its structure. We have taken some pains to procure information on this point; and, as the result, have found a number of classes in healthy operation which deal with such subjects as the writers, contents, and scope of the several books of Scripture—the history and formation of the two canons—the leading types and symbols with their corresponding antitypes and realities—the several prophecies and their fulfilments—the texts which infidelity has in all ages perverted,

with the special perversions of modern times—the poetry of Scripture and its parallelism—the Psalms, their divisions and writers—the Messianic Psalms—the several lines of scriptural history, and the leading personages in its biography—the natural history of the Bible—its mountains, rivers, and seas—the tabernacle and the temple, their form and ritual—and a number of other similar subjects. The classes which pursue such tracks of inquiry are not very numerous; but they are to be found, and they are rapidly increasing. They do not perhaps, in most instances, rise to the point of efficiency and vigour which the above remarks might indicate; but, generally speaking, they answer the description we have given.

Now, it is hard to overrate the importance of such systematic ministerial instruction as this. It is true that young people might read about such matters for themselves; especially in these days, when the accumulations of ages of industrious research are epitomized in hand-books compiled with accuracy and skill, and placed within the reach of everybody. But it is easier to recommend these books than to insure their being read; and they are essentially dull without the stimulus of a living prompter. Nothing can supply the place of an oral instructor in such matters as these. It is true, also, that that instructor cannot do very much with the time at his disposal, and in the short term of his intercourse with such classes. But, with every deduction, they do real and substantial service. They are most useful to the young Minister himself. They keep his attention awake to the learning which, sacred to all, is doubly sacred to him. They oblige him to furbish his own armoury, to maintain and increase the stock which he brought with him from his college. They tend to preserve him from the danger of limiting his knowledge of Scripture to the professional round of his pulpit texts, and to mature his own acquaintance with all the miscellaneous literature that enshrines and illustrates those texts. Meanwhile to the young people themselves he may make them an unmingled benefit. Their Minister's lectures have to his flock all their own peculiar charm, with the additional sanctity that the pastoral relation gives them. They afford him the opportunity of investing scriptural matters with fresh and living interest. They give him the means of imparting what is of more value than the mere information conveyed—a sound and healthy

bias. He can teach the lessons of his text-book with a better influence than the book itself can exert. He can make these weekly exercises—half-lectures, half-conversations—the channel of infinite good suggestion. In them he may do much towards protecting the young from the stealthy approaches of the rationalizing and irreverent spirit; and towards enlisting their early interests and sympathies on the side of truth. While dealing with the externals, he may lead the way to what is within; while examining the hem and the fringes of the vesture of truth, he may open their eyes to see the beauty of the vesture^{itself}. And thus he may hope to divert their minds from attractions without; and, by his own quiet influence, prove a successful rival of the more demonstrative claimants for the ears of young men. To do this, is worth the best labour and study of the Minister fresh in his work; and if his weekly Bible-class really has in it such capabilities of usefulness, to himself and to the young people around him, it is plainly his duty to make the most of their assistance.

But these observations have more than suggested the second and perhaps higher kind of class: that, namely, which makes the Bible a text-book for directing the theological judgments and opinions of its members. This kind of class is, in the nature of things, more select. But many specimens of it may be found, especially in our large towns; their number also is multiplying, and will multiply, just in proportion as it comes to be felt by young men generally that the doctrines of Holy Scripture ought to be apprehended, in their truth and in their harmony, by every intelligent Christian. Most young men are either engaged, or hope to be engaged, in instructing those younger than themselves; very many are aspiring one day to teach those older than themselves. And if we add the fact that there is in the present day a peculiar and specific bias to theological controversy, it will not be matter of wonder that Bible-classes, professedly for theological ends, are spreading in Christian Churches. The plan of conducting them differs in different places. Sometimes a theological subject is taken, and the Minister gives a kind of lecture upon it, he and his hearers searching the Scriptures together. Sometimes an individual is appointed to write a short essay upon a particular doctrine, which is made the basis of ministerial comment, or of general conversation. Sometimes the Catechism accompanies the Bible as a text-book, sometimes a well-known

body of divinity ; and in some instances the rather perilous expedient is resorted to, of giving every one present an opportunity of making any inquiry that his curiosity, or love of argument, or ostentation, or desire of knowledge, may suggest.

Certainly, there is much in such a class that should commend itself to the young Minister who loves his vocation, and has a right estimate of his own responsibility and power. It should be his humble ambition to be, in his way, a sort of theological tutor to his flock, especially the young ; to shield them from the errors and heresies that are everywhere crying to be heard, and to give them sound instruction in the science of revealed truth. But this special service obviously needs specially prepared men ; and demands that they should make their class-teaching matter of diligent and discreet forethought. And even in their hands it requires much caution, especially with respect to oral discussion in the class. The prerogative of the Minister is to teach ; and the privilege of his class to be taught. The free discussion of controverted points does more harm than good ; and, instead of this, questions proposed on paper, left with the teacher for his leisurely consideration, and answered the next week, may answer every purpose. Classes of this kind are to be found which do as much honour to their conductors as to the young men who compose them. But they are few ; and they owe their efficiency to the peculiar gifts of the men who have raised them. It would be a great blessing to the Church if their example were more extensively imitated ; for the times imperatively demand them. The gravest theological questions are flippantly treated in popular books, which are composed specially for young men ; and lecture-rooms and debating societies abound, in which they are discussed by free-thinkers, who lose no opportunity of attracting intelligent youth. Well, therefore, for the congregation blest with a Minister capable of gathering around himself all its young men, with all their energies and all their earnestness, and laborious enough to make weekly preparation for all their great demands upon him. And well for the Minister whose vocation this is. However powerful his influence in the pulpit, he is doing a work hardly inferior in importance out of it. The Church wants a large reinforcement of such men. And their number would soon be largely multiplied, if the young men who annually enter the ministry, with a preparatory training and books

at their command, would count it their bounden duty to prepare themselves for such work as this. It does not require a vast array of learning to begin with : it is enough to have the sound training which all young Ministers are supposed to have, and without which it is almost sinning against the age to send them forth. This will give them the key to all requisite knowledge ; and the art of using it,—an art which is perfected by use. If they concentrate their energies, economize their time, make every so-called sacrifice, and seek the highest inspiration of diligence, they will soon be able to meet the highest demands of their flock, in the pulpit and out of it. And the two preparations will gradually converge into one : while preparing for the pulpit, with all its supreme anxieties and responsibilities, and seeking to press more and more of the living Scripture into the service of their preaching ministry, they will be most effectually equipping themselves for all that extra-pulpit usefulness the claims of which we now enforce.

We must pause here to hint at one use which such a class subserves, and one which is too obvious to escape notice :—the opportunity it gives the Minister of exercising a wholesome supervision over the candidates for lay-preaching or the ministry. Such a class as this, conducted by a competent head, would of necessity attract all the young men who think of making theology their future study ; and he could scarcely do a better service than to make his class a training-school for such persons,—singling them out from the rest, and striving to help them in their preparation. The period which intervenes between the self-dedication to this office and the entrance upon it is of vital importance for all the future. In the case of lay-preachers, what service might be rendered, and is often rendered, in the friendly direction of their studies ; how much evil prevented by pointing out defects, and guarding against errors, and helping the eager young student to overcome the disadvantages which often hinder his progress ! In the case of those who are candidates for the ministry, how much may be done in the Minister's Bible-class to prepare them for their future term of training ! How great is the benefit of even a twelvemonth's preliminary discipline of this friendly pastoral kind ! A young man found in the class who is likely to go forward into the ministry ought to have as much special attention paid to him by his superiors as other duties will allow. Generally

he stands much in need of direction; and he ought to have some one on whom to rely. He needs to be told what theological fundamentals must be studied, and what books he ought to read. He is making sermons; and perhaps acquiring habits of thought, composition, and delivery, which will trouble him sorely one day: how important that his manuscripts should be examined, his essays in preaching heard, and the errors of both pointed out! Or he may be plunging too deeply into the higher divinity, and need to be reminded of the importance of not neglecting the simple elements of education. Whatever may be the value of a course of training in theological seminaries,—and it is not possible to exaggerate its importance,—the benefits of that course are largely increased when a preparatory discipline of this informal kind has gone before,—when the training itself has been, so to speak, trained for. Very much good is done in this way every year; and much more might be done. But this subject leads us away from the Bible-class, and we must abstain from dwelling upon it as it deserves. We leave it with the suggestion that a permanent class, established solely for preachers who are in their earliest probation, might be kept up in every large place by a competent Minister, with the best possible results.

And now we have reached that type of the Bible-class which is most faithful to its primary design; keeping close to the simple exposition of Scripture, but adopting a kind of exposition inadmissible in the pulpit, being distinguished by its greater freedom and simplicity, by its class of subjects being unlimited, and by its flexible adaptation to the character and need of its select members. This is the primitive Bible-class; which, whether conducted by Ministers or laymen, whether with older or younger members, whether in the house of God or the parlour or the barracks or on shipboard, has for a long time been and still is the channel of endless blessing to multitudes, and in some cases the only and the saving means of grace. We refer, however, here especially to the Minister's class as professedly supplementary to his pulpit instruction, in which he can read the Scriptures with a select number, opening up their hidden treasures or explaining their better-known contents in a manner more genial and more familiar than the higher place would permit.

It is not intended to assert that the direct exposition of the Scripture—word by word, paragraph by paragraph, and even book by book—is altogether unsuitable to the pulpit. The ancient preachers made this their constant aim, and the homilies of some of the Fathers are, in fact, their commentaries. There have never been wanting worthy imitators of this style, who have worked into the tissue of their sermons the closest exegesis of consecutive books: some of the most precious volumes of English exposition—one or two of the *most* precious—are the lasting result. And although this kind of preaching may not be the legitimate function of the pulpit of the present day, and in our readers' experience may be without example, it is questionable whether it might not, under some circumstances, and in some approximations, be introduced to advantage. A week-evening or even mid-day course of such exposition might in large towns be made very instructive and very profitable. It may be objected, that the exposition of the lesson before the sermon might serve this purpose; but long and elaborate expositions of the preliminary lesson are—unless the sermon indemnify by being excessively short and therefore meagre—wearisome at the very least. And, moreover, it is meet that the word of God should somewhere in the Divine service speak for itself, in its own integrity, the reader alone being between the Holy Oracle and the congregation. Be all this as it may, exposition must have its throne in the pulpit; and far be it from us to give the faintest intimation to the contrary. All good preaching must be more or less expository: the points of the sermon must be derived from a careful study of the bearings of the text; its sinews and strength must be obtained from a full and thoughtful collation of the mind of the Spirit on the same subject elsewhere; its illustrations, however affluent from other sources, must owe their best to the Word of God; while its spirit and force and unction must come from intimate communion with the living truth. This, in fact,—and no more than this,—is the preaching of those who are termed distinctively expository preachers. And this—no less than this—is the preaching of all the best of those more popular preachers who are sometimes most unwisely contrasted with them. These likewise derive the strength of their ministry from the study of God's Word; and often from a much deeper study than they are supposed to expend upon it.

The art of the conveyance of the result may conceal the process ; and a certain light—it may be earthly, but still glorious—suffused over the whole may soften down or make imperceptible those lines and points of exposition which in reality determine the outline of the discourse. But all sound, healthy, evangelical, soul-saving, useful preaching must be expository,—in the very nature of things, and according to the law which makes the Word itself, and not the skill of man, the Spirit's agent in the renewal of man's soul.

But, after all, there is a kind of exposition which is not suited to the pulpit, and which finds its fitter place in the class-room : or, rather, there are two kinds of exposition which require a less public chair,—the one because of its simplicity, the other because of its depth.

The former gives its general character to the Bible-class. This is its common, normal form, proved by experience to be always practicable and always popular ; demanding nothing in the teacher beyond the average ministerial knowledge, and nothing in the members beyond teachableness and love of the Bible. It undertakes nothing more than the simple reading of certain selected portions, with sound running comment, apt and lively illustration of all kinds, conversational question and answer, and the ever-varying application that the Word itself suggests. It may be a parable thoroughly discussed, the narrative and meaning of a miracle unfolded, the delineation of a Scripture character studied ; or it may be the gradual and consecutive opening out of a book or an epistle ; or it may be the weekly study of the coming Sunday lesson with those who will have to teach it to children in the school. This is the most common, and perhaps the best, type of the class. Here Ministers of all orders may be quite at home :—there can be no argument against the thing itself, there can be no difficulty about finding the right members, and there can be no plea of unfitness in the teacher. It does not require in the latter that thorough mastery of the Word of God in all its range and fulness which is the prerogative of age and experience ; it does not require possession of the tongues and critical apparatus ; it does not require a peculiar gift, or any peculiarity at all. It demands only the true heart of a pastor ; and that preparation which every Minister—supposed to be daily studying the Bible, while men generally only read and meditate on it—has always at

command. Such classes in such hands can do nothing but good ; and we would earnestly recommend every young Minister who has not tried them to begin. They ought to be universal. Not, however, as substitutes for any other meetings of Christian fellowship ; nor as substitutes for preaching : in their very nature they are distinct, and have a place of their own. They always, when justice is done them, commend themselves. No one has ever found them fail, who may not impute the failure rather to himself than to any other cause. It is true, the teacher may be sometimes resisted by obstacles over which he has but slight control ; some whom he would benefit may soon evince a distaste for Scripture ; many may be so unhappily situated as to be prevented from attending, or attending regularly ; others may be entangled in distracting avocations, not wrong in themselves, but all-absorbing ; and there are never wanting instances of those whom no pastoral solicitude will win from the more seductive recreations of the world without. But, after making all deductions, there will always be found a large remainder of people, especially young people, who will gladly follow their Minister into his class-room, and to whom his genial and conversational expositions of scriptural truth will always have a peculiar charm. Let no one who would make full proof of his ministry, in the pulpit and out of it, undervalue this little arrow in his quiver.

But the subject is far from being exhausted. There is another kind of private exposition which demands a more select circle, and aims at a more thorough penetration into the mysteries of Scripture than the former. The Bible-class may be made a channel for the conveyance, not only of the Minister's simplest teaching, but also of his ripest instruction on the most profound or the most controverted subjects. There can be no reasonable objection to this. If he have the ability and the resources, and if he can find a capable auditory, surely there is no reason why he should not seek utterance for words which his good sense would leave unspoken in the pulpit, but which, nevertheless, his heart prompts him to utter somewhere. Into this sphere, however, we almost shrink from entering ; it is one which obviously must be left to individual sense of duty or vocation ; and what little we have to say will be rather a testimony of what has been reported as having been done than as a recommendation of our own. Amongst our miscellaneous

notes of observation we have records of several such classes of select weekly exposition ; but shall confine our remarks to one which has been adopted with some success,—and which may stand as a specimen of the whole. In this instance an hour is devoted to the elucidation of the hidden or obscure places of Scripture ; and the treatment of a series of these more recondite passages in the course of a few winters travels through almost all the main difficulties of Holy Writ. The experiment has been tried with some fair success ; and, perhaps, there are some of our readers who might be induced to make it for themselves. For their sake we will hazard a few more sentences on the subject, and classify this kind of passages under their three heads : 1. Those which are obscure in themselves, and by virtue of Divine purpose ; 2. Those which have become obscure through causes springing from man's infirmity ; and, 3. Those which are obscure, simply because they are in neglected places, and are generally unobserved.

It has pleased God that there are many parts of His revelation themselves, as it were, unrevealed ; many sayings which utter only to hide their mystery. It might be supposed that this would be so ; it is the glory of God's Word, as well as of God Himself, to conceal a thing. Some of these passages are dark because of their excess of glory, bearing the burden of thought for which man has yet no faculty, and under which words fail of their function, and break down. Some of them are charged with revelations that are clouded with uncertainty until the set time come, but will be clear enough at the appointed hour. All these are given to man's contemplation : they pass understanding, but yield themselves to faith or the higher reason. We do not say that they are to be excluded from the pulpit. Some few of these passages are texts of which the preacher is never weary and on which strains have always been preached that have been the choicest edification of the Church. Others of them enter the pulpit, if not as texts, yet as the illustration of texts on which they shed their light : dark sayings in themselves, they brighten others ; the dazzling glory which repels the eye from itself, irradiates all that it is shed upon with unearthly light ; and happy the preaching over which these dark sayings diffuse their glorifying influence. But there are others which, while appropriate to the pulpit in only a very limited sense, are capa-

ble of being very profitably discoursed upon in a more private circle.—However, we only glance at this province of Scripture in relation to the class. The introduction of such higher, deeper sayings certainly is not to be recommended as a common practice. Nor is there much danger. These passages have no charm for the ordinary mass. They reserve their attraction for the exceedingly select few who make the Scriptures their supreme and all-satisfying study, and whose ears have been opened by a second *Ephphatha* for a more interior hearing. Wherever expounded,—whether in the pulpit or in the class-room,—they are for an elect circle, everywhere only too small. Or, rather, they are oracles which cannot be perfectly heard but by the solitary worshipper. Vain is all talking about them, unless the new sense which they require has been given. But we must pass from this branch of the Hidden Sayings; only remarking that, while they cannot be recommended as the ordinary matter of the Bible-class, their occasional introduction, where all other things concur to render them suitable, cannot fail to exert an elevating influence upon the members. For, though they often baffle the understanding, they never fail to impress and strengthen it.

There is another class of passages which are obscure, through causes traceable to human infirmity. And these, again, are manifold. Some are indistinct to us simply because the language that conveys them is a dead language, although enshrining living words; many texts are obscure through the uncertainty, about a single expression of the original, which learning has not yet been able to remove; others, because even in the original documents the word spoken in one tongue had to be reproduced in another; while not a few are obscure in our own version because of the defect in its rendering. Again, there are parts of Scripture around which controversy has thrown a mist of uncertainty; or which suffer under an erroneous conventional interpretation, handed down and propagated traditionally and unexamined; or which are indistinct through the subtlety of the writer's argument and diction, requiring only a searching study of the context to make them clear. We might multiply these causes of the obscurity of a large number of passages, amounting to a considerable portion of Scripture. Now, it is hardly necessary to prove that these hard sayings ought to be explained and cleared

up to the utmost extent of a Minister's ability, and on all occasions that make it practicable or desirable to do so. They contain the difficulties which perplex and torture many a mind; on some of them, and the number not large, it may be boldly said, hang all the heresies and errors of the Christian Church.

The pulpit can only to a partial extent meet this requirement. The ideal pulpit, we grant, would meet it perfectly. There all doubts would be solved, all vexed questions settled, all unsound interpretation corrected, all controverted doctrine defended; and a light kept for ever burning that would leave no part of God's house dark. But we have not to do with the ideal pulpit. That real, imperfect, and restricted one with which we have to do demands—notwithstanding its wide range and grand achievements—the reinforcement of some other subordinate and loyal methods which shall finish its work and fill up the measure of its teaching. And our class furnishes one such method. Without the formality of theological teaching, but with all the exactitude of careful preparation, the Minister can there handle passages that might embarrass him in the pulpit. He can select his texts; give the history of opinions upon them if he likes; show how they have been pressed violently into the service, now of this, and now of that, heresy, with all the perversions to which they have been wrested; and wind up all by giving the judgment from which in that little assembly at least there is no appeal. Or he may—and we speak now of what is the practice in many classes of which we have reports—allow the members to suggest occasionally their own texts, passages namely which have given them trouble or kept their minds unsettled; he may take those texts to his study, classify them, study them, reach his own fixed convictions upon them, determine what may be said positively, what doubtfully, and what only negatively, concerning their meaning, and give the whole result at the next meeting. Of the benefit of such a class, in judicious hands, it is impossible to speak too highly. To thoughtful, inquiring young men,—with a healthy spirit of speculation in them, but exposed always to a very unhealthy temptation of that spirit; carrying about with them often a mass of unsolved doubts, fermenting in their minds, fretting their peace, and perilling their faith,—such a refuge as this class may sometimes be made a blessing little short of their

salvation. And to the young Minister, too, it is no light advantage to be obliged to make himself master of the interpretation of these uncertain scriptures. True, it would bind him like a slave to his Bible and his books; but in a glorious slavery, and with fetters of gold. It would effectually save him from the danger of wasting his precious time—in his case time doubly pledged—upon pursuits which, good in themselves and to others paramount, are interdicted to him by higher obligations. It would obviate the liability of his coming to limit his acquaintance with Scripture to that familiar sphere of it where his pulpit-texts lie; and help him to acquire that minute and thorough biblical knowledge which is the glory of his vocation, but which much depends upon his familiarity with its more obscure regions. Moreover, there is no better method of studying the manifold phases of theological opinion; or, what is almost the same thing, the history of the Christian Church. And, all this being true, we regard it as our duty to commend the design to the ambition of every earnest and conscientious young Minister who may read these lines.

There is yet one more class of obscure passages, those, namely, which are hidden only because they are not much sought for. They lie—not, indeed, in the waste places of the Bible, for of such there are none, but—in its neglected and unfrequented parts. How many tracts of Holy Writ there are which to the mass of readers are little better than '*Gaza, which is desert*;' where, however, those who seek will find some of the richest music, and the most beautiful flowers, and the goodliest fruits, in all the great garden of the Lord! There they lie in unvisited corners, waiting to give up their unvalued secret to all who pass them not by, but turn aside to seek them. It is true that there is to all a Bible within the Bible; but to too many there is nothing more in it than that. They forget that the earthly vesture of the Word is woven from the top throughout by a Divine hand; and that every thread in the fabric, to its lowest hem, is sacred. They are apt to think only of the Holiest of all, and to forget that the temple reaches outwards to its Beautiful gate, and that every stone in it, and its very dust, is holy. Or, in better words, they are in danger of not remembering that *all* Scripture is given for instruction. Hence the necessity that the Minister should be to all a continual remembrancer, and lead his people, like

the author of this book, in the pursuit of *Hidden Treasures*. He should be himself familiar with all parts of the Bible, and prompt his flock to the same universal acquaintance. His pulpit should be rich in illustration gathered from all regions of Scripture. But, if he think proper, the illustrations of his pulpit may be made sometimes the text of his Bible-class. A selection of such passages as we have referred to might occupy many a profitable hour. He would have an opportunity of teaching his young people to mark the grace and the depth of a multitude of sayings in the Psalms, and the Prophets, especially the minor Prophets, and even in the New Testament, of the existence of which they were scarcely aware. Thus he would help them to find out the home of many a quaint and touching word which, when met with in books or heard in the pulpit, falls upon the ear with a beautiful but unfamiliar sound, more like that of an ancient saw than a word of Scripture. Thus he would be able to point out to them many a secret harmony and unthought-of coincidence; and trace with them many a golden thread, undiscerned before, running through the whole fabric of Scripture. And thus, while giving the strength of his mind to the exposition and application of the Word of life as such, it would be the recreation, so to speak, and minor ministry of his vocation, to be the interpreter of what may be called, with a good meaning, the beauties and the graces of the Bible. Like the high-priest's girdle, the vesture of Scripture is 'for glory and beauty:' its *glory* shines in the pulpit above, and it is not asking too much that its *beauty* should be admired in the class-room below.

Putting all these obscure passages together, the hidden treasures of which our volume writes, we think we are not going too far when we say that they might form the material of a very profitable course of class-room teaching. Continued winter after winter, for only two or three years, the result would be a very large amount of wholesome and most interesting instruction. Would that we could see a few volumes of the results: carrying out on a larger scale than this little book the same idea; viz., a collection of these classified obscurer passages of the Bible, with brief summaries of opinion, just enough critical annotation, and such sound and judicious exposition as should make it acceptable both to the intellect and the heart of the reader. If some of those Ministers who conduct their classes on

this plan would combine to execute such a scheme, each taking his part, they would render their generation a very great service, and furnish a good supplement to all the commentaries.

And now we must make a few concluding observations on the practical bearing of this kind of teaching on the ministerial relation to young people,—these being mainly the members of such classes as we have described. But first we must obviate a difficulty which arises here. The several types which have been exhibited are not all of them adapted to young people; and, further, they are so diverse, that no one Minister could possibly combine them. But it is not desirable that he should combine them all; nor is it desirable that young people only should be aimed at. Where there is a co-pastorate, it is very easy to adjust all these matters; assigning to each the style of class adapted to his gifts, and thus by mutual adjustment including all who may come within the scope of our design as members. And, where there is only one Minister, two such classes added to the number of his other engagements—one for the young of either sex or both sexes, and another without any such restriction—might be made to answer every purpose of good that this humble agency contemplates. For, whatever form the class may take, the general benefit will be the same in the end. A well conducted Bible-class need not be limited to any particular scheme. It may be made, in good hands, to include almost all the aims, and accomplish almost all the purposes, which we have sketched. Indeed, some of the most efficient which we have known have been very flexible in this respect, changing the occupation of the hour according to circumstances, and thus enlisting the attractions of a wholesome variety. But our object will be attained if the young and untried Minister—with all his plans of usefulness yet to be formed, and, happy man! a life before him—will only take one such class in hand, and bend his steady attention to its management. If it be necessary that he let it share with the pulpit his scanty time for preparation, the pulpit will in many ways have ample compensation.

But to return. The portion of the community whose benefit is mainly sought by this agency is the youthful section of the Christian Church; and it is because we think we see in this institute a power that might be much more largely used for their good that we give such prominence to it in these pages. Undeniably, the relation of

the ministry to young people—especially the young people of the midway or catechumen age—is one of the most embarrassing problems of our day. Schemes are continually being devised, and plans suggested, for strengthening the bond between the rising youth of the congregation and the ordinances of the Church. That bond is, as things are, confessedly and everywhere too loose; and whatever new organizations could be devised that should correct this evil, and make straight the way of our young people into the full communion of the Church, deserves most earnest consideration. But we confess our conviction that the great thing to be desired is more extensive ministerial influence, direct or indirect, upon their mind, and heart, and character. And the highest recommendation of our Bible-class is, that it is, perhaps, the best auxiliary to that influence: to the direct influence of the Minister, in bringing him into their midst as a teacher; and to his indirect influence, by giving him the opportunity, to a certain extent, of instructing those who through the week or on the Sunday instruct them.

It is a trite thing to say that the pastor should make it his object to have as much personal and direct intercourse with the young as the nature of things will admit. They are part of his charge; their place and prerogative in the Christian Church impose upon him a burden of responsibility which cannot be thrown off. Moreover, the boundless importance of their early training, the bearing which that training has upon the present prosperity and future increase of the Christian society, must make every Minister solicitous to do all he can, out of the pulpit as well as in it, to make his ministry felt by the young. Nothing can avail to release him from this obligation. Parents themselves may do their utmost to discharge the duties which are everywhere in Scripture imposed upon them; and other teachers may be indefatigable in doing what parents neglect. But parents and teachers do not occupy the same position, nor stand in the same relation, as the Minister. Be their duty done ever so well, his duty remains. The Lord, who once blessed and gave back to their parents the little ones who were brought to Him,—thus confirming the ancient law that makes parents responsible for all that they can do,—at a later time gave the lambs of His flock as such into the special care of His ministering servants. These had before been taught not to forbid children to be

brought unto Him,—not to stand in the way of parental duty and care; and at the last they were taught that they must assume the responsibility in their own department,—and feed His lambs themselves.

But how can the Christian Minister discharge this solemn obligation? In the pulpit, certainly; but not only in the pulpit. By personal house-to-house visitation, certainly, and by exerting amongst the young in their own dwellings a salutary influence,—so far, that is, as he may do this. But it is obvious that the Bible-class, as an institution that mediates between these two,—combining the spiritual teaching of the pulpit with the friendly familiarity of private intercourse,—is beautifully adapted to help him in the performance of his duty. It would not be a thing impossible to make such arrangements as that all the catechumen portion of the flock should come once in the week thus under ministerial teaching; and the teaching of the one hour would expand into an influence pervading the whole week. Where this is done,—and it is done in many places, and to a large extent,—the benefit is great in every way. The Minister has his familiar faces around him, and can say all that is in his heart. He soon obtains an ascendancy in that little circle which no other means could give him. He exerts an influence—often without perceiving much outward sign of it—that neither pulpit appeals nor private persuasion could give him. He is in the midst of them, in the fullest sense of the word. He is not far off, as often in the pulpit; he is not too near, as often in private: but he is in the midst, and his class come gradually to feel that he is the pastor of their youth. The character of his teaching, the spirit of his appeals, the influence of his prayers, in such meetings as these, are all peculiar to such meetings; and those who have succeeded in gathering around them their young people in any numbers know that their Bible-class gives them a power not otherwise to be gained. Now, if all this is true,—if it is only approximately true, if it is true in any degree whatever,—surely it becomes the duty of every young Minister to lay his plans accordingly. Both the children and the catechumens have a right to expect it of him. It is true, he may have to make heavy sacrifices. He may have to overcome a strange but sometimes strong repugnance to this kind of work; he may in some cases have to neutralize some-

thing like a natural want of adaptation to it; he may have to deny himself a good deal of recreation. But he will have his reward; and the longer he labours thus, the more thankful he will be for a secondary agency which enables him to cover many of his pulpit defects, and supply many of his pulpit omissions, among the young of his flock.

But much that cannot be done by personal influence, may be done indirectly through the teachers: by bringing those who teach all the week, and those who teach on the Sunday, but especially the latter, within the range of ministerial guidance and influence. It is needless to dilate here upon the enormous influence exerted by the Sunday-school; or to dwell upon the extent to which the youth of our time are being moulded by its teachers. Of these teachers, as a class and as a whole, none who know them and watch their work can speak otherwise than in terms of high commendation. Considering their occupation during the week, the disadvantages with which many of them have to struggle, and the earnest perseverance with which they devote the best hours of their only day of rest to teaching the children in their crowded schools, they deserve the warmest thanks and encouragement of the community. But they deserve, and they need, the sympathy and encouragement of their Ministers especially. Whatever evils mar their system would be to a great extent removed, and the good they do would be largely increased, if the bond between the teachers and the ministry were closer than it is. In what other ways this might be brought about we shall not now consider; our business is solely to point out the degree in which the Minister's Bible-class might be pressed into the service.

The work of the teachers is done in three ways: through the Catechism, through the Scripture-lesson, and through the exertion of the constant influence of personal character. And in all these respects the teacher's power would be much enhanced by a weekly hour spent with the Minister. The teachers themselves generally are fully aware of this, and would be glad to have the benefit of a supervision the need of which they feel; while the Minister himself would thus have an opportunity of assuming his rightful place, and of discharging one of his most imperative obligations. First, as to the Catechism, which is the recognised and, as it were, official standard of instruction for the

youth of the Christian Church, and is used in all well-conducted schools. It must be admitted by every one, that he who teaches the Catechism should himself be carefully taught. It contains the essence of Christian doctrine; and, as a general rule, no young person is competent to expound it to children without being previously drilled in its definitions, and texts, and lessons. It is, perhaps, the secret consciousness of this that has tended to banish the Catechism from some schools, and to give it a very subordinate place in others. But if, by any arrangement, the catechetical lesson could be studied with the Minister as part of the business of a weekly class, the Catechism would soon re-assert its claims, and its invaluable function be restored; moreover, the grievous anomaly would be removed of a Christian Minister having no control over the doctrinal teaching of the young in his flock. Then, as to the Scripture-lesson, it surely needs no argument to prove the propriety, the decency, the advantage, the necessity of a ministerial supervision of the kind of scriptural exposition given from Sunday to Sunday by young people of all grades of age and attainment. It is not demanding a thing impossible that part of a weekly hour should be spent in reading with those who are to expound on the coming Sunday the appointed lesson; in giving its scope, explaining its difficulties, marking what in it should be suppressed, what lightly passed over, what fully brought out, and thus to a very considerable extent arming the teacher with the Minister's own preparation. And such a weekly meeting would not only aid the teachers in their catechetical and biblical instruction; it would also tend to the elevation of their own character, to the promotion of their own spiritual tastes, and to the stimulating and directing of their zeal in their duty. They would go to their work with a more cheerful heart; their task would be invested with more importance in their own eyes; and they would feel themselves clothed with more authority. From such a class the Minister himself would rise with the refreshing feeling of having done his best to provide for his little ones; knowing that, though his own visits to the school can only be occasional and brief, his teaching and influence are there in the person of others.

We speak with the more confidence on this matter, because the experiment has been tried, and with great success

Indeed, it is no longer an experiment. It is true that there have been some failures within our knowledge. The teachers do not always manifest a disposition to give up what they think their freedom, and bind themselves to what they resent as a rigid rule. But in such cases it is too probable that the right means have not been adopted, or have not been perseveringly pursued, to bring them to a better mind. Nothing is more honourably characteristic of the body of Sunday-school teachers than their readiness to admit the paramount spiritual authority of their Ministers, and to co-operate with all such Ministers as show a hearty desire to watch over them for their good. There are many schools in which preparation-classes are conducted by the superintendent, or other most competent persons, and we have known some of these classes admirably conducted; but we have scarcely ever known an instance of such classes being established where there was the faintest hope of the Minister's taking his own place, and thus preventing a necessity for it. Multitudes of the teachers, to our certain knowledge, are earnestly waiting to see the alliance between the ministry and the school more strict, systematic, and efficient. And we have no fear of holding out false expectations, or stimulating our readers to an unreal and merely enthusiastic enterprise, when we urge every young minister to make what might be, in his case, the experiment of a more intimate pastoral relation to the Sunday-school. If he do not set his ideal standard too high, but steadily strive to make the best of things as they are, and do what he can, he will be sure to succeed, in his turn, where many have succeeded before him.

Besides the supreme advantage of bringing the swarms of our young people more directly under ministerial influence, another subordinate benefit would be gained,—that of retaining for the service of the Church young men whose energies have only too many attractions elsewhere. We are not disposed to utter a word in disparagement of the many public institutions, debating societies, young men's associations, lecture-rooms, and so forth, which absorb many of our young people altogether, and alienate during the week many even of those who are faithful to their post on the Sunday. We have nothing to say in these pages against any association that owns allegiance to literature, science, and mental cultivation in any form. But we are jealous over the

youth who are our strength. We have a service for them now within the sanctuary; and desire to prepare them for future service in the world beyond. Every religious community has a right to its own young men, and ought to be able, of its own resources, to assert and maintain that right. It does well to be exceedingly desirous to shine in *the dew of its youth*; but to this end it ought to take great pains to preserve it. The attractions from without are exceedingly strong; they must, if neutralized at all, and as far as they ought to be neutralized, be met by a corresponding attraction within. It has been, in too many cases, a just reproach, that young men find nothing about the hearth of their own community to allure and satisfy them; that enough pains are not taken to organize their energies, to gratify their tastes, and to promote their general cultivation. We can hardly expect all to be done everywhere that this complaint would suggest. There are, indeed, flourishing Christian communities which are perfect in their arrangements for the enlistment of young people. They are few: but the fact that there are any shows that there might be more. We are not, however, prepared to make any specific suggestions of our own on this general question. It is enough for our present purpose to say that a system of ministerial Bible-classes would go far to meet this evil, and roll away this reproach.

We cannot abstain from seizing the present opportunity of impressing this matter upon the rising ministry. A solemn responsibility rests upon them, and they cannot be too thoroughly alive to the fact. To them the eyes of young people are specially directed; and it depends very much upon their character what the character of the coming generation shall be. If the young Ministers who go out into our present churches make the young their study,—seeking to qualify themselves to be their patterns and guides; to direct their reading, to elevate their tastes, to care for their souls; in short, to make themselves everywhere centres around which the multitudes of the young shall congregate,—their reward will be great. And the qualification for this service is within the reach of every one of them. They have had the benefit of a preparatory training; and they have that personal knowledge of what is in the heart of a young man, which is one of the best elements of their preparation. They have all possible assistance from books at command; for

these are days when it is not beyond the means of any young Minister to fill his few shelves with the very best helps in every department of his study. The Scripture hand-books, the more ambitious dictionaries of the Bible, the commentaries on its particular books, were never so good and never so abundant as now. It is true that they require great care in the selection, and when selected no less discrimination in their use. For it is one of the evils attendant on the prodigal increase of such literature, that it tends to be eclectic and latitudinarian; and, alas, the several communities have not wholesome bigotry enough, or enough of worldly prudence, to bring their own standards of scriptural learning abreast with the progress of the times, and give their young teachers a set of books on which they can entirely depend. Until they do their duty in this matter, our young men must use what they can get, taking the advice of older friends, or of a journal like this, and use their winnowing fan at their best discretion. But let them take care that they really gather the wheat,—making it their own. Let them accumulate slowly but surely their own stock of sound knowledge, gradually enriching their interleaved Bible with the best of all commentaries; let them make, as they go on, their own marginal references, which will be more serviceable to them in due time than any other. And, thus equipped, let them set about their business like enthusiasts. They will, doubtless, after all, fail of reaching the ideal of ministerial usefulness in this department; but even the failure of those who are in earnest, and persevere, is in this matter a great success.

It is our hope that this journal will be read by large numbers of the young. They will never be forgotten in its columns, some of which shall always be either directly or indirectly pointed to their good. They will not misunderstand our meaning when we beg them not to forget the priceless treasures of literature of which the Bible is the centre; or rather we might say, not to forget that the Bible is the centre of all sound literature. Perhaps, there is not so much danger of simply forgetting this as there has been. For, in fact, none can doubt that there is more expenditure of thought and writing upon that one Book now than there ever was. Its endless relations to human life and human progress must always insure for it a paramount place; but in the present day its own character and

claims as a volume are more popularly and generally discussed than ever before. Moreover, its relations to history and science, or rather the relations of history and science to it, are throwing off a swift succession of questions, the investigation of which engrosses no small share of the current literature of the time. The books which have made most sensation, and which have been most prolific in giving birth to other books, in this generation, have been treatises connected with biblical questions. Never was the Bible more talked about, more written about, kept more prominently before the public mind, and in fact made more central. Its enemies have rivalled, and in some cases surpassed, its friends in literary devotion. So that, writing only in the interests of mental cultivation, young men must be urged to keep themselves on a level with the intelligence of the age by mastering, so far as they can, the biblical knowledge that is the key to it. But the way of duty here is the way of danger: there is no such forlorn and miserable a journey as that of a young man's travels in this track without a guide. Of the Supreme Guide we will not speak here; but only of the human guide who is appointed to this end. Let young men gather around their Minister; and place themselves, in these matters at least, under his guidance. He may not always be such a guide as they would have chosen for themselves. But, be he what he may, he is sent for this, among other purposes, to give them direction in all things pertaining to the Bible. And, as a rule, he will not fail them. Let them seek him, even if he does not seem to seek them. Let them attend when he invites them to the weekly class, and stimulate him to make full proof of his ministry by taxing his resources to the utmost.

Apart, however, from the unsettled questions of the time, and the controversy of the Bible, it is much to be desired that our young people were far more intelligently acquainted with the Scriptures than many of them are. Those who have had the widest opportunity of testing their knowledge of the Bible absolutely, and their knowledge of it relatively to their knowledge in other departments, have a very discreditable report to give in this matter. Surely it is a grievous thing that young people should pass through our schools, and all the public services of the congregation, and enter upon life, and even seek offices of teaching

and preaching, furnished so scantily with scriptural facts, that even the most lenient examination-paper can floor them. Surely this is an evil that demands a prompt cure ; which should at least make all public instructors eager to avail themselves of whatever means might mitigate it. If these young people could be persuaded to make some sacrifice of other pursuits, and give at least one evening in the week to their teacher or Minister in the Bible-class, this grievous anomaly would in their case cease. They would soon be incited and enabled to obtain that decent knowledge of the Bible, to lack which is a disgrace to the Christian name. And, moreover, their character would then acquire the stamp of dignity which familiarity with the Bible invariably impresses. But, instead of dwelling on this, we quote the following excellent words of Mr. Hartley, who is able to enforce his observation by a very welcome secular authority :—
 ‘But this is far from being our only, or even our principal, object. The thoughtful and diligent reading of the Bible is not only a source of real and high pleasure, but *it is also, and pre-eminently, a means of improvement.* Moral and spiritual excellence can never be realized without it. Its value in this respect is beyond rubies ; its importance incalculable. The study of the Bible gives, as nothing else can, refinement to all right feelings and affections, correctness and delicacy to our perceptions of good and evil, ripeness to all spiritual graces, robust energy to the soul, and ardour to every heavenward aspiration. The distinguished ability with which the leading articles in “The Times” are written, is admitted on all hands. Mark what is said in one of them on the point in hand :—“We question if any person, of any class or school, ever read the Scriptures regularly and thoroughly without being, or becoming, not only religious, but sensible and consistent.”’

But we must conclude. We need not apologize for bringing the unostentatious institute of the Bible-class in this rather ostentatious manner before our readers. The very name it bears shields it from either contempt or indifference. We have spoken in high terms as its advocate. At the same time, we are conscious of having spoken vaguely and discursively, sometimes rather about an ideal than a practical matter. But it must be remembered that this little agency has no rigid form, no fixed code ; that its history is one of adaptation to circumstances ; and that

in the nature of things it must be moulded by the variable inclinations and habits of those who use it. Nor can we deny that its operation is not always in harmony with our ideal. These classes are, in fact, often failures; they often drag on a wearisome existence; they are often conducted by those who do not seem to be conscious of half the power in their hands; they are in many cases unable to make good their claims against their more noisy and demonstrative rivals; and occasionally they suffer from being abandoned by the ministry to other and sometimes, though not always, incompetent hands. But there are multitudes of instances of success without these deductions; and where they have no success, they fail, as the best instrument may fail, through lack of energy in the hand that wields it. This humble appendage to the pulpit is doing a good work, and might do it much more extensively. It is because we have this conviction that we so earnestly recommend it to those who are setting out on the bright morning of their usefulness, as itself a *hid treasure* which they would do well to make their own. We cannot do wrong to urge upon their attention any agency that may make the Bible a more living power in their hands, and augment the influence of the Scriptures upon society. And the Bible-class is thoroughly adapted to this end. It is, therefore, an institute, so far as it works, of unmingled good. It helps to keep the Word of God habitually before the minds of the young, whose early training will mould the future Church, and not lightly affect the destinies of society. It supplies the Minister with a subordinate incentive to diligence in the study of the Word of God. It does much to bind together pastors and people; for a Minister who has the young around him effectually secures the hearts of all. It helps to strengthen the alliance, which never can be broken without danger, between the ministerial teacher and other teachers subordinate to himself. For these reasons, bearing on the prosperity of the Christian Church, we recommend the more general and systematic organization of Bible-classes. In our own more special capacity, we wish them success as our auxiliaries in stemming the tide of a literature the waters whereof unceasingly cast up mire and dirt, and in encouraging a taste for the best of all literature, that which sanctifies the Bible in its heart, and which the Bible sanctifies.

ART. VIII.—*North America.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Two Volumes. London: Chapman and Hall.

THIS is a book which only a clever man could have written; and yet it is only a clever book. It is lively, graphic, spirited, shrewd. It contains much information which is not always new, not often carefully sifted, by no means well-arranged, and therefore of only limited practical value. It reflects its author's genial nature, and its pleasant pages will tend to promote mirth and good digestion. But it is a slight, not to say a slovenly, book; without a definite plan, and with no lack of errors, repetitions, and self-contradictions. Conclusions are frequently drawn from mere passing events, such as are well enough suited to the columns of a daily paper, where they live for twenty-four hours, and are conveniently obliterated by the next issue, but which are absurd in an octavo volume. As may be supposed, the facts are old already, and many of the conclusions were falsified as soon as printed. Besides, in a book of travels we do not want conclusions, and reflections, and long-sighted prophecies, and strains of lamentation. Mr. Trollope very properly says that his duty is to be entertaining; and then, straightway forgetting his duty, he falls into political homiletics. When we take up *Barchester Towers* or *Framley Parsonage*, we surrender ourselves to the enchanter; but we rebel against his decisions in political philosophy. Every man to his avowed calling. He may declare that he has two callings, or three, or many, and that he is equally expert in them all; but the world will not believe him. Our popular novelist may be exceptionally endowed, and may be able to pronounce determinately upon every subject that comes before him, from the founding of a kingdom to the decoration of a cornice; but human nature is weak and sceptical.

However, here the volumes are; needlessly bulky, perhaps, but very welcome, in spite of their faults. So many books of this kind come into the world which were never intended to be printed, and only see the light at the urgent, and importunate, and, indeed, not-to-be-resisted, solicitation of friends, that it is quite refreshing to meet with the bold avowal that the author

went abroad for the very purpose, and no other, of writing the book which he puts into your hands. Still more rare is it to find a man who speaks of literature in plain terms as his profession; and refers to his connexion with it, without simpering or making his page blush by proxy. We wish, however, that the same independence had been shown throughout. There is too much evidence of a desire to please the Americans—that is to say, the Federal Americans. It may have been a very natural wish on the part of the son to efface the impression which the keen-witted volumes of the mother many years ago created; but the bias is too evident. It is only justice to Mr. Trollope, however, to say that his candour does occasionally get the better of him; and, after trying hard to see everything American of a pure rose-colour, he reluctantly admits that some facts overpower the delicate medium, and are quite intractable.

Mr. Trollope might have dealt more fairly, not to say liberally, with Canada. He can devote a chapter a-piece to many of the American cities, but a single page suffices for the picturesque old capital of Quebec; and Montreal, in some respects the finest city on the whole continent, is dismissed in a couple of lines. It is true that the lumber-trade is 'very monotonous,' and that 'the name is not engaging;' but these are not very profound remarks to make on a trade that is second in importance in the colony, and is worth some six millions a year. Then, although the corn-lands of the West occupy pages of description, a passing remark is all that is vouchsafed to the equally fertile acres and splendid capabilities of Upper Canada. Mr. Trollope, judging solely by the respective increase of population, thinks that Canada is making very poor progress in comparison with the States. But this is by no means conclusive. Every census shows an enormous increase in the Canadian population—an increase quite rapid enough for safety. Toronto, in 1830, contained 3,000 inhabitants; the number is now 55,000. Hamilton, in 1836, contained 3,000 inhabitants; it now numbers more than 25,000. Ottawa, in 1830, contained about 900 inhabitants; it now numbers 15,000. Montreal has trebled its population in thirty years, and now has 85,000 inhabitants. Even Quebec has more than doubled its population within the same time. These figures may serve as an index to the increase of the smaller towns, and of the country generally. It is true they will not compare with

those of some of the western cities, as Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis; but numbers do not necessarily constitute strength, and an increase may be too rapid. The northern and western States have been fed by an enormous influx of foreigners. Every nation under heaven contributes its quota. Our author himself tells us more than once that New York contains more Germans than any city of the fatherland, except Berlin and Vienna, and more Irishmen than most Irish towns. In St. Louis, one-third of the whole population is Irish or German; and this is, more or less, true of every city in the Union. These numbers are too large to be properly digested and assimilated; and the foreign element is obviously in excess. We see the result in the weakness of the political fabric, in the dissensions which not even the presence of an overwhelming calamity can appease, and in the lack of enthusiasm for the national cause. In the South, where there has been no such foreign intrusion, there is, at any rate, the strength of unity, and its value is felt more and more at every step of this fearful struggle. So long as the population of Canada shows a healthy increase, we are disposed to be even better satisfied with it than with the unnatural growth of the cities of the Republic.

Mr. Trollope thinks the position of Canada, as a dependency of Great Britain, unfavourable to its rapid development, and conceives that its energies are cramped by such a relationship; but, like every one else, he testifies the loyalty of the people to the mother country. It is clear that the party who ten years ago clamoured loudly for annexation to the States, has lost all influence; and that now there is not only attachment to Great Britain on the one side, but a strong antipathy to the States on the other. He says, further, that a great change has come over the American mind; that no sane man now thinks annexation possible; and that, whatever projects may have been at one time entertained, the idea is now dismissed altogether. We should certainly like some better authority for the assertion; nevertheless, events have shown that the danger is not so great as was supposed, and afford some explanation of the apparent indifference of the colonists in the matter of self-defence. The day is perhaps distant when these colonists will seek for independence; but Mr. Trollope believes that, whenever the time may come, it will be impossible for them to stand alone; he is in favour of their

union with New Brunswick and Nova Scotia ; and further concludes, that, as a republican form of government will never answer for these United Provinces, they must be formed into a constitutional kingdom, with one of our own princes at its head. Having settled all this satisfactorily, he crosses over into the States, and plunges at once into the deep and very dirty water of American politics.

The English people have never felt much interest in the strife of parties across the Atlantic, and have looked in some perplexity upon the many factions which have torn the Republic, 'one and indivisible.' Certainly they had not the slightest idea of the fierceness of the dissension. The antagonism between North and South was everywhere known ; but that it was so formidable as to lead to separation between the two, was not even suspected. Even after Mr. Lincoln's election as President, the threats of the South were considered here as idle ; and it was not until the first blow was struck at Fort Sumter, that we clearly understood that a final severance was made. It was some time later that the existence of serious differences between the North and the West became known,—differences so serious that in all probability they will result in a further separation at some future day. The population of the Western States is already nearly equal to that of the North ; and, as it increases at a much greater ratio, a few years will change the relative positions of the two. The Western States are agricultural ; the Northern States are chiefly manufacturing. The Western men are ardent free-traders, but, not being in power, submit to an opposite policy with much bitterness ; the Northern men are rank protectionists, and abuse their power to pass one tariff after another, each more monstrous than the last. The Western States have been the stronghold of the abolitionists (though there are now symptoms of a change of feeling) ; the Northern States are only half-hearted in the matter, and many of them are not even that,—they may detest slavery, but they detest the slave far more. The differences between the two sections thus lie, not in mere secondary matters, but in essentials ; and their interests are as evidently diverse, and must clash. Contrary to what might have been expected, the West has shown the greatest enthusiasm for the war, the character of the recruiting being the best evidence. The Northern volunteers contained a large proportion of riff-raff,—the scum and refuse of the large towns,

the unsettled population of which had become a public nuisance. Of course, after making all deductions, there still remained a large proportion of the pick and flower of the country; but in the character of the men the regiments have never been fit to compare with those of the West. Every man in the latter was a loss to his State, the population being scattered, and labour valuable. Remembering this, the efforts of the West have been marvellous. The State of Wisconsin, we are told, was in disgrace, because, with a population of 760,000, it had only raised 9,000 volunteers. It has since raised the number to 22,000. Iowa, with a population of 680,000, raised 18,000, or one-tenth of the men capable of bearing arms. Indiana, out of 1,350,000, sent 36,000, or one-tenth. It has since raised 10,000 more, making the proportion one-eighth. Illinois, out of 1,700,000, sent 60,000, or one-eighth of the force available. She also has sent 10,000 more, or one-seventh.* Wives urged their own husbands off to the war, although actually dependent on their earnings; and brothers, sons, fathers even, were driven by the pressure to enlist. It was with them a war both of patriotism and humanity: the South had rebelled, and must be reduced to submission; there was an opportunity of purifying their land from slavery, and the opportunity must not be let slip.

Then there are the Border States, which are neither North nor South, but have sympathies with both, and have sought to be neutral. They are somewhat self-contradictory, having a sentimental leaning towards the old government, and a hatred of secession; and yet, being Slave States, they are bound to the South by a common interest. These, more especially the four States of Kentucky, Virginia, Missouri, and Maryland, are now the real bone of contention between the two Republics. Mr. Lincoln, finding that they are not to be conquered by force of arms, has tried persuasion; making a strong effort to win over their delegates to a scheme of abolition by purchase, offering almost any terms, and making, not so much a calm proposal of a policy, as an urgent appeal to their individual patriotism. Had he succeeded in gaining their consent, even conditionally, to abolition, however distant, and thus committed them officially

* These figures are independent of the two recent levies, 300,000 men each. It is supposed that throughout the Federal States, one out of every five capable of bearing arms has been called into active service.

to such a policy, his object would have been gained. But they seem resolved to maintain their neutrality, at any rate for the present; and, while repudiating a union with the Confederates, they refuse quite as firmly to abolish slavery. Further, they utter a warning as to the project of raising the slave-population of the South against their masters, which must add seriously to the President's embarrassment. Whatever may be the result of the strife—on whichever side victory may ultimately rest,—the only decision with respect to these Border States that will be just, or that can be accepted as final, must be made by the States themselves.

Mr. Trollope did not succeed in his purpose of visiting the South, which must be considered in every way unfortunate. We should have learnt, what at present there is little hope of our learning, the state of the public mind under the pressure of the war, the spirit of the army, the state of the commissariat, how the supply of arms and ammunition is kept up in a country unskilled in mechanical arts, and how the clothing is provided where there are no manufactures. We should have learnt something of the contentment or insubordination of the Negroes, the condition of the cotton-plantations, and a hundred things of interest about which we are quite in the dark. Such a visit to the Southern States would probably have altered his opinion of their future; and we should have heard rather less of their sinking into insignificance when severed from the North, and at once becoming akin to Mexico and the degraded republics of Central America. So shrewd an observer would also have given valuable evidence on the material condition of the slave; and it might even have appeared to him, as it does to others, that emancipation is more likely to be effected by the independent South, than by any other means. Certainly he would have been able to show forcibly the difficulties which lie in the way of emancipation. We are not disposed to utter one word of excuse for slavery,—God forbid! We only say that the question cannot be settled in the off-handed fashion which is so common among us,—that there are difficulties in the way on all sides, and of every kind. And not the least embarrassing arise from the character of the Negroes themselves,—those four millions, 'none of whom have any capacity for self-maintenance or self-control; four millions of slaves, with the necessities of children, the passions of men, and the

ignorance of savages.' Are they fit for liberty? Do they understand it? How far would they prize it? These very Negroes have been as bitter in their hatred of the North as their own masters could wish. They have throughout been most efficient spies and trusty messengers. So far from rising in insurrection against their owners, thousands of them have volunteered to take up arms against the North, as against a common enemy. In the Slave-States which are bounded by Free-soil States,—Kentucky, for example,—a Negro rarely crosses the border, as is acknowledged on all hands. Nay, if report speaks truly, the Negroes, in a black regiment raised by General Hunter, actually ran away from freedom back to slavery, so great was their hatred of 'the bobbolissonists.' All this only shows the degrading effects of the system; but the question has to be dealt with as it stands,—the evil fully wrought, the man debased and brutalised, his better nature trampled out. But if we are compelled to admit that there are difficulties in the way of immediate emancipation, and we admit nothing more, it is only in the case of the pure Negro population. There is nothing more monstrous and horrible under the broad sun than the law which maintains that any taint of Negro blood, however slight, constitutes the man, or still worse the woman, a hopeless slave. Rather let any portion of white blood, however slight, constitute a free man. If the South would win the good opinion (as she has won the good wishes) of European nations, and if she has any ulterior designs of mercy to the slave, let her wipe out that foul blot from her statute-book, and lighten the curse that lies so heavy upon her name.

By some partisans of the North this question of emancipation has been used unfairly. They have boasted of the purity of its motives, and have loudly declared the struggle to be that of freedom against slavery. But the North is not fighting for the cause of freedom, but for conquest. 'The everlasting Nigger,' as they call him, has long been voted a nuisance by universal consent. So far from exciting sympathy he is as much scorned and detested in New England as in the Carolinas. How many Free States, since the war broke out, have judicially shut him out of their territories! The cry would seem to be, 'Emancipation for the slave,—but no asylum.' 'Let him go to Liberia, to the Dutch colonies, to Central

America, to perdition; but to us, never!' If the South would come to terms to-morrow, the question of slavery would be abandoned by the Washington Government. As to the real *casus belli*, the South has long been ripe for secession. The North and South came in contact at numberless points; but they were points not of cohesion, but of repulsion and mutual dislike. Doubtless the element of slavery, indeed, lay at the bottom of much of the mutual dislike and estrangement. But there had been disunion long before the overt act of separation, and disunion arising out of many other causes and considerations besides slavery. Mr. Trollope expresses the general mutual antagonism very strongly and very fairly, considering that he is counsel for the other side:—

'In our civil war, it may be presumed that all Englishmen were at any rate anxious for England: they desired and fought for different modes of government; but each party was equally English in its ambition. In the States there is the hatred of a different nationality added to the rancour of different politics. The Southerners desire to be a people of themselves; to divide themselves by every possible mark of division from New England; to be as little akin to New York as they are to London,—or, if possible, less so. Their habits, they say, are different; their education, their beliefs, their propensities, their very virtues and vices, are not the education, or the beliefs, or the propensities, or the virtues and vices of the North. The bond that ties them to the North is to them a Mezentian marriage, and they hate their northern spouses with a Mezentian hatred. They would be anything sooner than citizens of the United States. They see to what Mexico has come, and the republics of Central America; but the prospect of even that degradation is less bitter to them than a share in the glory of the stars and stripes. Better, with them, to reign in hell than serve in heaven! It is not only in politics that they will be beaten, if they be beaten,—as one party with us may be beaten by another,—but they will be beaten as we should be beaten if France annexed us, and directed that we should live under French rule. Let an Englishman digest and realize that idea, and he will comprehend the feelings of a Southern gentleman, as he contemplates the probability that his State will be brought back into the Union.

'And the Northern feeling is as strong. The Northern man has founded his national ambition on the territorial greatness of his nation. He has panted for new lands, and for still extended boundaries. The western world has opened her arms to him, and has seemed to welcome him as her only lord. British America has tempted him towards the north, and Mexico has been as a prey to him on the south. He has made maps of his empire, including all the continent, and has preached the Monroe doctrine as though it had been decreed by the gods. He has told the world of his increasing

millions, and has never yet known his store to diminish. He has pawed in the valley, and rejoiced in his strength. He has said among the trumpets, "Ha, ha!" He has boasted aloud in his pride, and called on all men to look at his glory. And now shall he be divided and shorn? Shall he be hemmed in from his ocean, and shut off from his rivers? Shall he have a hook run into his nostrils, and a thorn driven into his jaw? Shall men say that his day is over, when he has hardly yet tasted the full cup of his success? Has his young life been a dream, and not a truth? Shall he never reach that giant manhood which the growth of his boyish years has promised him? If the South goes from him, he will be divided, shorn, and hemmed in. The hook will have pierced his nose, and the thorn will fester in his jaw. Men will taunt him with his former boastings, and he will awake to find himself but a mortal among mortals.—Vol. ii., pp. 238-240.

Here is fine writing, which, after all, comes to this, that the North is fighting for an idea, and the South for a principle. The North is consumed by this idea of America for the Americans,—the whole continent in one federation; and it is a sentiment that in its grandeur may well stir the soul of the nation. But Mr. Trollope quietly passes over that other incentive to the war,—the 'almighty dollar.' The North has drawn her cotton, sugar, tobacco, hides, and other produce from the South, and has poured back her manufactures in a constant stream. It has been at once her storehouse and her market; while its shipping-trade has been exclusively her own. The breaking-up of such an arrangement, the free access of the South to the markets of Europe, and the consequent exclusion of American manufactures, entails a loss which comes home directly or indirectly to every Federal city and household.

Mr. Trollope's intercourse with New York and Boston was very agreeable to himself, but is much less interesting to his readers. He describes the streets, the parks, the hotels, the libraries, and the other 'curiosities,' like many who have gone before him. He saw the old House of Congress at Philadelphia, the military college at West Point, and the factories at Lowell; he describes Trenton and Niagara, makes merry over the wilds of Washington, and goes through the country in the orthodox manner. Upon the whole, he takes a high view of the American character, and speaks warmly of their institutions;—at any rate, he does not by lukewarmness lay himself open to the rebuke

which fell upon Mrs. Trollope, just arrived from England, who, in reply to some extravagant remark, gave only a polite assent. 'Ah,' said her American friend, 'I never yet met the down-trodden subject of a despot who did not hug his chains.' There is certainly one institution against which our author rails unceasingly,—the stove. The houses and shops, the railway-cars, the steam-boats, are all monstrously over-heated. He declares again and again, what is undoubtedly the fact, that the practice is seriously undermining the health of the country.

'The physiognomy of the American is as completely marked, as much his own, as is that of any race under the sun, that has bred in and in for centuries. But the American owns a more mixed blood than any other race known. The chief stock is English, which is itself so mixed that no man can trace its ramifications. With this are mingled the bloods of Ireland, Holland, France, Sweden, and Germany. All this has been done within but a few years, so that the American may be said to have no claim to any national type of face. Nevertheless, no man has a type of face so clearly national as the American. He is acknowledged by it all over the continent of Europe, and on his own side of the water is gratified by knowing that he is never mistaken for his English visitor. I think it comes from the hot-air pipes, and from dollar-worship. In the Jesuit, his mode of dealing with things Divine has given a peculiar cast of countenance; and why should not the American be similarly moulded by his special aspirations? As to the hot-air pipes, there can, I think, be no doubt that to them is to be charged the murder of all rosy cheeks throughout the States. If the effect was to be noticed simply in the dry faces of the men about Wall Street, I should be very indifferent to the matter. But the young ladies of Fifth Avenue are in the same category. The very pith and marrow of life is baked out of their young bones by the hot-air chambers to which they are accustomed. Hot air is the great destroyer of American beauty.'—Vol. i., pp. 291, 292.

The infants are universally white-faced; as they grow up to childhood, they become yellow or whity-brown; the lads and lasses are all pale; plump, cherry cheeks are never seen; and the men at thirty, and the women at twenty-five, appear to have had all their youth taken out of them. Possibly one reason why the people look so old is, that they really never have been young. American children do not play, or romp, or in any sort act foolishly. They are little men and women, who bow, and curtsy, and talk sense, are frightfully proper at table, and eat meat three times a day.

'The children!—babes I should say, if I was speaking of English

bairns of their age; but seeing that they are Americans, I hardly dare to call them children. The actual age of these perfectly civilized and highly educated beings may be from three to four. One will often see five or six such seated at the long dinner-table of the hotel, breakfasting and dining with their elders, and going through the ceremony with all the gravity, and more than all the decorum, of their grandfathers. When I was three years old, I had not yet, as I imagine, been promoted beyond a silver spoon of my own, wherewith to eat my bread and milk in the nursery; and I feel assured that I was under the immediate care of a nursemaid, as I gobbled up my minced mutton, mixed with potatoes and gravy. But at hotel life in the States, the adult infant lisps to the waiter for everything at table, handles his fish with epicurean delicacy, is choice in his selection of pickles, very particular that his beef-steak at breakfast shall be hot, and is instant in his demand for fresh ice in his water.'—Vol. i., p. 37.

This frequent eating of seasoned meats, in the course of the day, and of many dishes at every meal, is very injurious, and, in the case of ladies, is, in addition, really repulsive, according to our old-world notions. Imagine a young girl seated in a public room, scanning the lengthy bill of fare from top to bottom for some minutes; then evidently balancing in her mind the effect of this or that item, rejecting one and choosing another, until, her selection being completed, she gives her order, not shyly or in a low tone, but deliberately, in a calm, clear, decided voice, somewhat thus: 'Waiter! Boiled mutton and caper sauce, roast duck, hashed venison, mashed potatoes, poached eggs, and spinach, stewed tomatoes;—yes; and, waiter,—some squash.' But women do things in American that would very much astonish their sisters here. So much deference is paid them on all sides, that they are inclined, just a very little, to presume upon it, and to be ungraciously exacting; in the case of the less refined among them the presumption is very great indeed; and with reference to women of this class, our author has something to say worth noting.

'Women, by the conventional laws of society, are allowed to exact much from men; but they are allowed to exact nothing for which they should not make some adequate return. It is well that a man should kneel in spirit before the grace and weakness of a woman; but it is not well that he should kneel either in spirit or body, if there be neither grace nor weakness. A man should yield everything to a woman for a word, for a smile,—to one look of entreaty. But if there be no look of entreaty, no word, no smile, I do not see that he is called upon to yield much.

'The happy privileges with which women are at present blessed

have come to them from the spirit of chivalry. That spirit has taught men to endure in order that women may be at their ease; and has generally taught women to accept the ease bestowed on them with grace and thankfulness. But in America the spirit of chivalry has sunk deeper among men than it has among women. It must be borne in mind that in that country material well-being and education are more extended than with us; and that, therefore, men there have learned to be chivalrous who with us have hardly progressed so far. The conduct of men to women throughout the States is always gracious. They have learned the lesson. But it seems to me that the women have not advanced as far as the men have done. They have acquired a sufficient perception of the privileges which chivalry gives them, but no perception of that return which chivalry demands from them. Women of the class to which I allude are always talking of their rights; but seem to have a most indifferent idea of their duties. They have no scruple at demanding from men everything that a man can be called on to relinquish in a woman's behalf, but they do so without any of that grace which turns the demand made into a favour conferred.'

As a rule, the American ladies excel in conversation. They are largely informed, and well informed. They enter freely upon topics that would be considered quite out of range in a mixed company here; and besides solidity, there is a brilliance and vivacity in their style that is rather French than English. Not that they are deficient in the delightful small talk, and witty, womanly nothings that give such a charm to conversation, and are everywhere their special contribution to it. Mr. Trollope, however, raises a merry laugh at their expense. He was at Boston when the news came of Slidell and Mason's capture, and great was the commotion. 'All the world, ladies and lawyers, expressed the utmost confidence in the justice of the seizure; but it was clear that all the world was in a state of the profoundest nervous anxiety on the subject. It was pretty to hear the charming women of Boston as they became learned in the law of nations. "Wheaton is quite clear about it," one young girl said to me. It was the first I had ever heard of Wheaton, and so far was obliged to knock under. "We are quite right," the lawyers said. "There are Vattel, and Puffendorf, and Stowell, and Phillimore," said the ladies....."But there's Grotius," I remarked, to an elderly female, who had quoted to me some half-dozen writers on international law, thinking thereby that I should trump her last card. "I've looked into Grotius too," said she; "and, as far as I can see," &c., &c.'

The fact is, that the women take an interest in politics as well as the men; and for that matter so do the schoolboys too. Mr. Trollope says that there was scarcely a lad at any of the advanced schools who did not know all the circumstances connected with the seizure of the two commissioners, with the strong and the weak points of the case; and who could not quote from one or more writers on international law in support of his view of the question. The Declaration of Independence is, word by word, in the memory of any of them. And throughout every class and grade of society there is a taste for politics, (whether good for the State is not now the question, but) which certainly could not exist among an uneducated people. Indeed, the strong point of the Americans,—that in which they excel us beyond all doubt,—is their system of national education. But it must be judged of by the gross results, and not by picked samples. With us, individuals reach a very high standard of scholarship; with them the whole mass of the people is raised. Of 'scholars,' in the highest sense of the term, we have fifty examples to their one; but as to a good, solid education for the working-classes, they have the advantage. The carpenter, glazier, or other labouring man earning his dollar a day, the dress-maker at her task, the very errand-boy and shoe-black, all unconsciously show their education in their speech and demeanour. The free-schools are such as any parent might be satisfied to send his child to, and a poor man is sure of its involving no humiliation to him. There is a tax throughout the States for their support; and they are open to every householder, whether he be included in the tax or not. The salaries of the teachers range from £60 to £260 per annum; and the school apparatus is of the best description. In Boston, with a population of 180,000, the public schools cost £70,000 a year, and give instruction to 24,000 pupils, or more than one-eighth of the whole population. There are the private schools in addition; but of these no details are given. New York, with a population of 750,000, has on the books of her free schools more than 100,000 pupils. Cincinnati, with 170,000, has 14,000 free scholars, or one-twelfth; and the private and other schools bring the total up to 32,000 children, who are receiving a good education, or nearly one in five of the whole population. These figures are full of meaning; and if we add the fact, that, in

many of the schools, each pupil remains for an average term of six years, we shall see that the work is thoroughly done.

'The female pupil at a free school in New York is neither a pauper nor a charity girl. She is dressed with the utmost decency. She is perfectly cleanly. In speaking to her, you cannot in any degree guess whether her father has a dollar a day, or three thousand dollars a year. Nor will you be enabled to guess by the manner in which her associates treat her. As regards her own manner to you, it is always the same as though her father were in all respects your equal. As to the amount of her knowledge, I fairly confess that it is terrific. When, in the first room which I visited, a slight, slim creature was had up before me to explain to me the properties of the hypotenuse, I fairly confess that, as regards education, I gave way; and that I resolved to confine my criticisms to manner, dress, and general behaviour. In the next room I was more at my ease, finding that ancient Roman history was on the *tapis*. "Why did the Romans run away with the Sabine women?" asked the mistress, herself a young woman of about three-and-twenty. "Because they were pretty," simpered out a little girl with a cherry mouth. The answer did not give complete satisfaction; and then followed a somewhat abstruse explanation on the subject of population. It was all done with good faith and a serious intent, and showed,—what it was intended to show,—that the girls there educated had in truth reached the consideration of important subjects.....There may be, and to us on the European side of the Atlantic there will be, a certain amount of absurdity in the transatlantic idea that all knowledge is knowledge, and that it should be imparted if it be not knowledge of evil. But as to the general result, no fair-minded man or woman can have a doubt. That the lads and girls in these schools are excellently educated comes home as a fact to the mind of any one who will look into the subject. That girl could not have got as far as the hypotenuse without a competent and abiding knowledge of much that is very far beyond the outside limits of what such girls know with us. It was at least manifest in the other examination, that the girls knew as well as I did who were the Romans, and who were the Sabine women.....At the three high schools in Boston, at which the average of pupils is 526, about £13 per head is paid for free education. The average price per annum of a child's schooling throughout these schools in Boston is about £3 per annum. To the higher schools any boy or girl may attain without any expense, and the education is probably as good as can be given, and as far advanced. The only question is, whether it is not advanced further than may be necessary. Here, as at New York, I was almost startled by the amount of knowledge around me, and listened as I might have done to an examination in theology among young Brahmins. When a young lad explained in my hearing all the properties of the different levers as exemplified by the bones of the human body, I bowed my head before him in unaffected humility. We, at our English schools, never got beyond the use of those bones which he described with such accurate scientific knowledge.'

No American is ignorant,—we might rather say, illiterate. Newspapers, magazines, half-dollar and dollar books, obtain a sale such as we see only very exceptionally in England; ten thousand copies is an ordinary edition of such books. On the various lines of railway, there is generally a locomotive bookseller who attaches himself to each train, and at intervals, during the journey, appears with a pile of magazines, one of which, as he walks along, he drops rather abruptly into the hands, or on the knees, of each passenger. After a while he returns, and rapidly picks up either the magazine or the price of it; and a large stroke of business is done in this way. One-volume novels are distributed in the same manner. The sale of newspapers, in particular, is enormous. Fresh relays of local papers are obtained from time to time in the course of the day, as the train passes through the various cities. As to their ordinary circulation, the figures would be incredible but for the fact that every man, whatever his station, down to the carter and hodman, takes his paper, and the better class of readers take their two or three a day. Of our popular English authors,—Tennyson, Thackeray, Dickens, Bulwer, Wilkie Collins, and others, Mr. Trollope himself certainly not last,—there are ten readers in the States to one on this side the water. In most of the large cities there are free libraries readily accessible to the labouring man, who moreover, generally, has his little row of books at home, more or less select, as the case may be. Such men think nothing of their ability to enjoy a book, or write a decent letter; they take it as a matter of course. A porter, or a farmer's servant, or a drayman, would consider himself insulted by the question we too generally put to such persons in England, when a signature is required, 'Can you sign your name?' And those who have to do with our labourers know in how many such cases a cross is made instead of a signature; or, if the name be signed, the characters show that the man has not learned to write, but only to make that particular combination of letters which is sufficient to serve his purpose. Not so in America. 'The fact comes home to one at every turn and at every hour, that the people are an educated people.'

All this reading and writing, and political debating by cooks, footmen, dustmen, 'bus-drivers, dockyard-labourers, and the like, would be very shocking to our conservative notions; but

the question is not the prejudices of the few, but the welfare of the many. It is not whether John would be a better groom for a knowledge of English history, and some acquaintance with Macaulay, but whether he would be a better *man*; not whether he would give his master more satisfaction, but whether a taste for reading would afford himself more pleasure, would occupy his mind, and keep him out of mischief, would give him a desire for something better than the company at the tavern, and would make him a more intelligent and valuable member of the community. With all our boasted Liberalism, we are a caste people. The lament of the past is the lament of to-day, that a barrier, not the less real that it is intangible, separates class from class. The upper does not yet come in contact with the lower,—at any rate, not more closely than the desk of the lecture-room permits. Popular education in its many phases finds favour as a general operation; but it is for 'the people' rather than for our own dependents; and we almost flinch when the application of our benevolent theories comes home closely. So with the many schemes of amelioration now at work. The work is done; but it is done for the most part indirectly, and for that very reason inefficiently. The thing to be done is right, it commends itself to our judgment; but when a man has eased his conscience by paying a subscription, he thinks that with him there is an end of the matter. But in America any man, every man, will help another, will reach out his own hand to do it, and not hire a proxy. There is more true liberality in the American character. Whether it be genuine sensibility, or only one of the phases of his demonstrative pride, he is more easily reached, and he indicates a readier sympathy than his English cousin. This touch of universal brotherhood is just the solitary redeeming feature of the democratic system.

But beneath all this material prosperity, and intellectual advancement, and generous sentiment, there is an element of evil which has been long at work, and which threatens to undermine the very foundations of the state. The tone of commercial morality is not high; but the morality of its public men is a scoff and by-word throughout the nation. Their short term of office renders even the highest functionaries careless of their duties as the end draws near, and greedy of gain throughout. And there is even greater recklessness in the lower ranks of

official life. An honest politician seems unknown. Even Mr. Trollope, who is a very placable Diogenes, searched through their ranks in vain. He, like all who have gone before him, and who are candid enough to speak the truth, affirms that there is no such thing as principle in public life. The Governor of Maryland, in speaking of the legislature of that State, declared that it was 'composed of excited politicians, many of whom had nothing to lose from the destruction of the government, and might hope to derive some gain from the ruin of the State.' Indeed, if a President betrays his trust, and a Secretary of State is guilty of downright peculation, what wonder that jobbery and the foulest corruption run riot through the subordinate ranks?

'Men have hardly been ambitious to govern, but they have coveted the wages of governors. Corruption has crept into high places,—into places that should have been high,—till of all holes and corners in the land they have become the lowest. No public man has been trusted for ordinary honesty. It is not by foreign voices, by English newspapers, or in French pamphlets, that the corruption of American politicians has been exposed, but by American voices and by the American press. It is to be heard on every side. Ministers of the cabinet, senators, representatives, State legislatures, officers of the army, officials of the navy, contractors of every grade,—all who are presumed to touch, or to have the power of touching, public money, are thus accused. For years it has been so. The word "politician" has stunk in men's nostrils. When I first visited New York, some three years since, I was warned not to know a man, because he was a "politician." We in England define a man of a certain class as a black-leg. How has it come about that in American ears the word "politician" has come to bear a similar signification?'—Vol. ii., p. 131.

'On that hideous subject of army contracts I feel myself the more specially bound to speak, because I feel that the iniquities which have prevailed prove with terrible earnestness the demoralizing power of that dishonesty among men in high places, which is the one great evil of the American States. It is there that the deficiency exists, which must be supplied before the public men of the nation can take a high rank among other public men. There is the gangrene, which must be cut out before the government, as a government, can be great. To make money is the one thing needful, and men have been anxious to meddle with the affairs of government, because there might money be made with the greatest ease.'—Vol. ii., p. 202.

Let us take a specimen or two of this mode of making money, culled, not from the newspapers, or common report, but, from a veritable Blue Book, bearing the official imprimatur. The Government wish to take up a large transport; but, instead of employing the regular agent, they choose a certain merchant

captain. This man at once agrees with friends of his, who buy a vessel for £4,000, which he immediately hires for the State at the rate of £2,000 a month. In another case, an agent is employed by the Government to buy ships. As their agent he buys two for £1,300, and immediately sells them to his employers for £2,900! A third is a wholesale grocer by trade, but, being brother-in-law to the Secretary of the Navy, he received a large commission for ships, though utterly ignorant of the business, and though the regular government agents in such matters were drawing their pay. So profitable was this commission, that the grocer made £20,000 in five months out of the Treasury, as everybody knows. In another case, a newspaper editor, having been useful to his friend the Secretary at War, got an order to expend two million dollars in army stores, no restriction being given as to price, quantity, or even description of stores. He bought £4,200 worth of linen pants and straw hats for hot weather; 75,000 pairs of shoes at an extravagant price; 280 dozen pints of ale at 9s. 6d.; a lot of codfish; ditto herrings; 200 boxes of cheeses; a ship; 23 barrels of pickles; 25 casks of Scotch ale; and 800 carbines;—showing a tolerably wide commercial range. But the carbines involve another story. They had been sold by the Government as useless stores at a mere nothing, to a needy speculator, of whom the wholesale grocer bought them again on government account, for £3 each. As might be expected, they were found worthless, and again condemned. They were only part of a lot of 5,000, the whole of which were now sold for 14s. each; but two months later they were a third time bought for the Government at £4. 8s. each. This last transaction is the one so generally known as General Fremont's purchase; but it is not so well known that the seller, notwithstanding his fraud, was made an aide-de-camp on the General's staff! Then there was a clergyman, who got a contract for cavalry horses, and turned an honest—well, let us say an ecclesiastical—penny thereby; an inspector, who bought horses as cavalry horses for £24, and passed them himself as artillery horses at £30; two friends of a certain quartermaster, one of whom made a pretty steep pile of dollars by his contract, and the other who came late into the field and made nothing, whereupon contractor No. 1 was directed by the quartermaster to divide his gains with No. 2, and paid him down £4,000

accordingly; another contractor for the building of five forts at St. Louis, who received £24,000 for three weeks' work, of which £20,000 was paid before the work was begun. There is, too, the fleet of mortar-boats which Mr. Trollope saw himself at Cairo, each of which cost £1,700, and when inspected was found leaky and half full of water. Before any trial could take place, it was necessary to pump out the water as the first preliminary; and when attempted to be towed up the river, they proved unmanageable and utterly useless. These are but samples of the profligate waste that has been going on in every quarter since the war broke out, and on a smaller scale has been going on for years, bred of corruption in every department of the State. What are we to think of a man like Fremont, who, under the mask of patriotism, makes indiscriminate plunder of the Treasury? What are we to think of a people who regard such disclosures as so many proofs of 'smartness,' and are too proud of the delinquents to hear of their punishment? What are we to think of a government which dare not act up to its convictions, but, yielding to the popular voice, retains in posts of honour, and high command, men who are as incompetent as they are corrupt?

This laxity of principle pervades all classes of society, and in commercial matters it would seem that the end, that is to say, dollar-making, fully sanctifies the means. In the Western States, especially, this is the established order of things. Some amount of lawlessness is inseparable from a frontier life; and they are the most energetic, daring, and reckless of the population who migrate so far westward, and leave their mark there. The frontier line is continually moving onwards; but the frontier habits are not so easily displaced. And of all habits, this of overreaching, of getting an inch and taking an ell, in a word, of cheating, is the meanest and most unworthy that can establish itself among a people. It mars everything, however great.

'There is very much in the mode of life adopted by the settlers in these regions which creates admiration. The people are all intelligent. They are energetic and speculative, conceiving grand ideas, and carrying them out almost with the rapidity of magic. A suspension-bridge half-a-mile long is erected, while in England we should be fastening together a few planks for a foot passage. Progress, mental as well as material, is the demand of the people generally. Everybody understands everything, and everybody intends sooner or later to do every thing. All this is very grand;—but then there is a terrible drawback

One hears on every side of intelligence, but one hears also on every side of dishonesty. Talk to whom you will, of whom you will, and you will hear some tale of successful or unsuccessful swindling. It seems to be the recognised rule of commerce in the Far West, that men shall go into the world's markets, prepared to cheat, and to be cheated. It may be said, that as long as this is acknowledged and understood on all sides, no harm will be done. It is equally fair for all. When I was a child, there used to be certain games at which it was agreed in beginning, either that there should be cheating or that there should not. It may be said, that out there in the Western States, men agree to play the cheating game; and that the cheating game has more of interest in it than the other. Unfortunately, however, they who agree to play this game on a large scale, do not keep outsiders altogether out of the playground. Indeed, outsiders become very welcome to them; and then it is not pleasant to hear the tone in which such outsiders speak of the peculiarities of the sport to which they have been introduced. When a beginner in trade finds himself furnished with a barrel of wooden nutmegs, the joke is not so good to him as to the experienced merchant who supplies him. This dealing in wooden nutmegs, this selling of things which do not exist, and buying of goods for which no price is ever to be given, is an institution which is much honoured in the West. We call it swindling; and so do they. But I was forced to conclude that in the Western States the word hardly left the same impress on the mind that it does elsewhere.'—Vol. i., pp. 220, 221.

Where else would a man condescend to cheat his own labourers of their wages, and, after working them at high pressure for a month or more, ask for credit, and postpone payment from time to time, until the men are glad to take whatever they can get beyond their rations? 'You see on the frontier a man is bound to be smart. If he ain't smart, he had better go back East,—perhaps as far as Europe; he'll do very well there!'

And yet one cannot look at these States without catching something of the admiration that is felt for the Western men all over the American continent. Their rate of progress is something fabulous. They outstrip all competitors in the scale of their doings. They have the biggest farms, the biggest towns, the biggest warehouses, the biggest hotels, the shrewdest men, and the boldest speculators, in the whole Union. With them wheat and Indian corn are sown by the thousand acres in a piece; and there are farms of ten thousand acres of standing corn! They point to Chicago, which five-and-twenty years ago was little more than a hamlet, and now numbers 120,000 souls;

and Cincinnati, with its 150,000; and St. Louis, with its 170,000. The Chicago people boast of the sixty million bushels of corn which they annually receive, and warehouse, and disperse over the Eastern States of America, or consign to Europe. Cincinnati is in the hog line, which, like the lumber trade of Canada, our author seems to think a very undignified branch of commerce; but it is carried out on an immense scale, and yields corresponding profits. St. Louis can boast of its fleet of a hundred steamboats, and forty-six thousand miles of river navigation. Seven great rivers, watering six States, all converge here, and are absorbed in the mighty Mississippi. The town thus becomes the centre of a carrying trade, increasing every year in extent, though it is as yet in its infancy. The figures go into small space, and may easily escape notice altogether; but those forty-six thousand miles of water-way are more than double that of the Volga, the Danube, the Rhine, the Seine, and all the navigable rivers of Europe put together. The rivers, like estuaries in width, are the glory of the country, flowing as they do nearly north and south, and forming the most complete, as well as the most magnificent, of highways. It is on the banks of the rivers that the towns form themselves, just as our towns cluster along the lines of railway; with this difference, that with them the traffic of the river makes the towns, while with us the towns were built first and formed the railway. There is a prevalent idea in England that the scenery along the course of these streams is very monotonous, not to say dreary. So it must be at intervals in so vast an extent of country; but this is by no means general. Mr. Trollope is not the first who has declared that we have nothing in Europe to compare with the scenery of the Upper Mississippi for three or four hundred miles below St. Paul's:—

‘For hundreds of miles the course of the river runs through low hills, which are there called bluffs. These bluffs rise in every imaginable form, looking sometimes like large straggling, unwieldy castles, and then throwing themselves into sloping lawns, which stretch back away from the river till the eye is lost in their twists and turnings. There are no high mountains; but there is a succession of hills which group themselves for ever without monotony. It is, perhaps, the ever-varied forms of these bluffs which chiefly constitute the wonderful loveliness of this river. I have passed up and down rivers clothed to the edge with continuous forest. This at first is grand enough; but

the eye and feeling soon become weary. Here the trees are scattered so that the eye passes through them, and ever and again a long lawn sweeps back into the country, and up the steep side of a hill, making the traveller long to stay there and linger through the oaks, and climb the bluffs, and lie about on the bold but easy summits. The river is very various in its breadth, and is constantly divided by islands. It is never so broad that the beauty of the banks is lost in the distance, or injured by it. It is rapid, but has not the beautifully bright colour of some European rivers,—of the Rhine, for instance, and the Rhone. But what is wanting in the colour of the water is more than compensated by the wonderful hues and lustre of the shores. We visited the river in October, and I may presume that they who seek it solely for the sake of scenery should go there in that month. It was not only that the foliage of the trees was bright with every imaginable colour, but that the grass was bronzed, and that the rocks were golden. And this beauty did not last only for a while, and then cease. On the Rhine there are lovely spots and special morsels of scenery, with which the traveller becomes duly enraptured. But on the Upper Mississippi there are no special morsels.'—Vol. i., pp. 210, 211.

And the country is as fertile as it is lovely :—

'Better land than the prairies of Illinois for cereal crops, the world's surface probably cannot show. And here there has been no necessity for the long previous labour of banishing the forest. Enormous prairies stretch across the State, into which the plough can be put at once. The earth is rich with the vegetation of thousands of years, and the farmer's return is given to him without delay. The land bursts with its own produce, and the plenty is such that it creates wasteful carelessness in the gathering of the crop. It is not worth a man's while to handle less than large quantities. Up in Minnesota I had been grieved by the loose manner in which wheat was treated. I have seen bags of it upset, and left upon the ground; the labour of collecting it was more than it was worth.....I confess that to my own mind statistical amounts do not bring home any enduring idea. Fifty million bushels of corn and flour simply seems to mean a great deal. It is a powerful form of superlative, and soon vanishes away, as do other superlatives in this age of strong words. I was at Chicago and Buffalo in October, 1861. I went down to the granaries, and climbed up into the elevators. I saw the wheat running in rivers from one vessel into another, and from the railroad-vans up into the huge bins on the top stores of the warehouses;—for these rivers of food run up hill as easily as they do down. I saw the corn measured by the forty-bushel measure with as much ease as we measure an ounce of cheese, and with greater rapidity. I ascertained that the work went on, week-day and Sunday, day and night, incessantly; rivers of wheat and rivers of maize ever running. I saw the men bathed in corn as they distributed it in its flow. I saw bins by the score laden with wheat, in each of which bins there was space for a

comfortable residence. I breathed the flour, and drank the flour, and felt myself to be enveloped in a world of bread-stuff. And then I believed, understood, and brought it home to myself as a fact, that here, in the corn-lands of Michigan, and amidst the bluffs of Wisconsin, and on the high table-lands of Minnesota, and the prairies of Illinois, had God prepared the food for the increasing millions of the Eastern world, as also for the coming millions of the Western..... When I was at Chicago, the only limit to the rapidity of its transit was set by the amount of boat-accommodation. There were not bottoms enough to take the corn away from Chicago, nor indeed on the railway was there a sufficiency of rolling stock or locomotive power to bring it into Chicago. As I said before, the country was bursting with its own produce, and smothered in its own fruits.'—Vol. i., pp. 228–242.

But the war has changed all this. The Mississippi is closed, and corn is a drug in the market. Indian corn is not worth stripping, and serves as fuel for the settler's fire, or for the locomotives on the Illinois Railroad. Wheat is not worth the cost of its carriage, and the plough stands idle in the furrow. As to the St. Louis steamers, the stronger half of them have been taken up as transports, the other half lie slowly rotting at their moorings.

'Men and angels must weep as they watch the ruin that has come, and is still coming, as they look on commerce killed, and agriculture suspended. No sight so sad has come upon the earth in our days. They were a great people; feeding the world, adding daily to the mechanical appliances of mankind, increasing in population beyond all measures of such increase hitherto known, and extending education as fast as they extended their numbers..... And now a stranger visiting them would declare that they are wallowing in a very slough of despond. The only trade open is the trade of war. The axe of the woodsman is at rest; the plough is idle; the artificer has closed his shop. The roar of the foundry is still heard because cannon are needed, and the river of molten iron comes out as an implement of death. The stone-cutter's hammer and the mason's trowel are never heard. The gold of the country is hiding itself as though it had returned to its mother-earth, and a paper currency has taken its place. Sick soldiers, who have never seen a battle-field, are dying by hundreds in the squalid dirt of their unaccustomed camps. Men and women talk of war, and of war only. Newspapers full of the war are alone read. A contract for war-stores—too often a dishonest contract—is the one path open for commercial enterprise. The young man must go to the war, or he is disgraced. The war swallows everything, and as yet has failed to produce even such bitter fruits as victory or glory. Must it not be said that a curse has fallen upon the land?'—Vol. ii., pp. 128, 129.

One more extract, and we have done. The description was written in the early part of the present year, before the Tax Bill was passed, or the Confiscation Bill was proposed; before the seizure of New Orleans, and the brutal proclamations of General Butler; before the excesses on both sides had reached a pitch which threatens to make the war one of mere reprisals; before the retreat from Richmond, and the seven days' slaughter that ensued; before the conscription was ordered; before martial law was proclaimed in New York as well as Washington, and while liberty was not yet utterly strangled; before these things had infused the last extreme of bitterness into the relations between the two parties, and had lashed their hatred into frenzy. Indeed, it was in a comparatively quiet and settled time, when men in England were still able to talk about reunion; and if the severance was then so complete, what must it be now?

'It may be surmised with what amount of neighbourly love secessionist and northern neighbours regarded each other in such towns as Baltimore and Washington. Of course there was hatred of the deepest dye; of course there were muttered curses, or curses which sometimes were not simply muttered. Of course there were wretchedness, heart-burnings, and fearful divisions in families. That, perhaps, was the worst of all. The daughter's husband would be in the Northern ranks, while the son was fighting in the South; or two sons would hold equal rank in the two armies, sometimes sending to each other frightful threats of personal vengeance. Old friends would meet each other in the street, passing without speaking; or, worse still, would utter words of insult, for which payment is to be demanded when a Southern gentleman may again be allowed to quarrel in his own defence.

'And yet society went on. Women still smiled, and men were happy to whom such smiles were given. Cakes and ale were going, and ginger was still hot in the mouth. When many were together, no words of unhappiness were heard. It was at those small meetings of two or three that women would weep instead of smiling, and that men would run their hands through their hair, and sit in silence, thinking of their ruined hopes and divided children.'—Vol. ii., pp. 240, 241.

We have extracted freely from Mr. Trollope's book, and yet have not done justice to it as a whole. Though intended as a political work, it is not wholly political. The descriptions of scenery are very graphic; the sketches of life and manners are keen and clear; and, ranging from quiet humour to broad merriment, they give the reader abundance of amusement. On

great questions he is not always right, though quite satisfied that he cannot be wrong; and he is not always just, though often taking credit for generosity. That he intends to be just, according to his views of equity, we do not doubt; but a man who squints brings his defect with him to every fresh point of view, and will never see straight, let his determination be as honest as it may. We can only wish it had been otherwise. But there the matter ends; for Mr. Trollope is one of the few writers with whom, however widely we may differ, it is impossible to quarrel.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

The History of Joshua : viewed in Connexion with the Topography of Canaan, and the Customs of the Times in which he lived. By the Rev. Thornley Smith, Author of 'The History of Joseph,' 'The History of Moses,' &c. Edinburgh: William Oliphant and Co. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THE author of this volume is favourably known to most of our readers by former publications of a similar kind. His reputation will not suffer by the present work. It is a successful and a most creditable attempt to present in modern dress, in a continuous form, and with all the light which recent discoveries can cast upon it, the biography of the great captain by whom Israel was led into the promised land. In his modest but very useful preface, the author claims for it an office somewhat different from that of a commentary on the Book of Joshua, but scarcely inferior to such a work in importance and interest; and expresses a hope that the general reader will find it more attractive in its present form than it would have been in another. We have no doubt that this hope will be realized; and that to the young especially it will prove an eminently entertaining as well as instructive work. Our language does not contain, even including translated books, more than two or three of any value upon the subject. Old Fuller's 'Pisgah Sight of Palestine and the Confines thereof,' and the Notes of Bush, are the principal works on the subject originally written in English. Calvin's Commentary on Joshua is a work of great acuteness and learning; and the modern Exposition by Kiel, of which an English translation appears in Clark's Foreign Theological Library, is extremely valuable. There was ample room, however, for such a work as the present,—a continuous narrative, popularly written, free from the technicalities of scientific criticism, unbroken by the constant introduction of textual fragments, and unobscured by elaborate discussions on etymology and syntax.

The history is divided into eighteen chapters, under the following titles:—Joshua the Minister of Moses; Joshua the Successor of Moses; the Spies sent to Jericho; the Passage of the Jordan; the Siege of

Jericho; the Sin and Punishment of Achan; the Destruction of Ai; the Gibeonites; the Defeat of the Five Kings; Further Victories; the Inheritance of Caleb; the Lot of Judah and Benjamin; the Lot of Simeon and Dan; the Lot of Ephraim and Manasseh; the Lot of Issachar and Zebulun; the Lot of Naphtali and Asher; the Levitical Cities and the Cities of Refuge; the Last Years and Death of Joshua. The several subjects thus indicated are discussed very thoroughly, in an easy, flowing, and vigorous style. We do not mean to say that the theological student will find every doubt solved, and every point which his inquiries might raise exhaustively considered. Mr. Smith makes no pretension to have written for such readers. It is one of the merits of his book that he has always kept in view the circle for whom it is principally intended; and that while suggesting explanations which may point out right methods of investigation to those who would master the niceties of the subject, he never enters into wearisome detail. He says enough to satisfy and instruct general, and especially youthful, readers; but never enters into discussions which, however valuable to a few, would induce the majority to yawn and lay down the book. There is nothing superficial,—very far from that; the work is the result of painstaking, protracted, accurate inquiry and reflection, and many a learned theologian will read it with profit; but it is eminently fitted to awaken and enchain the interest of that much larger number to whom formal biblical studies would be repulsive. A man who does such a work so well as Mr. Smith has done it, deserves the gratitude of his contemporaries, and especially of those who are interested in the cause of Christian education.

We cordially wish Mr. Smith success in his able endeavour to awaken an extended interest in the study of Scripture biography; and we hope again to welcome him as the author of similar works on such lives as he indicates in his preface. The history of Daniel, Esther, Ezra, Nehemiah, and others, similarly treated, cannot fail to be both interesting and instructive.

The Trilogy: or, Dante's Three Visions. Part II. Purgatorio: or, The Vision of Purgatory. Translated into English, in the Metre and Triple Rhyme of the Original, with Notes and Illustrations, by the Rev. John Wesley Thomas. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1862.

WE are disposed to welcome any work which promises to remind the world of that mighty poem, which has well been described as 'at once a tomb and a cradle,—the splendid tomb of a world passing away,—the cradle of a dawning, brighter world to come.' Dante was not only a poet. The Trilogy is a history and a prophecy. In strains which have no rival, the poet embodies imperishably the story of the Middle Ages, and sketches the future of Italy.

To the translation of the Divine Comedy Mr. Thomas brings not only a profound appreciation of the genius and wealth of the poet, but a generous sympathy with Italy in those woes which so passionately

stirred his song. This version of the *Purgatorio* is dedicated to Garibaldi and the people of Italy,—a dedication that reads somewhat sadly in the light of those recent events which, while they have more deeply complicated the Italian question, have brought the purest patriot of modern times into the unnatural position of a rebel.

Under no circumstances has the translator of Dante an easy task. The *Trilogy*, though exuberant in its imagery, is, nevertheless, terse and concise. Many single words in the original can be rendered into English only by paraphrases. For this reason, most of the predecessors of Mr. Thomas in the work of translation have adopted a metre altogether different from that of the original, so as give themselves more scope. But, however convenient to the translator, such a plan is always detrimental to the integrity of the version. There is music in the structure of poetry, as well as in its thought. In some cases, the thought owes much of its success to the structure. Ideas which, in one metre, however essentially precious, would seem but dull and dead, in another sparkle like polished diamonds. Under some such conviction as this, Mr. Thomas has adopted not only the metre, but the *triple rhyme* of the original; and, considering the difficulties of his task, has achieved a truly wonderful success. Now and then the necessities of the triple rhyme drive him to the use of tame and inadequate words; as, for instance, in the well-known passage in the third canto,—

'Si vid' io muovere, a venir, la testa
Di quella mandria fortunata allotta,
Pudica in faccia,' &c.

Mr. Thomas renders this,—

'So saw I towards us these advancing *stalk*
The vanguard of that favoured company,' &c.;

where *stalk*, a word which destroys the figure, is chosen in order to complete the rhyme with 'bulk' and 'walk.' There are many instances of this kind, and it would be wonderful if there were not. Blemishes like these, which a careful revision would probably remove, do not mar the beauty of the translation as a whole. One or two passages, selected at random, will give our readers an idea of the general accuracy and pureness of Mr. Thomas's version. The first passage we shall cite is one to which we have already referred, and one which Macaulay was wont to consider 'the most imaginative, the most picturesque, and the most sweetly expressed.' It occurs in the third canto:—

'Come le pecorelle escon del chiuso
Ad una, a due, a tre, e l'altre stanno
Timidette atterrando l'occhio e 'l muso;
E ciò che fa la prima, e l'altre fanno,
Addossandosi a lei s'ella s'arresta,
Semplici e queti, e lo 'mperchè non sanno;
Si vid', &c.

Carey's translation of this passage is as follows:—

'As sheep that step from forth their fold, by one,
Or pairs, or three at once; meanwhile the rest
Stand fearfully, bending the eye and nose
To ground, and what the foremost does, that do
The others, gathering round her if she stops,
Simple and quiet, nor the cause discern;
So saw I moving to advance the first
Who of that fortunate crew were at the head,
Of modest mien, and graceful in their gait.'

With this compare the version of Mr. Thomas :—

'Like sheep when they are issuing from the fold,
One, two, and three, and all the rest stand still,
And towards the ground their timid faces hold,
And what the foremost does the others will;
Crowding behind her, if some hindrance balk
Simple and calm, nor of the cause have skill;
So saw I towards us these advancing stalk
The vanguard of that favoured company,
Modest in face, and decent in their walk.'

We have room but for one more passage. It is from the opening of the eighth canto, and is a fine specimen of Dante's style :—

'Era già l'ora che volge il disio
Ai naviganti, e intenerisce il core
Lo di ch' han detto a' dolci amici addio;
E che lo novo peregrin d'amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano,
Che paia il giorno pianger che si more.'

'The hour was come that wakes desire anew
And melts the hearts in voyagers, where they
That day to their sweet friends have said, Adieu!
And thrills the new-made pilgrim on his way
With love, if he from far the vesper-bell
Should hear, that seems to mourn the dying day.'

Mr. Thomas has enriched his volume with some prefatory chapters on the Catholicism of Dante, the Doctrine of Purgatory, the Figurative Senses of the Poem, &c. He has also appended some valuable notes to the text. The *Inferno* he had already given to the public; and if the *Paradiso*, which is to follow, be equal in accuracy to it and to the *Purgatorio*, the translator will be entitled to the praise of having produced a version of Dante which compares favourably with all others, and which, in many respects, excels those which are regarded as standards.

Gotthold's Emblems: or, Invisible Things understood by Things that are made. By Christian Scriver, Minister of Magdeburg in 1671. Translated from the twenty-eighth German Edition, by the Rev. Robert Menzies, Hoddam. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1862.

AN antique gem in a new setting. That this book was first written in 1671, and that the present volume is translated from the twenty-

eighth German edition, (Barmen, 1846,) are facts sufficient of themselves to commend it to the attention of our readers; for it would be a fact without parallel for a devotional work to live nearly two hundred years, and to be reprinted thirty times, if it were not deserving a perusal.

Like other good things, it was, however, for a time neglected by the majority of readers, though still highly prized by a few. The editor who printed the twenty-third German edition could scarcely obtain a copy, as the booksellers did not possess it, and private persons with whom it was found hoarded it as a rich legacy from their forefathers, from which they would not part for any price.

The writer was a man well known and highly esteemed in his own time. Born at Rendsburg in 1629, he studied at Rostock, was appointed deacon at Stendal, in 1653, became pastor of the church of St. James's at Magdeburg in 1667, court preacher and consistorial councillor at Quedlingburgh in 1690, where, on the 5th of April, 1693, he departed this life. One of his friends, the celebrated Spener, said of him, that 'if he could once more see and converse with that chosen friend of God, he should regard it as a mercy for which he would require specially to thank the Lord.' (Translator's Preface, p. 19.)

Seriver knew what it was to be tried in the fire, and the humble and devout spirit breathed through his writings was doubtless in a large measure the result of sanctified affliction. The account which he himself gives of an illness which he had whilst engaged in the composition of this work, is truly pathetic. It is taken from the 'Dedication' which he addresses to his Maker. 'Thy servant lay at the point of death, and in the eyes of many was even already dead..... My strength departed, my countenance became wan and emaciated, my tongue cleaved for weakness to the roof of my mouth, and could scarcely tell the physicians how sorely my body was parched with fever: my nails grew white. Faint and scarcely audible was the beating of my heart. I had bid farewell to my dear friends, and with joyful longing (as Thou knowest) counted the hours, after the lapse of which I hoped to be with Thee, and to enjoy Thyne ineffable glory. There were believing souls, however, who with a thousand tears and sighs lay prostrate at Thy feet, and implored of Thee to spare my life. And so it seemed good to Thy mercy to add to the number of my years.'

This good man, who had closely watched the various aspects of human life as they present themselves among the most exalted and the most humble, has given us in this volume the results of his pious reflections.—He observed keenly, and was on the watch to derive instruction from the most trifling events which fell under his notice. The titles of his meditations, which in this edition are three hundred and sixty-six, and furnish one for every day in a leap year, show how various were the sources which suggested profitable thoughts. They are such as these:—The Tangled Yarn, The Bed, The Church Spire, The Child at Play, The Diamond, The Lock, The Pills, The Boiling Pot, The Milky Way, Election, The Rainbow, The Frogs,

The Hen, The Toad, The Starry Heavens, The Sun, The Clouds ; whilst the *candle* suggests no less than ten distinct meditations.

All these are supposed to be uttered by a certain Gotthold, who never misses an opportunity of gaining lessons of wisdom for himself, or of imparting them to his friends.

In the preface, 'to the indulgent reader,' this method of teaching is defended ; and the task is an easy one. It would be much more difficult for a teacher of religion to justify the neglect of emblem and allegory than to prove the usefulness of it. The example of the great Teacher is sufficient to show how the sublimest truths may be made more intelligible by the use of very homely comparisons, and the commonest and meanest objects sanctified by association with things invisible and eternal. Preachers who neglect the use of simile either carelessly overlook or perversely throw away from them a great instrument of usefulness. Many think to make their discourses plain by avoiding illustration ; and they make them plain enough, if by this is meant, destitute of ornament and elegance ; but they would be much more plain, that is, much more readily understood by the hearers, if apt illustrations were introduced. Those who have to address rustic audiences ought to be the last to omit illustration. The less educated the hearer, the more he craves, the more he delights in and profits by, teaching made truly clear by comparisons. Categorical propositions in abstract terms may be stated hundreds of times over, and never once be comprehended by the hearers ; when, if the same truth were conveyed by metaphor, it would be understood at once. Let Gotthold supply us with an example.

He sees a boy writing in his copy-book, and thinks how imperfect the first efforts of the child are to produce writing equal to the first line on the page which the master has set him. But every well meant effort is approved ; the child by repeated attempts approaches nearer and nearer to perfect writing ; and so, says Gotthold, 'we have a pattern to copy..... In the school of Christ, the best scholars are they who continue learning to the last ; I mean they who sedulously keep their Master's example before their eyes, and are always striving to grow more and more like it, but who yet are never satisfied with themselves, nor with the progress which they make.' (No. 38.)

Such a comparison helps the understanding and the memory too, enforcing the two important truths,—that repeated acts form habits of virtue, and that the morality of our actions depends more upon intention than upon skill in performance.

Another emblem shows how unconsciously a habit of sin may be formed. Gotthold travels on a hot day in summer, and observes how the minute particles of dust fall unobserved on the dresses of his companions till they are covered by it. This suggests the following lesson : 'As dust consists of minute particles, and falls imperceptibly, so that we scarcely perceive, until we are bespread with it : so do many small sins combine to form a great one, which is called habit and security, and is the nearest stage to hell.' (No. 187.)

In another place he wishes to show that our benevolence should rise above the discouragement occasioned by the ingratitude of those

whom we benefit; and the illustration is drawn from a river fouled by the feet of the cattle which drink of it. 'This is the price they pay for their refreshing draught. But what, then, does the noble river? It immediately floats away the mud, and continues after, as it was before, full and free of access for the same or other thirsty creatures. And so must you do also,' &c. (No. 217.)

As may be readily supposed, all the emblems are not of equal merit: the above are taken almost at random, and serve as a fair specimen of our author's style. Some of the allegories are faulty, as having a false foundation. Things are alleged as facts in natural history which are in truth physical impossibilities; but these mistakes may be forgiven, considering the age in which the writer lived. In a few instances the faults are more serious. The allegory proves too much. Gotthold drinks from a vessel which imparts its own impure taste to the fluid, and from this the observation is deduced, that original sin must continue to defile all that we do, and that 'the reason why God does not in the present life wholly cleanse the heart and deliver it from original sin, is, that we may be preserved from pride,' &c. (No. 249.) We prefer here our Lord's own teaching, which says, 'Cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean also.'

Notwithstanding occasional faults of this kind, the book has very many excellencies; it is valuable for what it teaches, and will prove to many still more useful on account of what it suggests. We cordially recommend it to all our readers, and especially to those who are teachers of others, who would do well to follow Scriver's example, and search out for themselves apt comparisons which to their hearers shall be as goads, and as nails fastened in sure places.

We need say nothing as to of the merits of the translation; the name of Mr. Menzies is a sufficient guarantee, that one whom we have already learnt to think of as our friend Gotthold need not be ashamed to walk abroad in his new English dress.

The Revelation of Jesus Christ by John. Expounded by Francis Bodfield Hooper, Rector of Upton Warren, Author of 'A Guide to the Apocalypse,' 'Palmoni,' &c. London: Rivingtons.

IN two goodly octavos, the learned and laborious rector of Upton has set before the Church his contribution towards the exposition of that book which, more than any other part of Holy Writ, seems still to baffle the skill of the critic, and to prove the imperfection of our knowledge. What can be more bewildering than that large portion of Mr. Elliot's fourth volume of *Horæ Apocalyptice*, devoted to the illustration of the diversity of interpretation which has prevailed? Since that candid and valuable *résumé* was published, several other works upon the subject have appeared; but none of them, so far as we are aware, of such magnitude as this of Mr. Hooper, or giving evidence of such thorough painstaking and unflagging diligence. The

fashion which is now prevalent, in many schools of criticism, of treating all Apocalyptic expositions with contempt, is probably a result of the general ignorance and indifference which obtain as to the topic itself. It may also be regarded as one symptom of that disease which now pervades our theology—a secret impatience of the absolute authority of the written word. There is a blessing for those who read, with a becoming spirit, these dark and mystic pages of the holy seer, even although a correct view of their interpretation may not be attained. The vaticinations of such writers as Dr. Cumming have no doubt done much to bring Apocalyptic studies into contempt; and we can hardly conceive the feelings with which that copious writer now recalls his predictions published some ten years ago, exactly falsified as they have been by events; while, on the other hand, great events of which he never dreamed, and of which there was not the faintest foreshadowing in his system, are now occurring;—showing that, with all his studies, his knowledge of the future was no greater than that of ordinary men.

Very different is the sober and careful exposition before us. Without committing ourselves to the author's views, we cannot withhold our approbation of the manner in which he states and defends them. His system has some affinity to that of the *Præterist* school, though he cannot by any means be said to belong to it. He does not think that the symbols were exhausted with the destruction of Pagan and persecuting Rome—a notion which has been revived in Germany of late years, and supported by names of no less note than Ewald, De Wette, and Lücke. Still, Mr. Hooper accords to the past a very considerable proportion of the mystic drama. He conceives of the whole, rightly as we think, as one connected vision, in opposition to Stuart and others, who treat it as a series, or rather as a collection, of detached and independent pictures. His view is, that the vision symbolizes the entire history of the world, and of the Church more especially, from the creation of Adam onwards to the end. There are two symbolizations of the one Church of Christ, the first as contained in chapters i.-iii., and the other in the last two chapters. The scene of judgment in heaven, in chapters iv., v., is resumed, he thinks, in chapter xx. 11-15; these two passages relate to what is in substance one and the same scene. Within these limits, the progress of events as in the order of time is unfolded in the successive seals, trumpets, and other features of the representation. A summary of his exposition of the seven seals will give perhaps the best general idea of Mr. Hooper's exposition. The first seal represents the events from the Creation to the Deluge; the second, from the Deluge to the call of Abraham; the third, from the call of Abraham to the Exodus from Egypt; the fourth, from the Exodus to the erection of the first temple; the fifth, the period of Jewish independence and national exaltation, reaching to the destruction of the first temple; the sixth, the age of Jewish captivity and subjection, ending with the destruction of the second temple, and with it of the Jewish polity; the seventh, the period from the destruction of Jerusalem to the Reformation, or the Millennial Sabbath: the millennium is therefore past. This

carrying of the historic range of the Apocalypse back to the creation of the world is not new; it was adopted by Berengar in the twelfth century, whom, however, (so far as we have observed,) Mr. Hooper never quotes. In this respect he shows a general agreement with the historic school of interpreters, although in details he differs as widely as it is possible to do from the most prominent of that school, and from the pre-millennialists more especially. It is needless, after this, to remark, that with the Futurist class of expositors, who connect the entire system of visions with the times of the great second Advent,—such as Dr. Maitland, Dr. Todd, and Mr. Burgh,—he has nothing in common, except what refers to the first three chapters of the book.

The chief defect of Mr. Hooper appears to us to be that which appears in most of the other commentaries above mentioned, however widely his views differ from theirs. He has constructed a system. He has constructed a general outline of interpretation, and then with more or less of ingenuity has made the details to fit his scheme. We should prefer an exposition of the Apocalypse without a system—a Procrustean bed—of this kind. The recent exposition of Dean Alford affords some illustration of what we mean: in saying this, however, we do not accept his pre-millennial views. Our knowledge of these mysteries can be but fragmentary, at present. We may get glimpses, here and there, of their true significance. And probably in a future age that significance will be seen to be wonderfully manifold and all-embracing,—connecting in one grand luminous chain the scattered and disjointed links, some of which we can even now dimly perceive in their separate individuality, but which we are as yet unable to join together, or even to imagine how they can possibly cohere. The methods of most expositors of the Revelation appear to us too much to resemble the methods of scientific men of old, before the times of Bacon, who made their theories first, and then strove to make the phenomena fit them. History and the course of events have probably not advanced sufficiently far as yet to furnish an induction such as the true theory must require. Meanwhile we are far from sharing in the superciliousness and flippancy with which inquiries of this kind, even though not fully successful, are often treated.—The manner in which Mr. Hooper speaks of the Inspiration of the Apocalypse may excite some little surprise. Special Divine influence is not denied, yet 'there are abundant proofs in the book, that what is human is not excluded: so that a middle view recognising the admixture of the Divine and the human (the former as to what is essential, the latter as to what is non-essential) will best satisfy the conditions. Nor will the result be affected, if we consider the vision itself to have been merely a poetic fiction.' (Vol. i., p. 165). These views appear scarcely consonant with the author's fundamental doctrine, that the book is a prophecy exhibiting, truly, although in symbol, that which none but God Himself could know and reveal. The distinction between what is essential and what is not, always hazardous, appears peculiarly difficult when the whole book is a series of mystic symbols.

Mr. Hooper does not follow the *Textus Receptus*, but here and

there (as in the '*my God*' of chapter iii. 2) adopts what he conceives to be the true reading, without remark. In common with all Apocalyptic interpreters, he is quite unable to point out satisfactorily any period in the history of the Church corresponding to the 1,260 days of chapter xii. 6, or any in the history of this world's civil power which shall satisfy the 42 months of chapter xiii. 5. One after another, the years fixed on by different authors for the consummation have passed away, beginning with the 1836 of Bengel: and it is needless to name again the popular lecturer and writer on this subject who has shifted his ground year by year into the safer future, so as to keep the great consummation continually a few years a-head of him. Mr. Hooper has not aimed at catching the popular ear, or at producing any startling surprise; he has aimed at producing a sober and self-consistent interpretation. We cannot congratulate him on having succeeded, where so many others have failed; but, as a careful, modest, thorough, and interesting inquiry, his book is worthy of a place in every library of prophetic exposition.

A Commentary, Grammatical and Exegetical, on the Book of Job; with a Translation. By the Rev. A. B. Davidson, M.A. Vol. I. London and Edinburgh: Williams and Norgate. 1862.

It is a rarity indeed, a strictly grammatical exposition by English hands of a book of Hebrew Scripture; and if only for the sake of the future, we should feel ourselves bound to give Mr. Davidson a hearty welcome. We fear he is not far wrong in assuming, that, with the exception of Mr. Ginsburg's '*Song*' and '*Koheleth*,' and Mr. Wright's more recent Commentary on Genesis, our biblical literature of this class is yet to be created. In the present position of the truth among us, this is a shame and a grief; and whoever helps to bring about a better state of things is worthy of all honour. Have we no Shemitic scholars with ability and heart to do for the Old Testament what the piety, learning, judgment, and patience of Ellicott have so well accomplished for several parts of the New? We shall not despair of the cause which calls for labours of this sort, if only the good beginning which Mr. Davidson and his predecessors have made be followed by a progress such as they will be the first to acknowledge to be possible and necessary. The book before us is not a chance book. It is an elaborate piece of Scripture exegesis, the product of much reading, reflection, and industry. The dust of the library shows upon it,—this is inevitable; but the author is anything rather than a retailer of literary antiquities. He speculates, philosophizes, argues. Even where he adopts the views of others, he is careful to make them his own by independent revision and scrutiny. Not unfrequently passages meet us in his work which tell of faculties higher than those of the dialectician and scholar. Mr. Davidson is not a stranger to the inspirations of poetry; and his readers will often find him ranging through realms of thought where the foot of Christian faith alone can move safely.

After a page or two of preface, this first volume of his Commentary presents us with a copious 'Introduction,' in which the questions of the problem of the Book of Job, of the working out of the problem by the sacred writer, of the historic truth of the contents of the Book, and of its era and authorship, are discussed with critical intelligence, and with the combined liberality and devoutness of spirit which biblical investigation so strongly demands. The good sense and fairness of the section on the character, date, and source of the inspired document, in particular, form an admirable contrast to much modern literature of its order. We commend it to dogmatizers of all schools. In respect to the time at which the Book of Job was composed, Mr. Davidson inclines to the opinion which fixes it somewhere about the era of David and Solomon: yet he is wise and candid enough to allow, that the arguments which make Moses the writer are 'perhaps as strong' as those which can be brought to sustain any other theory. In contending for the priority of Job in point of time to Proverbs and Ecclesiastes, we fear he has somewhat weakened the force of his logic by losing sight of a principle, which he elsewhere puts and applies with great force. We entirely agree with him that it is a perilous criticism, which holds that at such and such periods in the history of Divine revelation, so much truth and no more must be looked for in the inspired writers, and that the age of a canonical book may be determined by the development which a particular doctrine has attained in it. But if this judgment is worth anything, it is surely going too far to affirm, as Mr. Davidson does, that 'as regards Ecclesiastes, the advance there on the doctrine of final retribution over Job is demonstrative that our Book is anterior to Ecclesiastes,' and that 'the advance in ch. i.-ix. (of Proverbs) in the representation of the Divine wisdom over the representation of the same, Job xxviii., is equally demonstrative that Job is anterior to Proverbs.' We believe the fact. We doubt whether the argument is a demonstration of it. On the question of the historical character of the Book on which our author comments, we are glad to see him taking that middle path, which we have long felt to be the only one open to a clear-sighted and impartial criticism. It is hard to say which of the extreme views is the greater violation of probability. Numerous Scripture analogies concur with a large internal evidence to substantiate the soundness of the judgment which Mr. Davidson has formed on this subject.

In the main, too, we believe we are at one with the author in his views as to the scope of the inspired poem. We express ourselves with reserve, because we are not sure that we always understand his meaning; but so far as we can gather it, he finds the ultimate moral of the Book in the disciplinary purpose of affliction, as suffered by the godly; and we cannot but marvel that any other aim should ever be attributed to it. Of course this carries the great practical lesson of that faith in God, which the conduct of Job under his trial, amidst all the perplexities and struggles of his spirit, so impressively exhibits; but the principle that God is good to His servants in the severities not less than in the kindnesses of His providence, and that the former are as necessary to their perfecting as the latter, is, we

think, the end of the ends contemplated by the sacred writer. We should, perhaps, differ from Mr. Davidson in our estimate of the proportion which the portrayal of Job's spiritual conflicts bears, in the general design of the Book, to its higher dogmatic teaching. If his views do not give undue prominence to the feelings and conduct of the sufferer, they seem to us to assign too little room to that glorious character and wonderful government of God, which Job's temptations throughout are so plainly intended to illustrate. It is not so much 'man's religion' as the mystery of Divine grace, which we take to be the paramount lesson inculcated by the Holy Spirit in this wonderful composition.

Mr. Davidson will hardly expect his readers to accept his exposition of the mechanism of the sacred writing in all its parts and details. He has expended great pains on this portion of his work, and his results are many of them as satisfactory as they are striking. At the same time we question whether fancy does not sometimes desecrate distinctions which do not exist in fact; and, without denying for a moment what we may reverently call the artistic structure of the Book, we think our author has in more than one instance pushed his analysis beyond the limits of clear critical eyesight. Students of Scripture, however, will do well to follow him step by step through the whole of this very able section of his Introduction. If they do not concur in his views, they will at least accord to them the merit of careful elaboration and inventive thought. We could almost wish that less ingenuity had been exercised in certain passages of a philosophical kind which may be found scattered up and down in the work. At the very outset there is a large paragraph of this class on the objects and constitution of Scripture, to many parts of which we object as being mystical, forced, and arbitrary; and we have noted other places which are likely to impose a similar burden upon the reader's intelligence and faith. It has struck us, too, that Mr. Davidson's phraseology will not unfrequently be regarded as favouring that humanistic theory of the origin of the word of God, which is just now gaining so much ground in this country. Christian preachers and authors can hardly be too guarded in their language on this subject. We readily grant that the objective character of the Bible revelation has been sometimes overstated. But let us not fall into the opposite error of making the great articles of the faith the culminating points of a merely subjective conception of truth on the part of the writers of Scripture. Mr. Davidson has no sympathy with the rationalizers; yet we cannot but fear that the terms in which he expresses himself will now and again be thought to put the agency of the Holy Ghost in the production of the sacred volume too far in the background. Take, for example, a passage occurring on page xiii. of his Introduction, where, speaking of Job and Ecclesiastes, he says:—'The Christology of these Books is, of course, connected with their peculiar character. The divine wisdom or world-scheme becomes in the mind of the thinker personified, then hypostatized; and this hypostasis, the creator of the world; and himself the ultimate object of creation, by whom and for whom, rises into the Messiah.' Whatever truth there may be in this repre-

sentation, we think the manner of stating it unfortunate, not to say dangerous; and we should be glad if this were the only instance of the employment by Mr. Davidson of language adapted, as we think, to produce impressions the very opposite of those which would answer his most cherished sentiments.

Scarcely anything has surprised us more, in examining our author's work, than a feature of it closely akin to what we have just named:—we mean, the singular want of correspondence between the fine religious tone of the writer and the style which he often adopts in giving expression to his views. Side by side with much forcible and even beautiful writing, we find terms and phrases which it is difficult even for a friendly critic not to characterize as ill-favoured and painfully colloquial. He speaks of 'the part played by God' in the prologue of the poem, and of Job's becoming 'the subject of dangerous laudation on the part of God' seated in the 'heavenly cabinet.' The beginning of Job's temptation is 'the first move in the great game between Satan and God.' The Divine Being is represented as declaring, that, in the debate between Job and his friends, 'Job had the best of it.' And we are told that, when Job's wife would have him plunge into atheism, 'he lectures the woman on her faithlessness and profanity.' We have no disposition to go further. We regret that an admirable book should be disfigured by language which may prejudice higher interests than those of æsthetics.

Hitherto little has been said as to the Commentary itself. For the most part this has all the excellencies of the Introduction, together with some special ones of its own; and, apart from a certain ruggedness and uncouthness of style, which marks the more critical portions of it, it is less open to objection than the pages which introduce it. In the volume before us Mr. Davidson carries his version and exposition as far as to the end of chap. xiv. The remainder is to be published with as little delay as possible. By the plan which the author adopts, his Commentary is made up of a series of smaller or larger sections, answering to the views which he takes of the contents of the sacred books, and each of them including three things,—an analysis of the passage forming the text of the section, a translation of the text arranged into rhythmical members, and a formal grammatical explanation of the meaning of the original words. We could desire that a somewhat different method had been pursued, or at least that broader and more conspicuous distinctions had been made, by change of type or otherwise, between the several divisions and subdivisions of the work as now exhibited. At present there is much confusion, and the eye is wearied in the effort to ascertain where one paragraph begins and another ends. The heading of the right-hand pages, with references to the chapters and verses, would be a great assistance to the reader.

Of the quality of the renderings and criticisms which make up the Commentary, we are able to speak with greater satisfaction. The analyses of the argument are always done with much care and precision, and in most cases they commend themselves as well representing the purpose and scope of the sacred poet. It is a credit to the

translation that it is formed on the model of the Authorized Version: yet even with this in mind we cannot but feel some surprise, that the writer of the chaste and simple English which we here meet with should ever do himself the injustice of using language such as we referred to above. Where the author sees reason to depart from the interpretation of our Bible, he is usually sustained by sufficient argument, and his translations are intelligible, natural, and not seldom graceful or even elegant. The lexicographical and grammatical elucidations of the text which accompany it throughout are very much in advance of anything of their kind which has yet appeared on the Book of Job in English. If they are sometimes wanting in the exactness, the compactness, and the symmetry of Ellicott, they embody the results of a thoughtful and laborious handling of the best authorities, and are often marked by acute critical discernment, and by a nice appreciation of the peculiarities of Shemitish mind and speech. In his preface, Mr. Davidson says, 'It is hardly to be expected but that older grammarians and exegetes will find many things defective or even erroneous, both in the plan and execution' of his book; and he waggishly asks them to 'remember that they hitherto have afforded no model' of perfection in his chosen department of study. He is worthy of all the consideration to which this fact entitles him: he needs it as little as any 'pioneer of literature' well can do. He has written a solid, able, and timely book, which every true scholar will look upon with respect, and which no English student of the Hebrew Bible will be wise to dispense with in his progress through the Book of Job. We await with interest the publication of the second and concluding volume of the work, and trust Mr. Davidson's critical labours may be extended some future day to other parts of Old-Testament Scripture.

Essays on Scientific and other Subjects contributed to the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews. By Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D. Longmans. 1862.

So much of the literary labour of our times finds its way into the pages of Quarterly Reviews, that we can hardly complain of the practice which authors are adopting of republishing their *Essays* in a more permanent form.

In the face of this opinion, however, we must say, that Sir Henry Holland has given us a very agreeable and useful book; and we can only wish that the labour which he has spent in revising and transposing his papers, had been devoted to consolidating them into a popular view of the present state of science; especially as such an undertaking would, perhaps, have furnished him with an inducement to fill up his outlines a little more evenly than he has done. These *Essays* have the advantage of treating on several branches of one subject. With the exception of an article on the last days of the Roman Republic, which we regret to see so misplaced, they all treat of the physical subjects which are just now engaging the attention of natural philosophers. The volume opens with an admirable

general view of the progress and spirit of physical science; and proceeds to treat of the great problem of organic life, of longevity, of physical geography, astronomy, sidereal and meteoric chemistry, and the natural history of man. An interesting survey of the geography and history of the Mediterranean Sea might perhaps have better been left in the pages of the 'Edinburgh Review;' but it serves, along with the paper on Roman History before noticed, to show how much general culture may be preserved amidst the hurried toils of London professional life, and the special fascinations of physical science. Indeed, it is this quality of general knowledge which makes Sir Henry Holland's articles so well worth reading. He is just the writer for a general reader. And as these pages are the productions of his long-vacation travels,—written far away from books and scientific meetings,—they are especially free from the embarrassment of detail which so often disfigures popular science. Further, Sir Henry has an agreeable and fluent style, and has been at the pains to add such notes as the discoveries of the last few years have made necessary to keep his remarks on a level with the times. Scientific subjects are less damaged than some others by this mode of treatment, inasmuch as they are so constantly changing their aspect that every view of them is more or less ephemeral.

We have greatly admired the reverent and cautious spirit with which our author tempers his freedom and boldness. He is not one of those who think it necessary to discard all religious beliefs, in order to take a fair view of scientific questions, or who swallow a new physical theory with the more eagerness because it seems to upset a received biblical doctrine. At the same time, he will not be accused of disparaging the value of modern speculation; but takes, as might be expected, the scientific side of those questions which still leave unharmonized the present results of induction and the present canons of interpretation.

From a volume which embraces so great a variety of topics, and in which so little professes to be original, it is not easy to make useful extracts. But, recommending our general readers particularly to the first two papers, and to the chapters on Aerolites and Sidereal Astronomy, we may take a specimen of Sir Henry Holland's style of treatment from his view of 'Life and Organization.'

'Another topic of eminent importance to all our views of life, and the economy of living beings, is that of Animal Instinct. Much has been observed, thought, and written on this subject; but less connectedly, we think, than its interest requires. Facts have been multiplied and better defined; and the special structures serving to the fulfilment of instincts more carefully, yet for the most part vainly, explored. For the great problem here remains as entirely unresolved as in the earliest days of ancient philosophy. What is the source or proximate cause of those actions—definite, peculiar, and permanent in each species—which we call *instinctive*, as distinguished from the acts of reason and intelligence? The main points of doubt, speculation, and controversy are all concentrated within this question. It involves one which, in some sort, is precursory to all; viz., the reality

and nature of the distinction between reason and instinct; faculties so closely bordering on each other, and often so blended in the same acts, that it becomes difficult to distinguish or dis sever them. To obtain a just definition, we must look at the more simple and extreme cases of each. "The absolute hereditary nature of instincts;—their instant or speedy perfection prior to all experience or memory;—their provision for the future without prescience of it;—the preciseness of their objects, extent, and limitation;—and the distinctness and permanence of their character for each species," are the more general facts upon which we define true instincts, and contradistinguish them from the acts of mind and reason. These two great faculties may be said to exist in inverse ratio to each other, throughout the whole scale of animal life. Where intelligence is highest in power and effect, instinct is lowest and least in amount. It augments progressively as we ascend in the series; and at some point, hardly to be defined, seemingly embraces and gives origin to all the arts of animal existence.'

Theological and Homiletical Commentary on the Gospel of St. Luke. From the German of J. J. Van Oosterzee, D.D.
Vol. I. Edinburgh: Clark.

THIS is a continuation of a series of commentaries,—written on an original plan, partly by Dr. Lange and partly under his direction,—which is likely to be as popular in England as it is in Germany. The volumes are ably translated, into English less cramped than usual in this class of works; and they are not the less acceptable because here and there some notes and allusions are omitted which would be unintelligible if transferred from the German to the English.

The main value of this commentary is that it gives the growth of all the best orthodox critical and practical exegesis of modern Germany. None but those who examine them with unprejudiced and discriminating eyes, can tell what a treasure of profound and edifying notes these pages contain.

Of Dr. Oosterzee's own share in the volume we should not speak with unqualified approbation. Having examined with care some of the salient points of the volume,—such as St. Luke's version of the Sermon on the Mount, the narrative of Simon and Mary, the message of John the Baptist, and some others,—we find something to differ from on all these subjects. But these differences never involve vital questions: on these we are quite at one with this Dutch divine,—whose learned, orthodox, and pious contributions to our theological literature we cordially welcome, at the hands of his able and graceful translator.

Catechesis Evangelica; being Questions and Answers based on the 'Textus Receptus.' Part I.—St. Matthew. By T. L. Montefiore, M.A. Longmans.

THIS volume is as good as its design and scope will allow it to be. It does not profess to be a commentary on the Greek text of St. Matthew, but only to furnish a selection of important critical notes on the leading difficulties of the successive chapters. The work is constructed on the catechetical plan, 'in order to familiarize students beforehand with a kind of exami-

nation which they may have to undergo;’ and the result of the whole is, that any one who gets up these questions and answers is pretty well prepared for the usual Examination Papers on St. Matthew. The general reader, however, will find it a book well worth having at hand; not, indeed, as a thorough exposition of the Gospel, nor as a series of investigations upon obscure passages, but as a catena of notes always exhibiting the taste of a scholarly compiler, and sometimes presenting in a few paragraphs the results of much research. We cordially recommend this little volume,—the first instalment of what will be a very valuable aid to all students of the Greek Testament.

The Works of John Howe, M.A. Vol. I. With a General Preface. By Henry Rogers. The Religious Tract Society.

AFTER reading Mr. Rogers’s preface,—a little critical essay well worth reading for its own sake,—we are thoroughly convinced, not only that this will be a good edition of John Howe, but that it will be the only edition which will fairly represent the great Puritan. We admire Mr. Rogers’s masterly statement of his case, and have every confidence in his skill and fidelity; in our opinion he will be the first worthy editor John Howe has had. If he should limit his publication to the six volumes, we shall be content, for our own part; although we think we shall be in the minority on this point.—The ‘Society’ is doing a signal service to our young divines; and we would most urgently exhort all our readers to show their appreciation of the benefit by subscribing at once to so cheap and so beautiful a work.

An Exposition of the Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews. By the late John Brown, D.D. Edited by David Smith, D.D., Biggar. Two Vols. Edinburgh: Oliphant and Co. 1862.

‘THIS work is in every respect, except the date, a posthumous work.’ It was written before most of Dr. Brown’s works, already published, had been several times read to the students in the Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church, in the course of Dr. Brown’s prelections as professor of exegetical theology, and has been enriched, in connexion with other readings, by numerous critical and illustrative notes. Dr. Brown had also ‘carefully paragraphed it, drawn out the table of contents, and marked on the margin various directions to the printer.’

This seems to us, indeed, to be in every respect one of the most valuable of Dr. Brown’s expository works. As no epistle is of more interest, perhaps none of more importance, than that to the Hebrews, so none appears to have received more careful study at the hands of Dr. Brown. The editor justly enumerates, as the characteristic qualities of Dr. Brown as an interpreter, ‘singular clearness of apprehension, remarkable conciseness and precision of language, a sacred regard to the authority of the inspired writer, a rich savour of evangelical doctrine, and a fearless following out of, and giving expression to, what in his judgment and conscience he believed to be the mind

of the Holy Ghost.' We may add that he has adhered to *covenant* (never *testament*) as the rendering of διαθήκη.

The value of this commentary—the last, it appears, of the author's expository works which are likely to be published—is enhanced by the addition of 'several discourses preached by Dr. Brown in the latter years of his ministry, chiefly, if not entirely, upon sacramental occasions, from different passages of this epistle.' Altogether, we welcome these volumes as a valuable addition to our theological literature, and could earnestly wish that our junior theological students would master them, and—saving their Calvinism, which is decisive, though candid and moderate—would closely imitate Dr. Brown's method of exegetical investigation, and imbibe his spirit as a student of the Divine Word. Those who have become familiar with the life and character of the author through Dr. Cairns' memoir, or the reminiscences of his gifted son, the author of the 'Horse Subsecivæ,' will do well, if they have not done so already, to become farther acquainted with him through his expository writings. As to the authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews, we should note, Dr. Brown gives only his conclusion, not his reasons. He 'is disposed to think that, though by no means absolutely certain, it is in a high degree probable, that this Epistle was written by the Apostle St. Paul.'

The Religions before Christ: being an Introduction to the History of the First Three Centuries of the Church. By Edmond De Pressensé, Pastor of the French Evangelical Church, and Doctor of Divinity of the University of Breslau. Translated by L. Corkran. With Preface by the Author. Edinburgh: Clarks. 1862.

MESSRS. CLARK have been well advised in adding this book to their list of translations. It is a thoughtful and eloquent volume on perhaps the most interesting moral question which can be submitted to speculative analysis. Its object is to trace the stages of perversion and corruption by which idolatry, in its various kinds and in different nations, was deduced from primitive truth; and also to show how, even in the midst of idolatrous degeneracy and error, there sprang up from the world humanizing and, in a sense, educating influences, which, under the wonderful working of Providence, constituted a *vis medicatrix* in the midst of corruption and apostasy, a counter-preparation of the world for its acceptance of Christianity, and its deliverance out of the 'bondage' of idolatrous 'corruption' into the freedom and truth which God had laid up for mankind in the gift of His Son. In connexion with this, Dr. Pressensé of necessity also describes the function of Judaism, both in its earlier growth up to its maturity and also in its decadence, showing how throughout the whole of its decline, no less than during its rising strength, its spiritual vocation was sustained, and among the true Israelites, such as old Simeon, there was a growing advancement in spiritual intelligence and sympathy. Finally, he shows how Christianity came in to take possession of an inheritance which had been in every way, and through all dispensations, prepared to receive it; how it answered cravings which the world had been made to feel through all its veins, but which it had

learnt at the same time that no earthly sources could satisfy; how it fulfilled hopes with which the world, even in its lowest helplessness and despondency, had been providentially inspired; and how, at the very period towards which all lines of preparation converged, 'in the fulness of the times,' Christianity actually appeared upon the earth. Such is the general scope of M. Pressensé's timely work. German in its erudition; French in the clear-cut brilliancy of its expression, the positiveness of its statements, the directness of its expositions; it will be found a far more learned and masterly—as also a safer and truer—guide as to the 'Religions of the World,' than Mr. Maurice's well-known work; while it supplies the full Christian truth respecting that 'education of the world' of which Dr. Temple—for the most part echoing Lessing, but with scarcely so much distinct Christianity of tone—has given a slight and one-sided sketch. We do not mean to say that we agree with all that it contains,—far from it; or that its speculations are all of them sound and safe. But we have no space here for detailed criticism; and, on the whole, the book is so good, that we do not choose to specify any points on which we differ from the author.

Louise Juliane, Electress Palatine, and her Times. By Fanny Elizabeth Bunnett. James Nisbet and Co. 1862.

In spite of the remonstrances of his brother, and the threats of his German connexions, William the Silent married, on the 12th of June, 1775, Charlotte de Bourbon, 'a run-away nun,' as the wrathful Landgrave of Hesse chose to call her. Louise Juliane, afterwards Electress Palatine, was the eldest child of this marriage. Her story has a special interest for English readers, as the preface reminds us. 'The great grandson of her father, William of Orange, sat on the English throne at the close of the seventeenth century, and to the descendants of her granddaughter, the Electress Sophia, the crown of this kingdom stands limited by the constitution.'

The introductory chapter contains a summary of events in Netherland history, from the famous abdication of Charles the Fifth, to the Pacification of Ghent. It is no disparagement to the authoress to say, that her introductory chapter of little more than twenty pages gives a meagre and very superficial outline of the many-sided events of the great Netherland struggle, with which the recent histories of Prescott and Motley have made us so familiar. The remainder of the volume is occupied with the personal history of the Electress, (if we except a short digression on the territory and history of the Palatinate.) Various pleasant domestic notices of the prince, of the strong affection which bound him to his family, and the several members of it to each other, are scattered through the record of the eight years that intervened between the birth of Juliane and the assassination of the prince. The sudden and violent death of her father was naturally a fearful shock to her: 'For many weeks she was ill,' 'even the doctors thought badly of her state;' nevertheless she rallied, and henceforth, till her marriage with Frederick the Fourth, Elector Palatine, she remained under the care of her stepmother, the Princess of Orange. Hers must have been a sober youth, chastened by the gloom

of her father's death, and the straitened resources of the family; for the magnificent estates of Orange had been nearly spent in the contest with Spain. Transferred to Heidelberg, the years she passed there at the head of her husband's court were the most prosperous, and, as far as we can gather, also the happiest, of her life. The Elector appreciated the high moral qualities of his wife, although, we may conclude, he did not always find himself able to imitate them: for in the *Tagebuch* kept by the ingenuous Elector still extant at Heidelberg, among the daily records of masquerades, hunting, Scripture-reading and sermon-hearing in the fashion of those times, comes the somewhat startling entry, '*Bin ich fou gewesen.*' The Elector died in 1610. The clause in his will, providing that the children should remain with the '*geliebte Frau Mutter*,' proves the Elector's confidence in his pious wife. From her husband's death date her troubles, amongst the lightest of which must have been the diminished dignity of her position, after her son's marriage, as Electress Dowager. She retired to her dowry lands, though she seems to have maintained the peace with her extravagant daughter-in-law, Elizabeth of England; for we find her much occupied with the cares of her grandchildren, when the gaieties or misfortunes of Elizabeth's life left her no leisure for the charge.

It was the Electress Juliane alone of all her son's advisers who opposed his foolish ambition with respect to the crown of Bohemia: with a sagacity worthy of her illustrious father, she alone foresaw the bitter enemies it would raise up against him. Her entreaties were disregarded, but the evils she predicted came; the Palatinate was ruined, and even her own revenues as Electress Dowager were withheld by the Emperor. She was indebted to her son-in-law, the Elector of Brandenburg, for a home for many years, and for the domestic peace which surrounded her at the close of her life. The account of her last hours, given with much simplicity, is one of the best specimens of the author's powers which the book affords; but it is too long for quotation.

The book has been compiled with care, and displays much conscientious research amongst the original papers of the times. As such, it is a valuable addition to historical biography, or would be but for one serious defect which sadly mars its merits as a literary performance. The authoress, especially in the earlier portion, turns aside from her narrative, and presents to the reader certain reflections, partly sentimental, partly religious, which she judges applicable to the situation of the moment. These, however unobjectionable in themselves or even excellent, are quite out of place in a work like the present. The character of her heroine, as we gather it from these pages, stands in no need of the supports her biographer is so anxious to offer; and if the '*lessons*' afforded by a pure life, earnest piety, and unshaken confidence in God under the shocks of earthly misfortune, do not commend themselves to the reader's heart and judgment, they are little likely to be enforced by a repetition of the commonplaces of religious sentiment.

Sunsets and Sunshine; or, Varied Aspects of Life. By Erskine Neale, M.A. London: Longmans. 1862.

THERE is a sense in which every man's death is a sunset. Poetry, however, has appropriated the word to her own uses, and it is now the accepted symbol of those exits from this world over which faith, and hope, and love shed their blessed radiance. In selecting the title of his book, Mr. Neale must have forgotten the poetry of the word; for it is one of the most *sunless* books that ever came into our hands. It contains the record of sixty-three deaths, most of which have evidently been selected for their tragical type. There is in this catalogue of mortality the strangest commingling of names. We have a picture of Count Batthyani, shot on the Holz Platz of Pesth; of Lola Montes, dying of dissipation, in New York; of the fourth Duke of Richmond, expiring in the agonies of hydrophobia, in a log-hut in Canada; of Huskisson, crushed by the locomotive at Liverpool; of the Marchioness of Salisbury, perishing in the flames at Hatfield House; of Castlereagh, weltering in the blood of suicide,—and, such is immortality, of Girling, bitten by a *cobra* in the London Zoological Gardens! Scattered up and down among these tragic recitals we have the case of the clergyman who perished some years ago among the defiles of Snowdon; of the gallant Colonel Willoughby Moore, who went down in the burning 'Europa;' of Daniel Webster, Neander, Priscilla Gurney, and Dr. Adam Clarke. That nothing may be wanting to complete a list which comprises the names of 'Delta' and Caroline Fry, Mr. Neale gives us a picture of the last moments of Jameson, the miser, and of Ardesoif, the cock-fighter! These are 'varied aspects of life' with a vengeance.

The principles of selection adopted in this volume are certainly eccentric; but the author deserves great credit for the patient research by means of which he has contributed many items of interest to biographical literature. The motive of the work is praiseworthy, and the moral lessons founded upon many of its details are pointed and powerful. But whether a book of so morbid a tendency will prove of ultimate value is a matter of grave doubt. The mission of the truth is to win, rather than to terrify; and the lessons of a holy death are infinitely more telling than those of a life setting among clouds and horror.

Satan as Revealed in Scripture. By Rev. W. R. Tweedie, D.D. Edinburgh: John Maclaren. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1862.

THE title of this treatise, which Dr. Tweedie modestly calls a tract, does not exactly designate its contents, more than half of the volume being devoted to historical and personal illustrations of Satan's power. The first chapter is occupied with the names, the allies, and the personality of the tempter, upon all of which the Doctor holds the orthodox view. He omits, however, in treating on the *names* of Satan, to mark the distinction between *διδβολος* and *σαταν*, which our English version unfortunately does not preserve. In the second chapter we have a very brief examination of the most conspicuous appearances of Satan in the

Bible history. The Fall, the case of Job, the numbering of the people by David, the resistance to the high priest in the vision of Zechariah, the great assault in the wilderness, the entering of Satan into Judas Iscariot, and the demoniacal possessions of the New Testament, are passed in rapid review. The Doctor carefully avoids anything like a speculative treatment of these most interesting points, and adheres rigidly and absolutely to the basis of express revelation. The third chapter deals with historical illustrations of the agency of Satan, as seen especially in those mighty counterfeits of Divine truth, and of the great facts of man's moral history, with which the world, and more especially the Church of Rome, abounds. A few words are given to illustrations of Satanic influence in personal experience,—to modern forms of deception, such as clairvoyance and spirit-rapping,—and to objections brought against the teachings of Scripture; and the Doctor closes with an exultant anticipation of the final downfall of the great enemy of God and man.

We cannot speak too highly of the reverent regard for the simple utterances of the Divine Word which this volume exhibits throughout; and yet we fear that the author has not met the need which he felt of 'some manual of a scriptural character regarding Satanic agency.' The work before us is not exhaustive enough to meet the requirements of scientific investigation; nor, if intended for purely popular edification, can we understand the introduction of French and German quotations. A plain statement of the Scripture doctrine concerning Satan and his work, such as John Wesley would have loved to write, is yet needed for the masses; and, at the same time, the Church requires a treatise, which, while formed solely on the revelation of God, will deal with and expose those philosophical difficulties with which many devout and earnest Christians have daily to contend.

The Week of Prayer. By the Rev. Robert Oxlad. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1862.

IN answer to the invitation of the Evangelical Alliance, one of the first weeks of 1861 and 1862 was set apart by Christian Churches throughout the world for special and united prayer. Mr. Oxlad very properly regards this fact, unparalleled in the history of the Church, as one of the greatest magnitude and importance, and exults in the prospects which such a fact calls up. But while glorying in the increasing unanimity and vigour of the Churches, he looks upon the season of success as the prelude of some crisis of trial, and discerns, in the providential advantages which encompass us, and which contribute to general religious improvement, elements which may be perverted so as to prove fatal to the interests which they are given to subserve. Foremost among these pervertible advantages are the progress of science, the extent of intellectual excitement, and the study of biblical criticisms. The theories of Mr. Darwin, the *Essays and Reviews*, the critical canon of Professor Jowett, are cited as illustrations. Among the dangers of the day Mr. Oxlad concludes that the only safe and rational course to pursue, 'is to fix upon the fundamental truths, which no revision, no

logic, no criticism, no discovery of new and subordinate truths, can subvert.' The whole of his Essay is pervaded by a devout, catholic, and intelligent spirit. It is a most seasonable production. The latter half of the volume is devoted to poems on the subjects proposed for each day of 'the week of prayer.' These poems do not enhance the value of the book. They prove that a man may be a very devout Christian, a considerable philosopher, and yet an indifferent poet.

Deaconesses; or, The Official Help of Women in Parochial Work and in Charitable Institutions. An Essay, reprinted, with large Additions, from the *Quarterly Review*, Sep., 1860. By the Rev. J. S. Howson, D.D. London: Longmans. 1862.

THE question of employing systematic female agency in works of benevolence and religion has lately occupied a large share of public attention. The numerical excess of the female population,—the difficulty of finding remunerative occupation for women in the middle and lower classes,—and the number and miserable condition of the female outcasts in our large towns,—have contributed to this result; while the success which has attended certain partial and desultory efforts to bring the influence of woman to bear on the relief of the distressed and the reformation of the fallen, has encouraged the formation of some more general organization of female usefulness.

It is notorious that such organizations are viewed with strong suspicion and dislike by a great majority of the English people. Nor are the reasons obscure or unsatisfactory. The gross scandal associated in Protestant minds with the history of conventual sisterhoods; the hearty English hatred to monastic restraint; the revival some years ago of celibacy by the Tractarian section of the established clergy; the semi-Popish practices introduced into such establishments as that of Miss Sellon at Plymouth, and other reasons, abstract or political, have fostered an intense antipathy in this country to professional female communities, especially of a religious or semi-religious character. We well remember the jealousy with which the mission of Miss Nightingale and her staff of nurses to our army in the Crimea was regarded by a numerous section among us; and we should be the last to deny that, speaking generally, there was much in the history of similar enterprises to excite that jealousy. The example of that excellent and devoted lady, however, and the results of her heroic and disinterested self-sacrifice, have done much to soften unreasonable prejudice on the subject, and to clear the way for a calm and dispassionate consideration of it. We cannot but hope that the time is full of promise for a thoroughly practical and profitable discussion; and that before long we shall behold a variety of thriving associations for the disciplined employment of women in woman's truest and holiest work; and such volumes as the little work of Dr. Howson now before us will do much to promote so desirable a result.

The question which is discussed in these pages relates to the employment of women *professionally* devoted to tending the sick, educating the

young, rescuing the degraded of their own sex, and similar works,—such women to be as distinct from their desultory lady-visitors on the one hand as from conventual sisterhoods on the other. That woman's place and work is emphatically that of *helping* is obvious; and anything that will render her more fitted for that place and work, provided it be duly guarded from abuse, should surely be at all times welcomed. But, as Dr. Howson forcibly argues, the peculiarities of our English social life in the present day imperatively call for more attention to this matter. 'The congestion of the poor to our large towns,' coincidently with 'the radiation of the rich from them,' is one of the most characteristic social features of the time. One effect of this is to separate the two classes more widely than ever from each other; to deprive the poor, to a large extent, of the services of the rich in sick-visitation, Sunday-school instruction, and similar works, and to inflict a proportionate injury upon the rich themselves. This is in some degree inevitable, however much we may deplore it; but, in such circumstances, it becomes a very serious question whether we may not fill up the void by the creation of a respectable skilled agency adapted to the material and moral needs of the labouring classes. And such an agency, to be really effective, must be feminine. The reason of the case, and the experience of such organisations as that of the Bible-women, assure us that, if we would carry true relief and comfort into the abodes of poverty and sickness, and would reform the cottage-homes of England by reforming the women who preside over them, we must employ benevolent, pious, and *skilful* females in the work.

It is hardly necessary to say that Dr. Howson regards his subject from a Church-of-England point of view. He could not well do otherwise; but he has pursued his argument in a spirit of eminent liberality, fairness, and earnestness; and we see no reason to quarrel with the main conclusions at which he has arrived. Perhaps we should be as naturally prejudiced against some of his suggestions, as he is in favour of them. And yet he is no one-sided theorist. After showing the need of systematic and trained female effort, he proceeds with some notices of the diaconate in the primitive Church, and of certain Deaconess Institutions among the Protestants of Germany, Switzerland, and France. The mention of these incidentally introduces the discussion of nearly all the points involved in the question itself. The internal discipline varies very considerably; but all of them agree in discarding conventual vows, and in ardent attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation. After showing what has been done in England, the writer discusses, with fairness and temper, the objections grounded on the dread of a Romanizing tendency, the alleged un-English character both of the office and the name, the difficulty of finding suitable agents, the tendency to promote gossiping and quarrelling, the relations of the deaconesses to marriage, the discouragement of voluntary labour, and so forth. He seems to us to answer these objections very completely, and to make it out that a Deaconess Institute, for the purposes named,—that is to say, an order of women professionally set apart for sick-visiting, education, and other benevolent and religious works,—might be incorporated most easily and advantageously with the parochial system. We agree with

our author in something like the thing which he advocates, by whatever name it may be called, and however much it may need modifying in detail. We are persuaded that it would be well for us Protestants to meet, rival, and counteract Popish Sisters of Charity on their own ground; and that not the Church of England only, but all the evangelical denominations would soon find their own account, and immensely benefit the country, by more systematically employing the fervour, tenderness, and zeal of their female communicants.

The Two Testimonies: or, 'The Oracles of God' and 'The Law Written in the Heart' Compared. By Frederick W. Briggs. London. 1862.

MR. BRIGGS is already known as the author of a sensible, useful book entitled *Pentecost, and the Founding of the Church*. This is a worthy successor to it. The low views which are spreading amongst us as to the character and functions of the Bible, and the growing tendency, first to exaggerate the revelation of nature and of what is called 'consciousness,' then to set this revelation over against Scripture as a paramount or antagonist authority, render it highly desirable that competent pens should vindicate the proper inspiration of the written word of God, and at the same time should define, as precisely as possible, the respective provinces of the two forms of Divine communication, and the relations in which they stand to each other. The author of the work before us undertakes this important task; and in outline at least—for he does not pretend to exhaust a topic, which in fact is inexhaustible—performs what he attempts in a manner worthy of himself and of his theme. Mr. Briggs dedicates his tractate to 'young men who think;' and all such will find themselves the wiser and the better for a careful study of the argument which is here submitted to them. The work is the production of an enlightened, vigorous, and well-cultivated Christian mind; it is marked throughout by the reverence, candour, and judgment, which subjects of the class with which it deals so imperatively call for, though they often call in vain; and it is written in the plain, manly, masculine style, which all lovers of genuine English agree to honour.

Reminiscences, Personal and Bibliographical, of Thomas Hartwell Horne, B.D., F.S.A., &c. With Notes by his Daughter, Sarah Anne Cheyne, and a short Introduction by the Rev. Joseph B. McCaul. London: Longmans. 1862.

It is much to be regretted that we possess but few memorials of so great and good a man as Thomas Hartwell Horne. He outlived all the contemporaries of his youth and early manhood; and his confidential correspondence with his friends was destroyed at his own particular request. His many literary works prove his industry and scholarship; the people of his charge bear grateful witness to his zeal and piety; but of his private life and labours we have little record. Some few months before his death he noted down a few reminiscences of his long and eventful career. These, which are likely to be the only memoirs of Thomas Hartwell Horne, have been collected and edited with pious care by his daughter.

He was for some time a Wesleyan Methodist. His first religious impressions were the result of a sermon preached in Queen Street Chapel, London, by the Rev. Joseph Benson. For some years he engaged actively in the work of Methodism, and numbered among his friends Dr. Adam Clarke and Dr. Bunting. Though he afterwards entered the ministry of the Church of England, in deference to the earnest desire of his father, and with the hope of securing leisure for literary pursuits, he always maintained a hearty interest in the Church of his early choice, and preserved to the end of life that simple and earnest godliness which Methodism had taught him to cultivate in his youthful days.

He was distinguished as a polemic of considerable ability; his controversial writings alone would have given him a high status among the men of his time; and his versatility is further attested by the variety of his publications, many of which are given to subjects not usually treated by scholars and divines. His researches in bibliography were conducted with amazing industry, and tabulated with great judgment and skill. But he will be best known to posterity by his *Introduction to the Critical Study of the Scriptures*, a work which even in these days is worthy of the utmost respect, but which, at the time of its first appearance, was a marvel of labour and scholarship. Hundreds of biblical students owe their taste for critical pursuits to the reading of this work; and though it is now somewhat below the spirit and results of the more recent criticisms, it is yet invaluable to those whose education has been limited, and whose resources will not permit the large outlay which the collection of a critical library demands.

The first edition of this work was published in 1818, when the author was a layman. He lived to see the *tenth* edition, which was issued in 1856. Fearing that Mr. Horne's age was too far advanced to allow of his superintending the new edition, the publishers secured the services of two or three eminent scholars. Their unfortunate selection of Dr. Davidson was a matter of profound grief to Mr. Horne, and doubtless hastened the natural course of the disease which bore him to the grave. It was cruel to tarnish the handiwork of this venerable and faithful champion of the truth with even the breath of rationalism.

Mr. Horne got little of this world's wealth by his ceaseless toil. A prebendal stall of merely honorary value, and a poor London rectory, were all the reward which the Church of England offered to one of her most devoted and laborious servants. Out of this meagre income, however, he managed to find means for the relief of the poor of his parish. His arduous literary labours were not allowed to encroach upon his parochial duties. The district of St. Edmund the King and Martyr will long bless the memory of the godly old man, who in age and feebleness was always ready to respond to the call of duty. Admirable as a scholar, Hartwell Horne was yet more distinguished as a pastor and a saint.

